The Gem of Gems for Sunday Schools

BY ASA HULL.

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ASA HULL.
240 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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THE

GEM OF GEMS

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF

SACRED SONGS, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

FOR THE USE OF

Sunday-Schools, Bible Classes and Social Worship

BY

ASA HULL

Author of "Wreath of Praise," "Garlands of Praise," "Hull's Temperance Glee Book," "Pilgrim's Harp," "Devotional Chimes," "Gospel Praise Book," etc.

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INTRODUCTION.

In presenting the "Gem of Gems," we shall not undertake to discuss its merits. We simply remark that our aim has been to make this book pre-eminently practical and useful, and a few suggestions regarding the manner of using it may not be out of place here.

The music does not require any very skillful teaching in order to insure its success. We claim, however, that the very best talent at the command of the church should be placed at the head of the Sunday School music. No general directions can be given that will meet the varied circumstances of the different schools, and very much must be left to the judgment and good taste of the chorister, who should use the talent at his command to the best possible advantage.

The music, as a rule, should be taken up in a rather quick, sprightly movement, and a great variety may be produced by having the hymn sung as a Solo, Quartette, or Semi-Chorus, when it has a Chorus, all joining in the Chorus. We would prefer, however, to have the hymn well sung by the whole school rather than indifferently rendered by a few voices.

A very pleasing ending may be produced by repeating the Chorus after the last verse of the hymn *very softly*, or after each verse, whether so marked or not. Full harmony is given to nearly every piece, which serves as an instrumental accompaniment when used as a Solo or Duet. A tune should not be discarded on account of its being marked as a *Solo* or *Duet*: when it cannot be thus used have it sung by the whole school. Special attention has been given to selections suitable for Sunday School Concerts and Anniversaries, and we believe that herein will be found an abundant supply for special occasions to last any school several years.

The "Gem of Gems" is respectfully dedicated to all interested in Sunday School music.

THE AUTHOR.

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GEM OF GEMS.

THE HUSH OF NIGHT.

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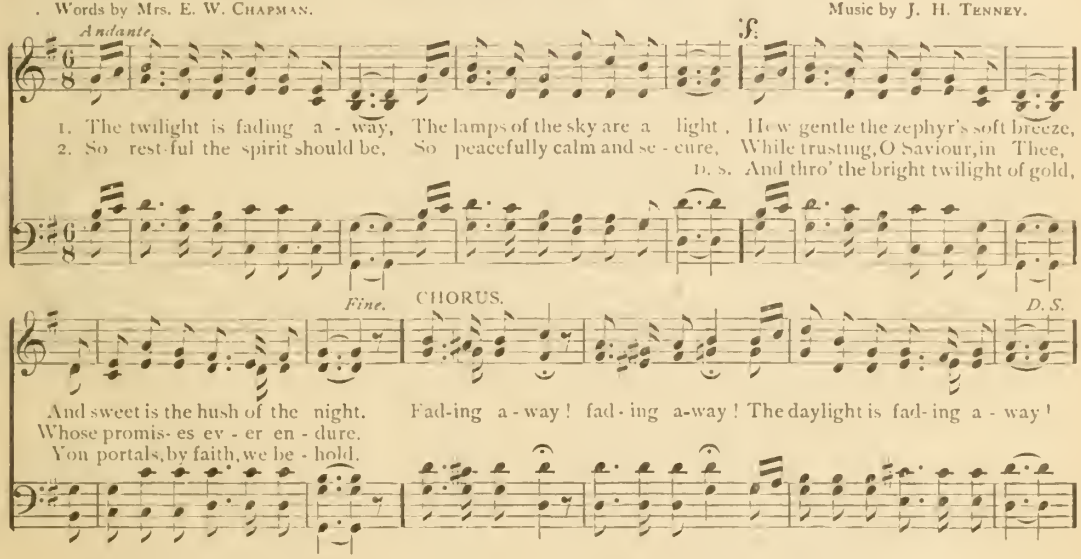
Words by Mrs. E. W. Chapman.

Music by J. H. Tenney.



3 All nature is quiet and still,
The birds are asleep on the spray;
The moon her bright vigils doth keep
O'er valley and hill far away.—*Chorus.*

4 So white-pinioned angels above
Watch over the household below,
And breathe the sweet message of love,
As on their blest mission they go.—*Chorus*

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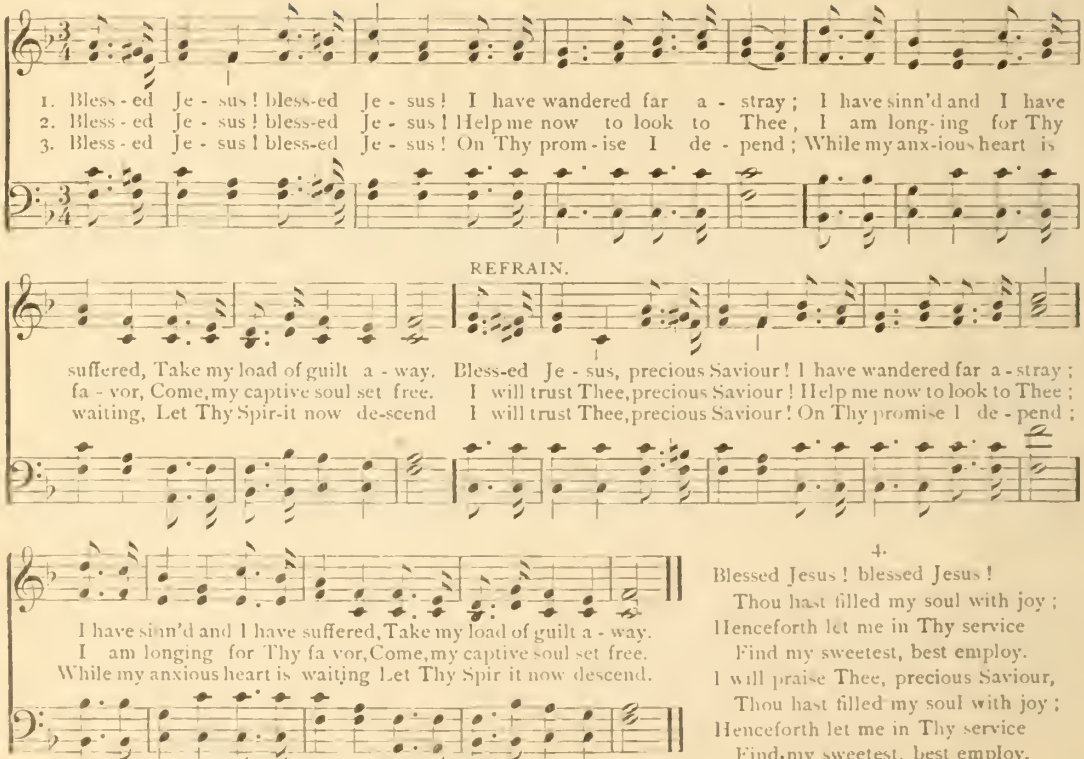
THE PRECIOUS SAVIOUR.

Words by E. Rishhart.

Music by ASA HULL.



4.

Blessed Jesus! blessed Jesus!
Thou hast filled my soul with joy;
Henceforth let me in Thy service
Find my sweetest, best employ.
I will praise Thee, precious Saviour,
Thou hast filled my soul with joy;
Henceforth let me in Thy service
Find my sweetest, best employ.

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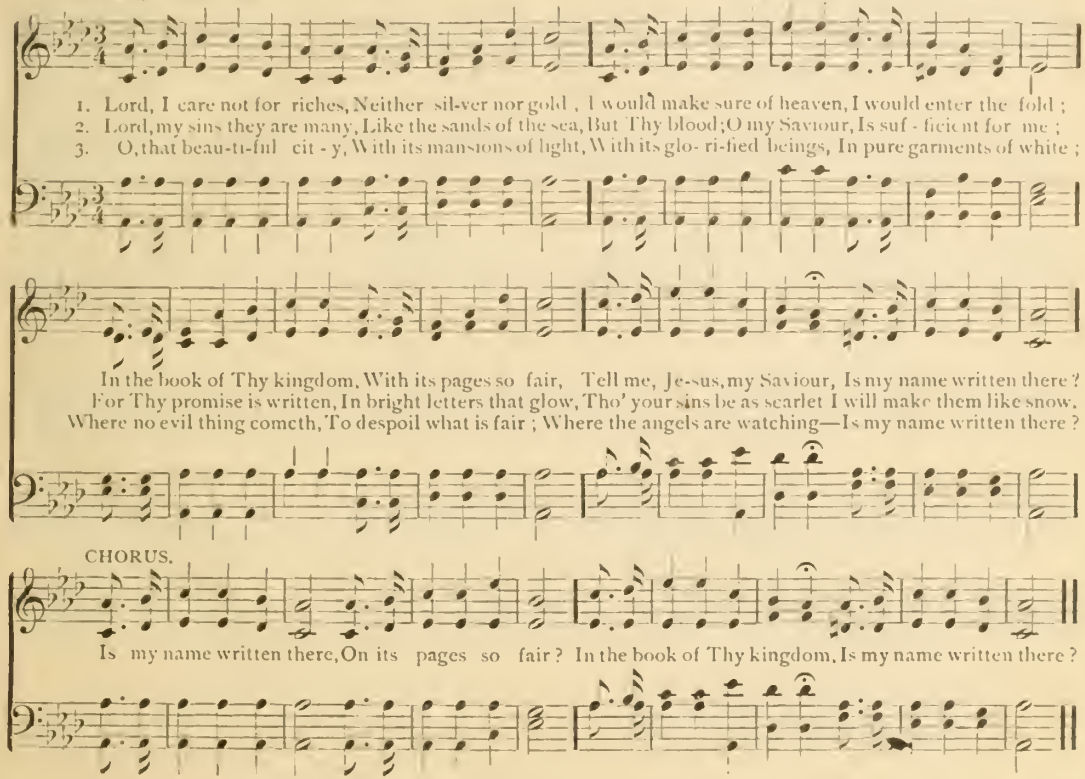
IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

Words by M. A. Kidder.

Music arr'd from Frank M. Davis.



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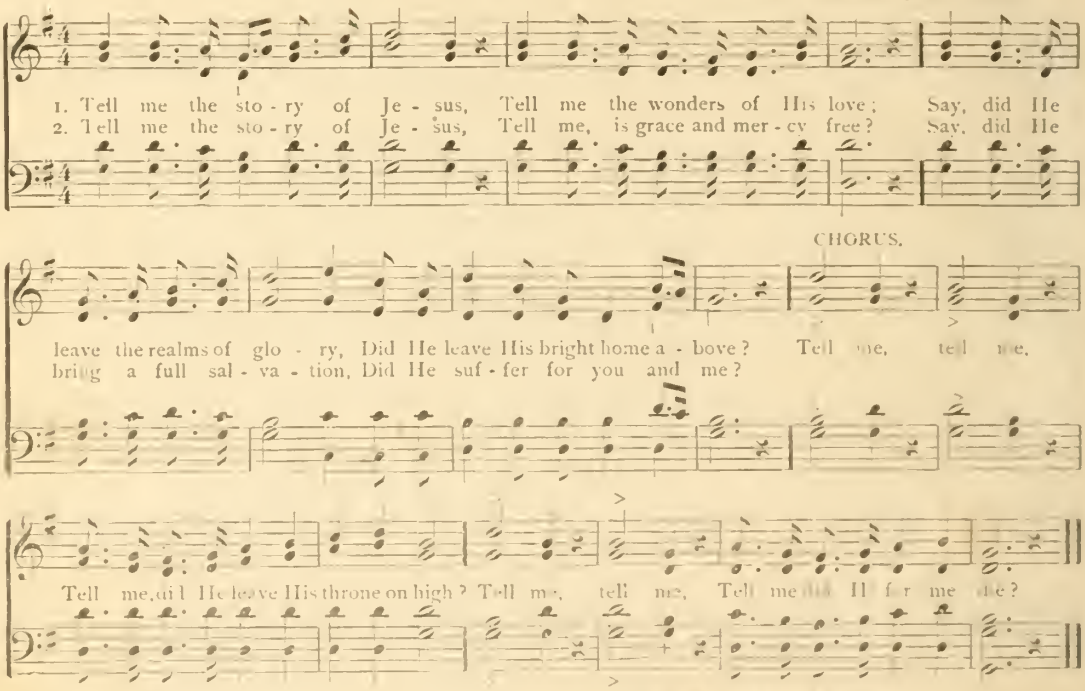
TELL ME OF JESUS.

Words and Music by ASA HULL.



3 Tell me the story of Jesus;
Say, does His love encompass me?
Is there a hope for sinful mortals,
Is His grace all-sufficient for thee?—*Chorus.*

4 Tell me the story of Jesus;
Tell me the story o'er and o'er;
Say, can I fully, freely trust Him?
Shall I reign with Him evermore?—*Chorus.*

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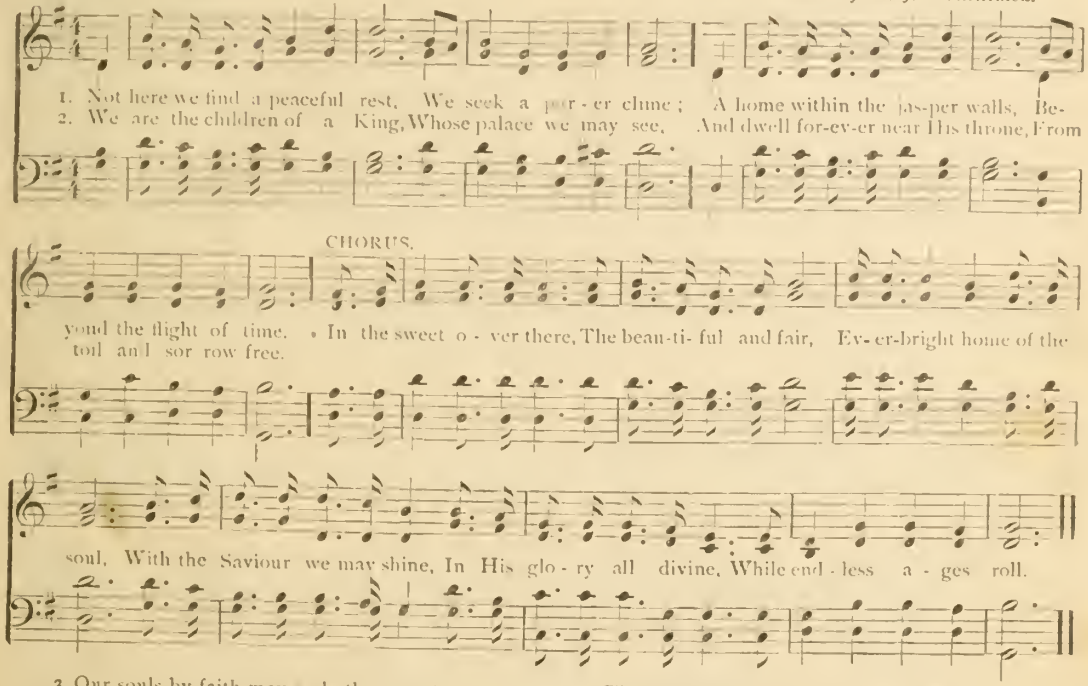
THE SWEET OVER THERE.

Words by Fanny J. Crosby.

Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.



3 Our souls by faith may scale the mount,
Upon its top may stand,
And view with eager longing eyes
The golden sunny land.—*Chorus.*

4 Though Jordan's cold and stormy waves
That land from us divide,
We know our Saviour's loving arms
Will bear us o'er the tide.—*Chorus.*

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BETTER FURTHER ON.

Words and Music by ASA HULL.

Solo or Duet

1. A gentle breeze from Eden's land, Wafts o'er the stream a heavenly song ; They're singing on the shining
2. I hear the soft, the glad refrain, I catch the sound, and then 'tis gone ; They're singing o'er and o'er a-
3. By faith I look across the main, Where lov'd ones have already gone, Lo ! they have caught the sweet re-
4. Hope ev-er sings the self-same song, To cheer the pilgrim, worn and wan, Tho' rough the road and, may be,

REFRAIN.

strand, That it's bet-ter further on.
gain, "It is bet-ter further on."
frain, "It is bet-ter further on."
long, Yet, 'tis bet-ter further on.

"It is bet-ter, ... it is bet ter, ... it is further on, further on,

1st time. Repeat pp. 2d time. f

bet-ter, ... it is bet-ter, ... better, it is better, It is better further on."
further on, further on, bet-ter, bet-ter,

Cres f

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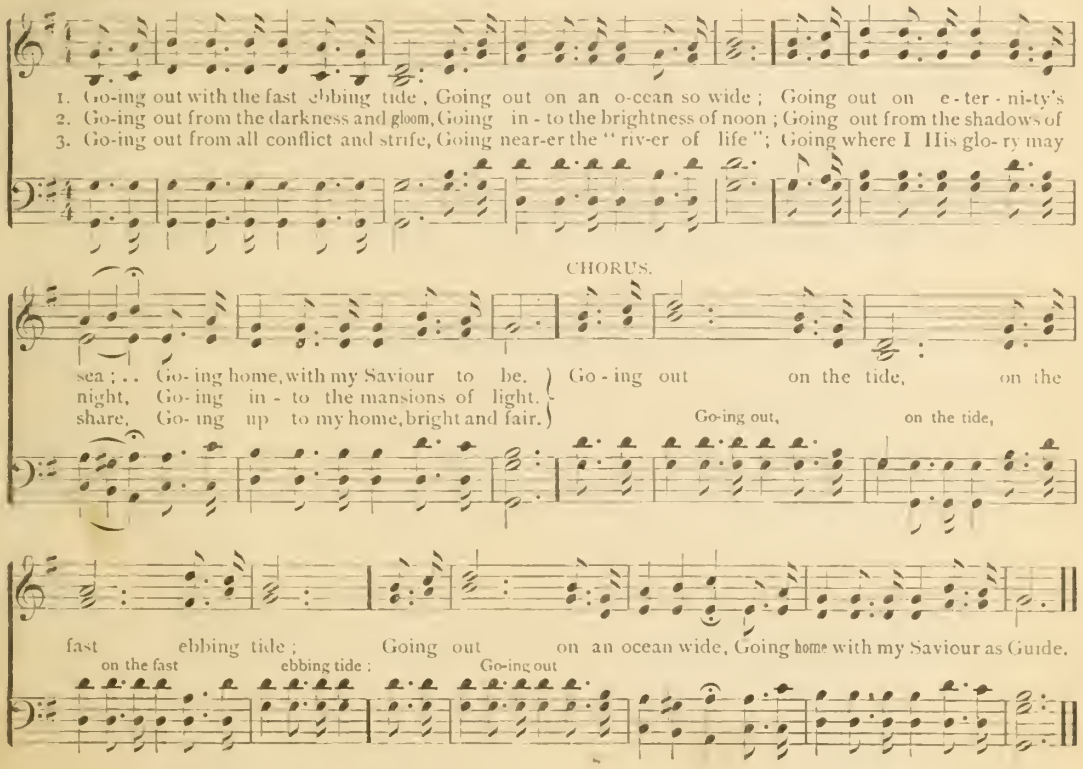
THE FAST EBBING TIDE.

Words by E. Rexford. Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.



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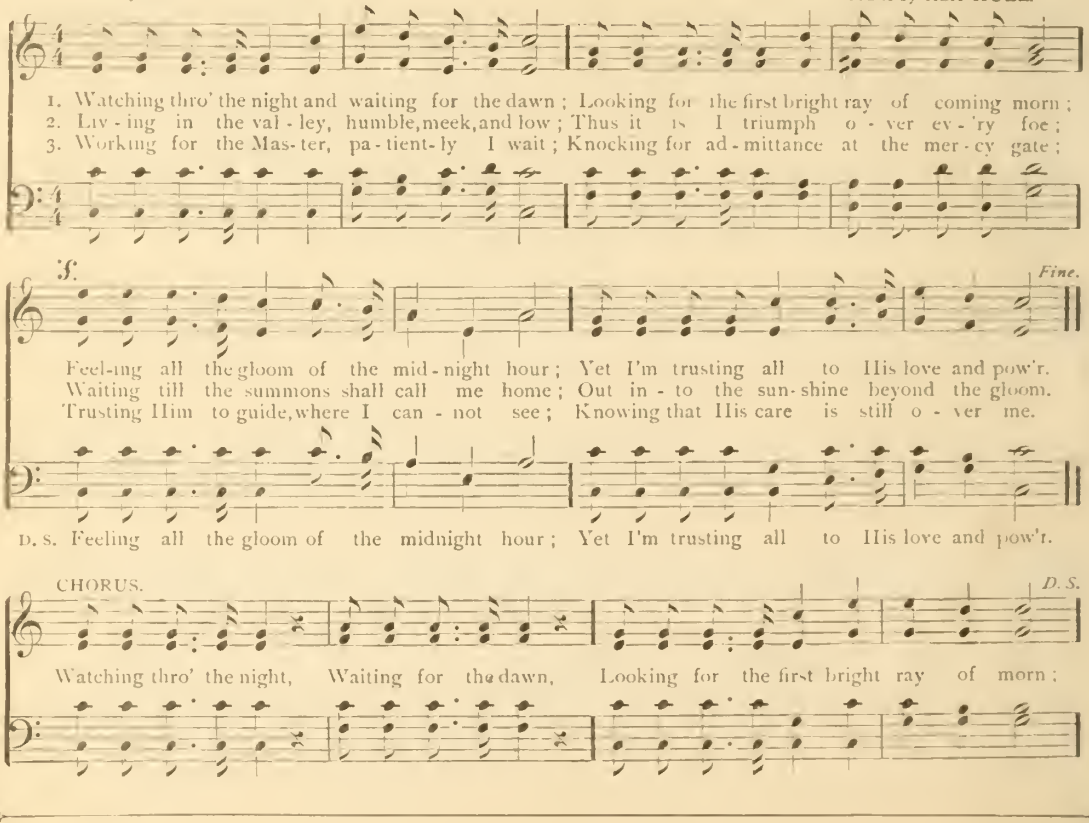
WATCHING AND WAITING.

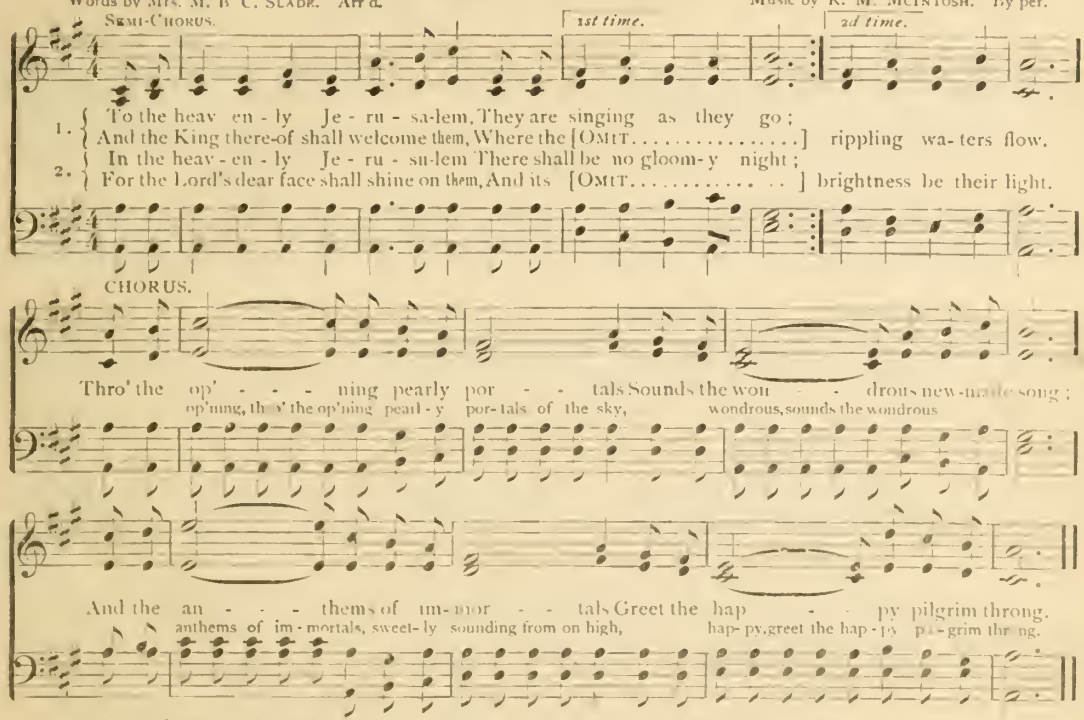
Words by E. Rinehart.

Music by ASA HULL.



HAPPY PILGRIMS.

Words by Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. Arr'd. Music by R. M. McIntosh. By per.



3 In the heavenly Jerusalem
All their tears shall cease to fall;
No more sorrow, pain, nor death for them,
But eternal life for all.—*Chorus.*

4 To that heavenly Jerusalem
With the pilgrims will you go;
Singing songs of endless praise with them,
Leaving all things here below.—*Chorus.*

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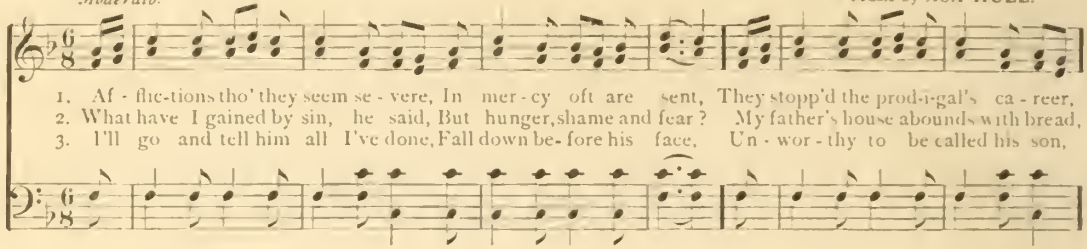
THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

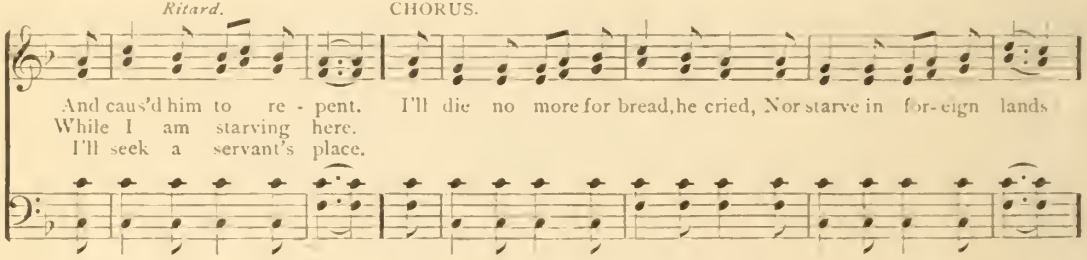
Moderato.

Music by ASA HULL.

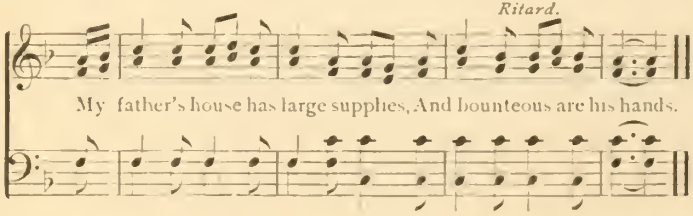


Ritard.

CHORUS.



Ritard.



4 His father saw him coming back,
He saw, and ran, and smiled,
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.—*Chorus.*

5 'Tis thus the Lord His love reveals,
To call poor sinners home;
More than a father's love He feels,
And welcomes all that come.—*Chorus.*

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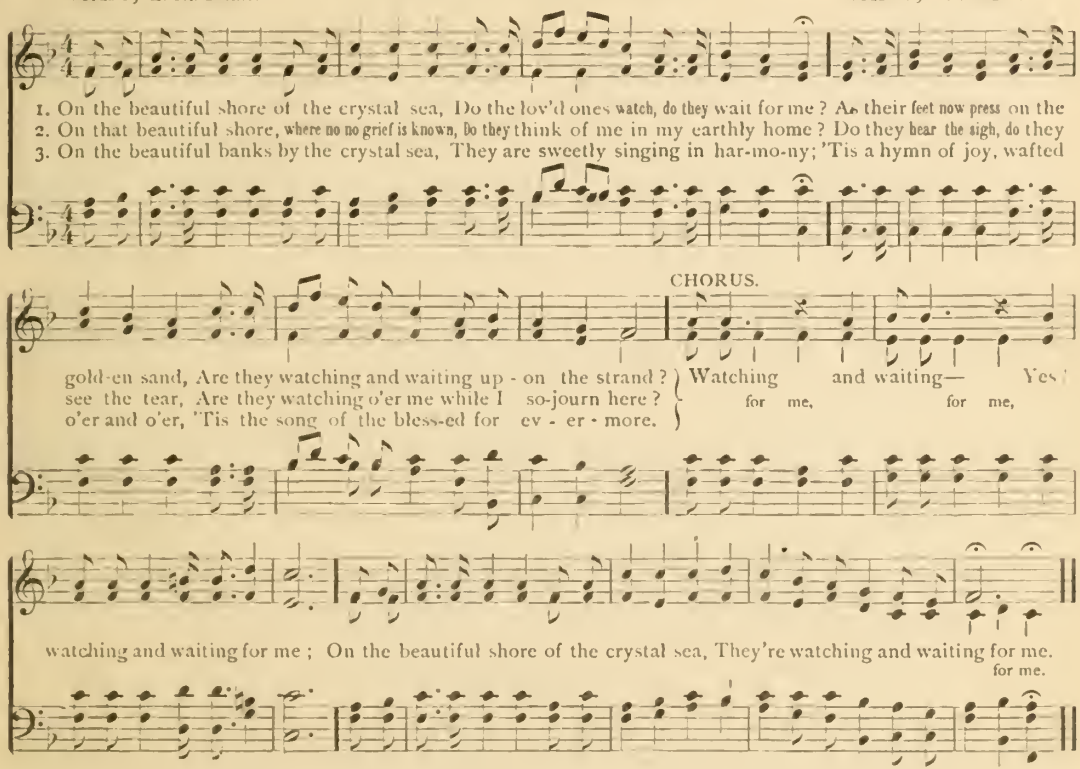
BY THE CRYSTAL SEA.

Words by E. Rinehart.

Music by G. Froelich.



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THE SACRED STREAM.

Music by ASA HULL.

*Solo. *Allegretto.*

1. There is a stream, whose gen - tle flow Sup-plies the cit - y of..... our God ....
2. That sacred stream, Thine ho - - ly word, That all our rag-ing fear .... con-trols;....

Inst. *pp*

Duet.

Life, love, and joy,.... still glid - ing through, And wat'ring our di - vine.... a - bode ....
Sweet peace Thy prom - is - es af - ford,.. And give new strength to faint - ing souls. ....

pp

Full Chorus.

Cres. *ff*

Life, love, and joy, still gliding thro', And wat'ring our divine.... a-bode,..And wat'ring our.. di - vine a bode.
Sweet peace Thy promises afford, And give new strength to faint - ing souls,..And give new strength..to fainting souls.

divine a - bode,
fainting, fainting souls.

* *Small notes may be sung to the syllable* "la," *by male voices, without instrument.*

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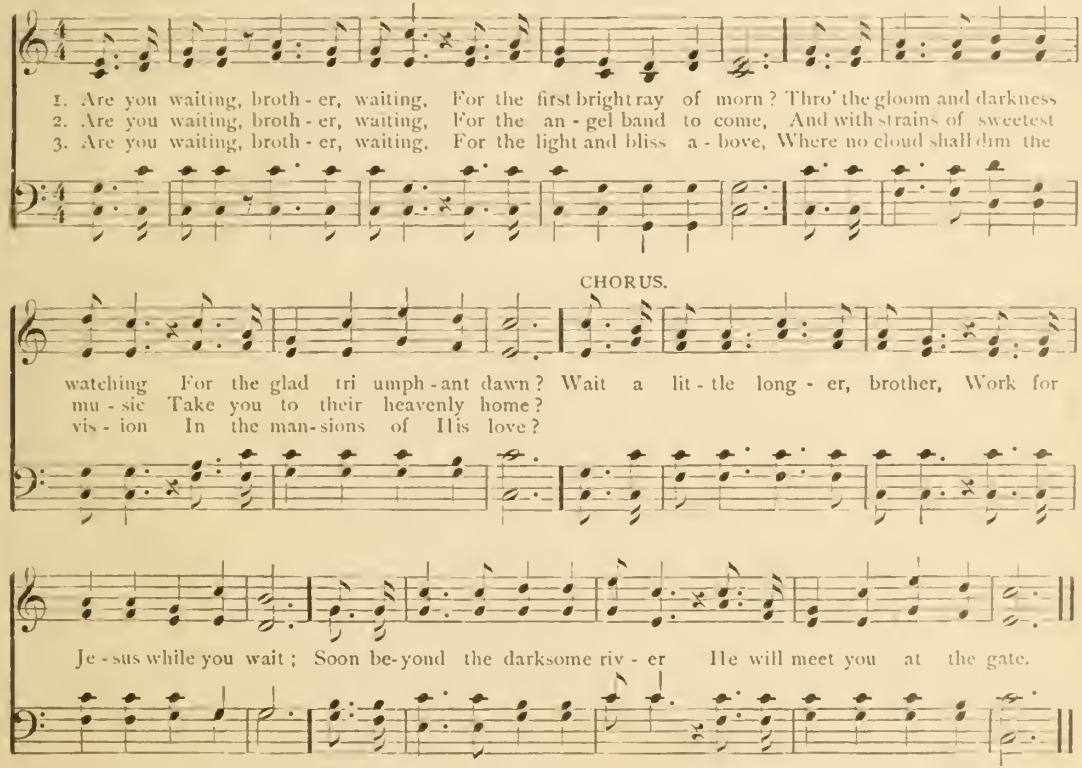
ARE YOU WAITING?

Words by Mrs. Ellen C. Worth.

Music by J. H. Tenney.



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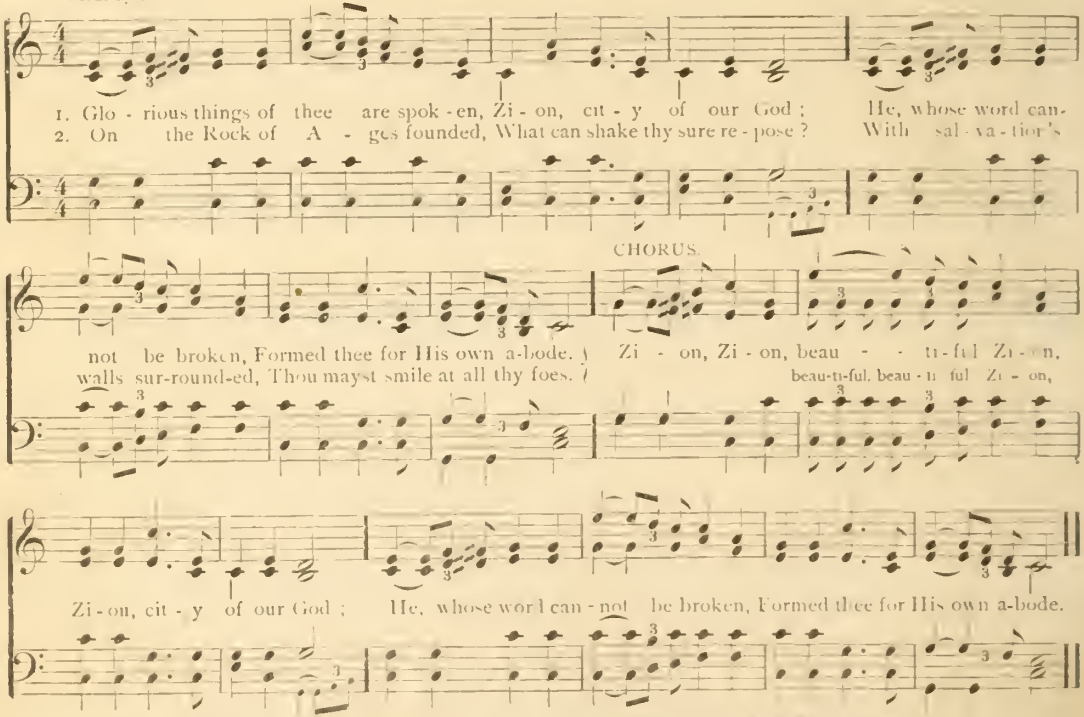
THE CITY OF GOD.

Words by Newton.

Music by ASA HULL.



3 Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a cov'ring,
Showing that the Lord is near.—*Chorus.*

4 He who gives us daily manna,
He who listens when we cry,
Let Him hear the loud hosanna
Rising to His throne on high.—*Chorus.*

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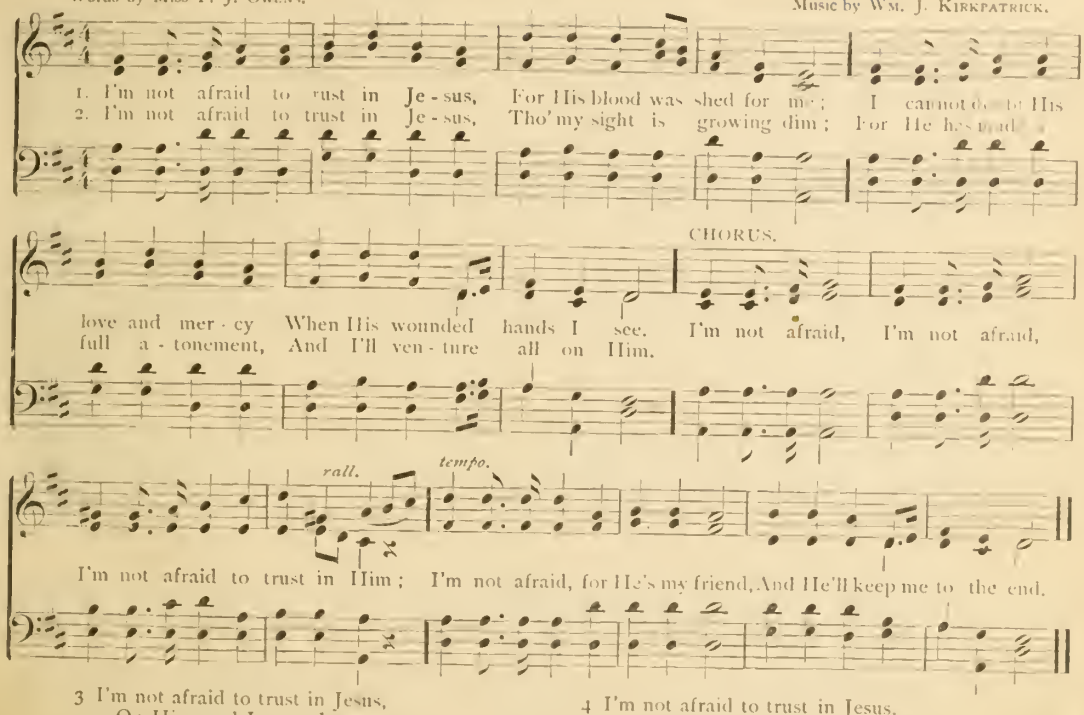
BELIEVING AND TRUSTING.

Words by Miss P. J. Owens.

Music by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



3 I'm not afraid to trust in Jesus,
On His word I can rely;
He can save my feet from falling,
He can keep me till I die.—*Chorus.*

4 I'm not afraid to trust in Jesus,
Though the world should pass away;
For He is faithful who hath promised,
He will keep me in that day.—*Chorus.*

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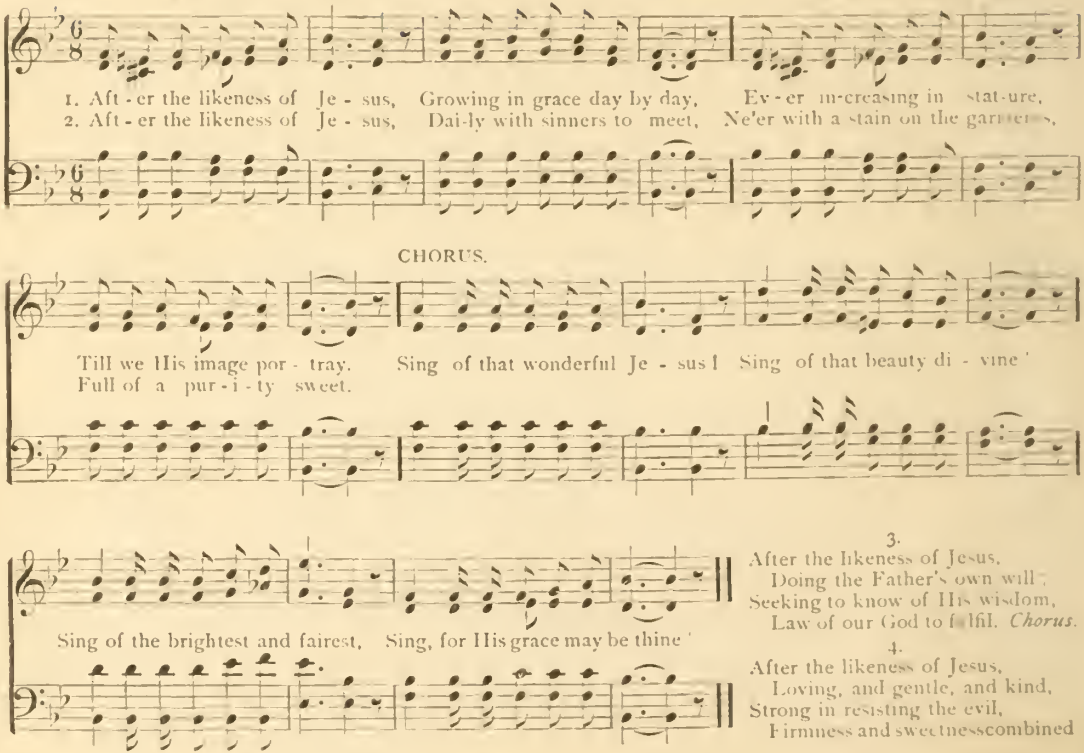
AFTER HIS LIKENESS.

Words by Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. Music by J. H. Tenney.



3.

After the likeness of Jesus,
Doing the Father's own will;
Seeking to know of His wisdom,
Law of our God to fulfil. *Chorus.*

4.

After the likeness of Jesus,
Loving, and gentle, and kind,
Strong in resisting the evil,
Firmness and sweetness combined

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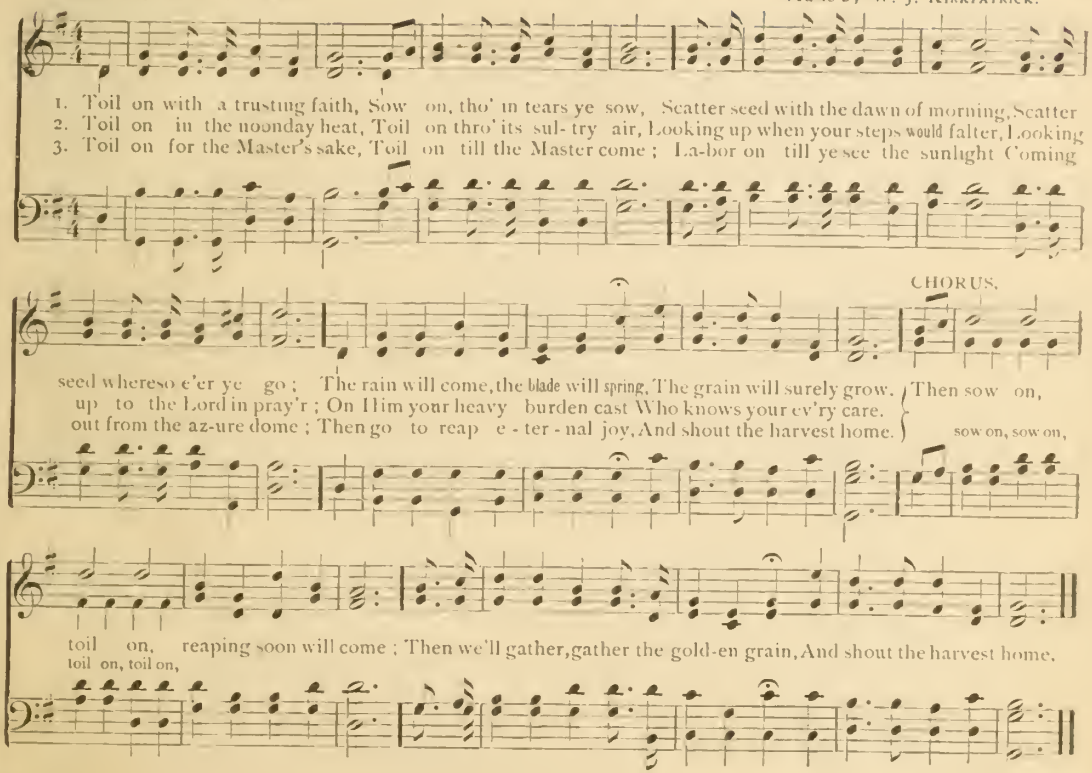
THE HARVEST HOME.

Words by Fanny J. Crosby.

Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.



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THE SHINING WAY.

Words by W. E. Penney.

Music by G. Froelich.

1. We are climbing Jacob's lad-der, Onward, upward, ev-'ry day; Loving God and one an-
Sweetly sing-ing, praises sing-ing To our Saviour gone a-bove. By-and-by we hope to
2. We are climbing Jacob's lad-der, Onward, upward, ev-'ry day; Dai-ly deeds of love and
Serving God, withstanding e-vil, Strong in Him who ev-er knows How to keep His faithful

CHORUS.

oth-er, Thus we mount the heav'nly way,
see Him, In His beau-ty, whom we love.
kind-ness Help us for-ward in our way.
chil-dren, In the bat-tle with their foes.

Climbing high-er! climbing high-er! Climbing

Climbing high-er! climbing high-er!

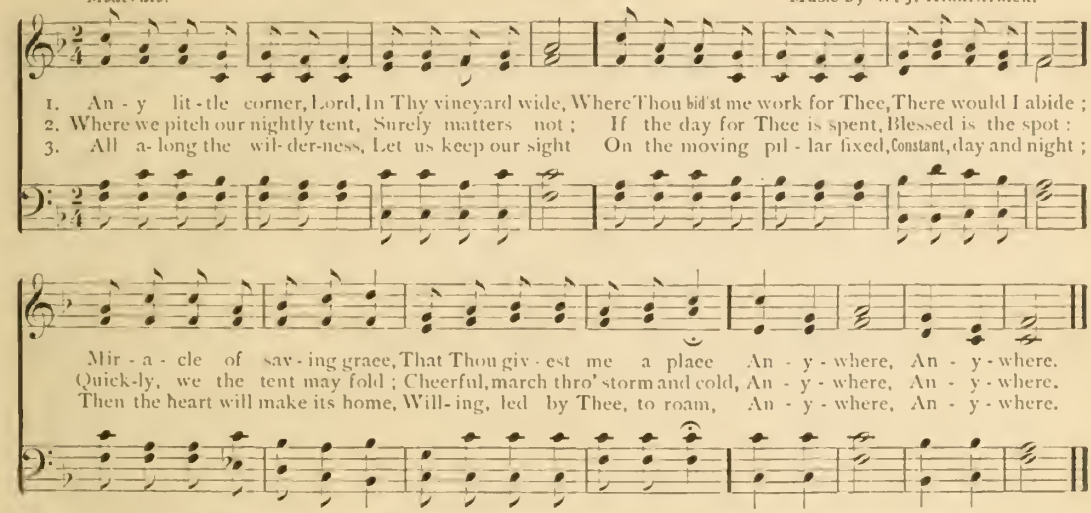
up the shining way; Climbing high-er, ev-er high-er, To the realms of endless day.

Climbing up the shin-ing way; Climbing higher, ev-er higher, To the realms, the realms of endless day.

ANYWHERE.

Moderato.

Music by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



CONCLUSION OF **THE SHINING WAY,** OPPOSITE PAGE.

3 We are climbing Jacob's ladder,
Step by step and day by day,
Sometimes weary, sometimes stumbling,
But we hear the Master say—
He who to the end endureth,
Lo! for him in heav'n awaits
Golden harp and crown of glory,
At the city's pearly gates.—*Chorus.*

4 So we're climbing up the ladder
Jacob saw in wondrous dreams,
Reaching up from earth to heaven,
Shining with celestial beams.
Angel hosts attend our footsteps,
Seraph voices cheer our way,
Heaven and home are drawing nearer,
Ev'ry hour and ev'ry day.—*Chorus.*

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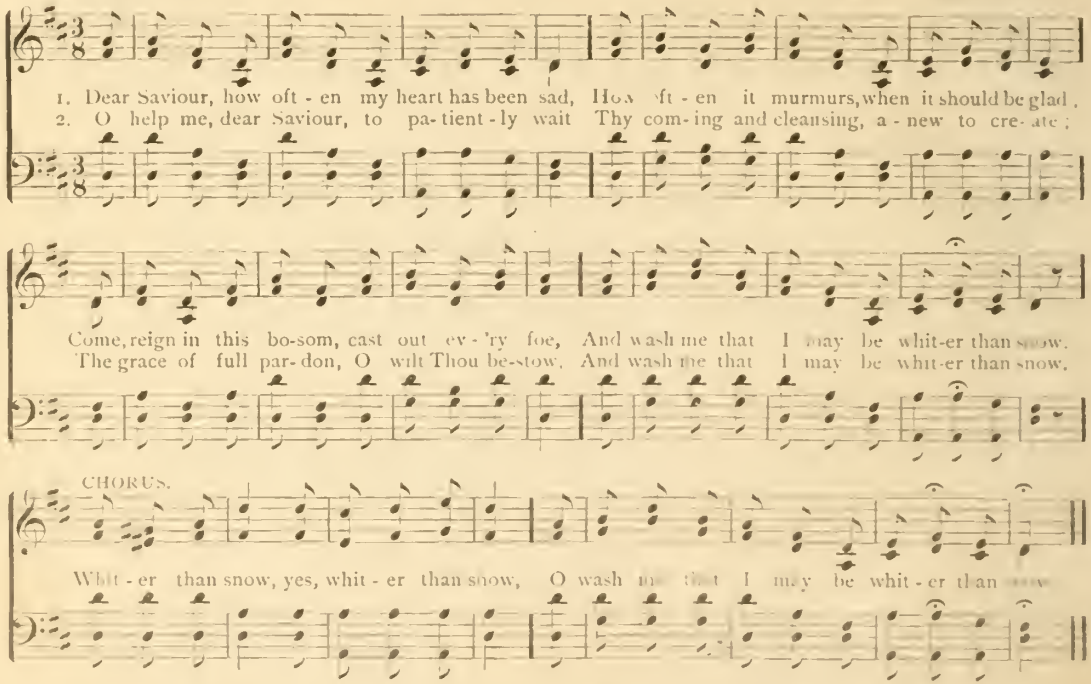
NEW WHITER THAN SNOW.

Allegretto.

Words and Music by ASA HULL.

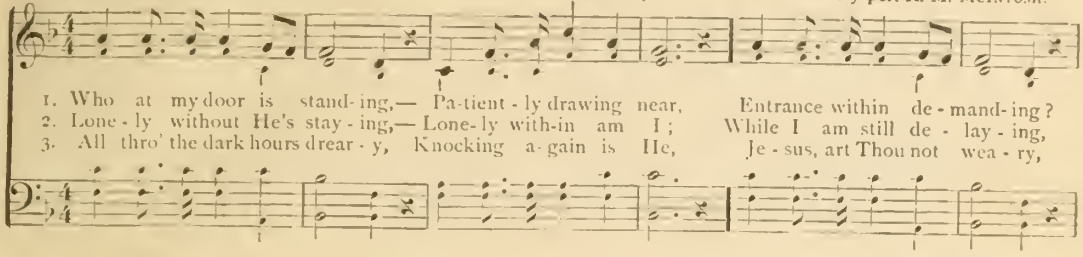


3 My time and my talents, my goods I resign
To Thee, my dear Saviour, they always were Thine;
O make me Thy steward in all things below,
And wash me that I may be whiter than snow.—*Cho.*

4 My dwelling, though pitched in a wilderness here,
To me will be Eden, if Thou, Lord, art near;
Thy presence is life everlasting, I know,
Thy blood, it hath cleansed me, I'm whiter than snow.

KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

Words by Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. Music by Dr. A. B. Everett. By per. R. M. McIntosh.



4 Door of my heart, I hasten!
Thee will I open wide,
Though He rebuke and chasten,
He shall with me abide.—*Chorus.*

5 Guest of our love, He sees us,
Opening now our door;
Joyfully enter, Jesus!
Dwell with us evermore.—*Chorus.*

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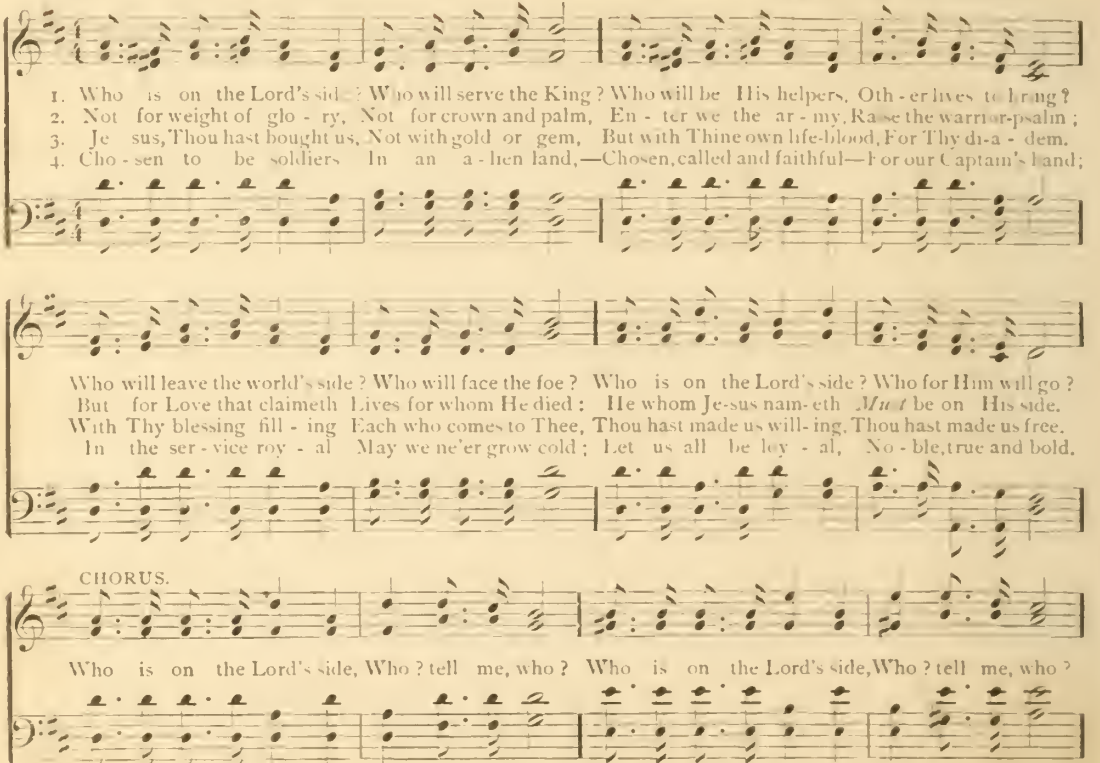
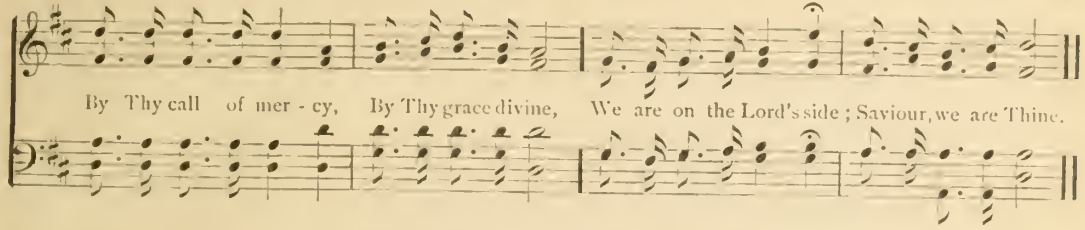
ON THE LORD'S SIDE.

Words by FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

Music by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.





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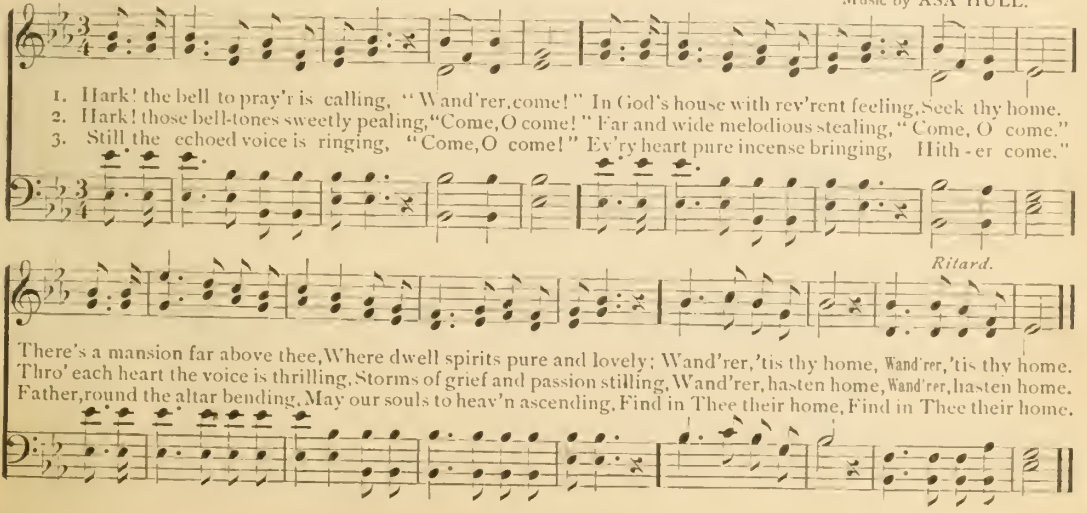
WANDERER, SEEK THY HOME.

Words by J. B. Packard.

Music by ASA HULL.



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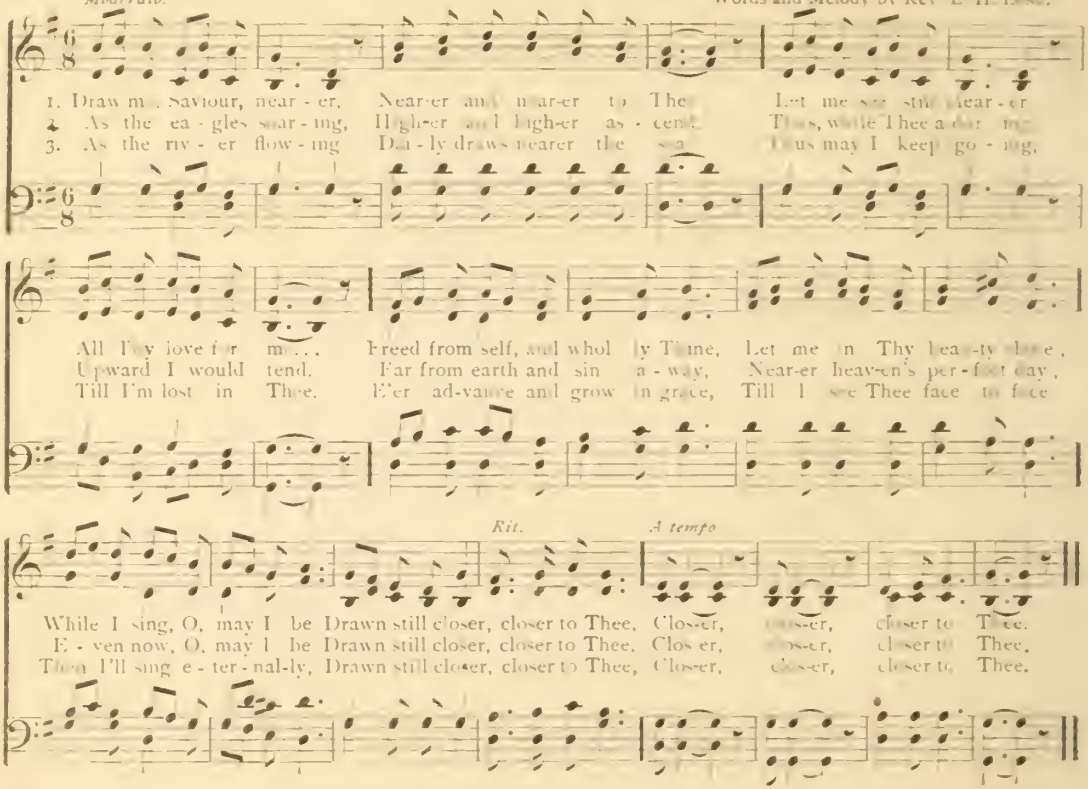
CLOSER TO THEE.

Moderato.

Words and Melody by Rev. E. H. Lane.



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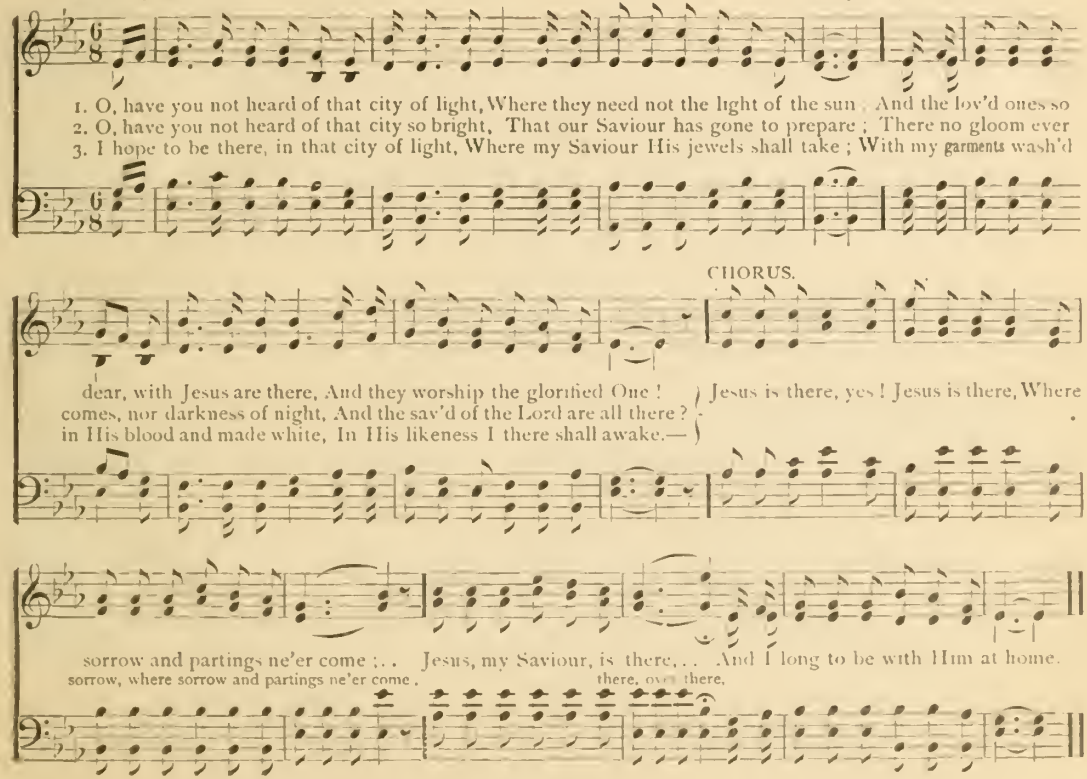
JESUS IS THERE.

Words by Mrs. Emma Pitt.

Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.



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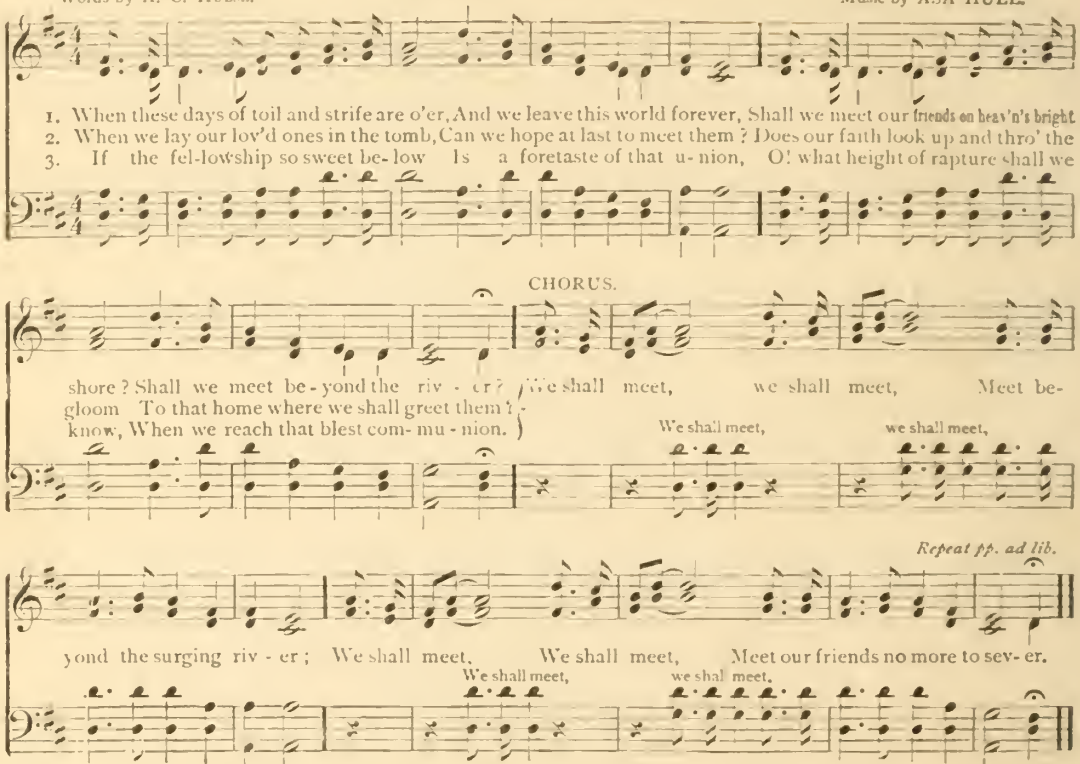
BEYOND THE RIVER.

Words by A. C. Hulse.

Music by ASA HULL.



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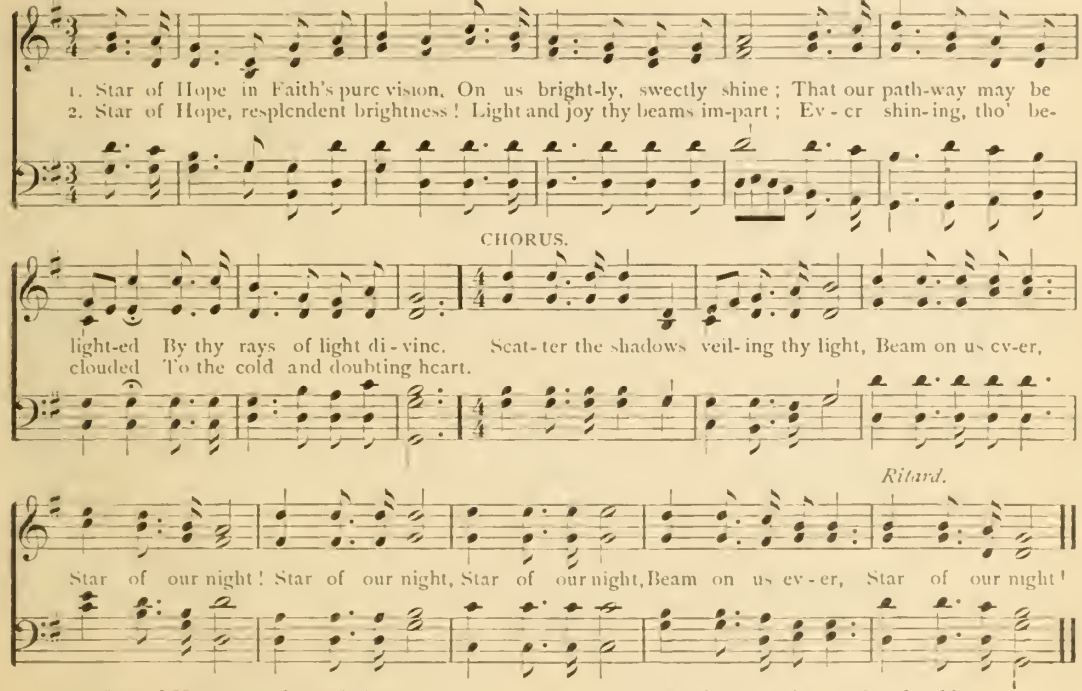
STAR OF HOPE.

Words by Mrs. C. L. Shacklock.

Music by J. H. Rosecrans.



3 Star of Hope, so calm and cheery,
Shed abroad thy welcome light;
Dissipate the soul's deep anguish,
Drive away its darkest night.—*Chorus.*

4 Star of Hope, oh, guard and guide us
Over death's dark, chilling tide;
Land us safely in the haven,
Over on the other side.—*Chorus.*

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MERCY'S FREE.

Words by W. H. Clark.

Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick

1. How sweet the tidings, "Mercy's free!" No price nor money need be bro't; For sinner, lo, it comes to thee,
2. How sweet the tidings, "Mercy's free!" Best news by mortal ever heard; Sent down to earth, as heaven's decree,
3. How sweet the tidings, "Mercy's free!" To high and low, to rich and poor; For who will His disciple be,

CHORUS.

By precious blood of Jesus bought. "Mercy's free!" "Mercy's free!" How sweet the tidings, "Mercy's
And sure as the e - ter-nal word.
Shall find His word of promise sure.

"Mercy's free!" "Mercy's free!"

free!" ..... 'Tis free for you, ... 'tis free for me, ... How sweet the tidings, "Mercy's free!"

"Mercy's free!" 'Tis free for you, 'Tis free for me.

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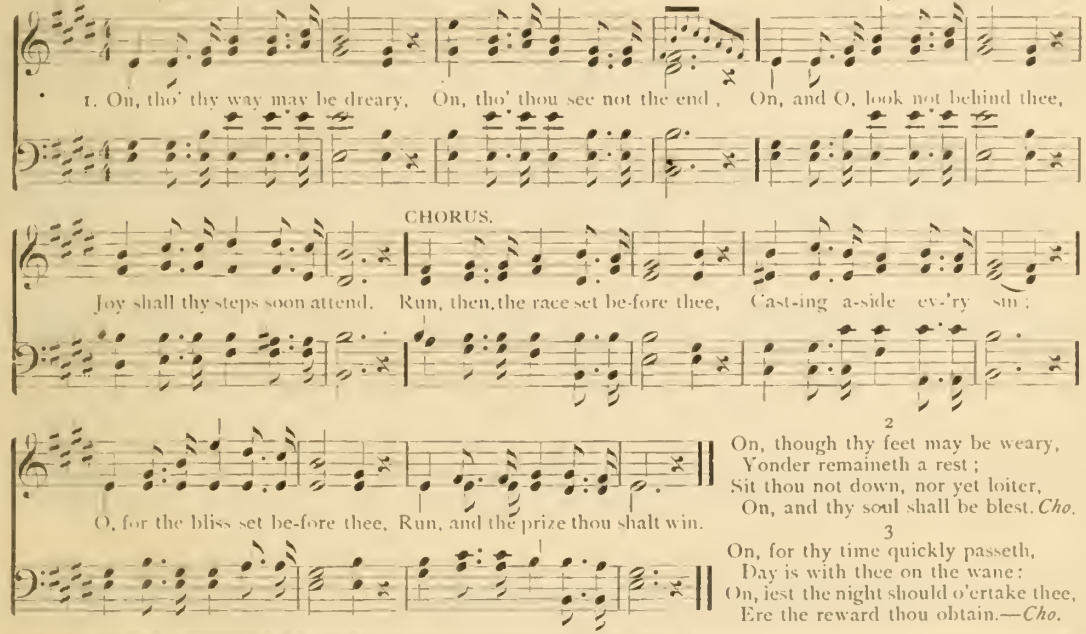
RUNNING THE RACE.

Words by Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. Music by W. H. Tenney.



2

On, though thy feet may be weary,
Yonder remaineth a rest;
Sit thou not down, nor yet loiter,
On, and thy soul shall be blest. *Cho.*

3

On, for thy time quickly passeth,
Day is with thee on the wane:
On, lest the night should o'ertake thee,
Ere the reward thou obtain.—*Cho.*

CONCLUSION OF **MERCY'S FREE,** OPPOSITE PAGE.

4 How sweet the tidings, "Mercy's free!"
And rebels pardon may obtain;
Since Jesus died upon the tree,
That sinners all might mercy gain.—*Chorus.*

5 How sweet the tidings, "Mercy's free!"
O joyful sound, O wondrous grace;
To Jesus, then, at once we'll flee,
And rest secure in His embrace.—*Chorus.*

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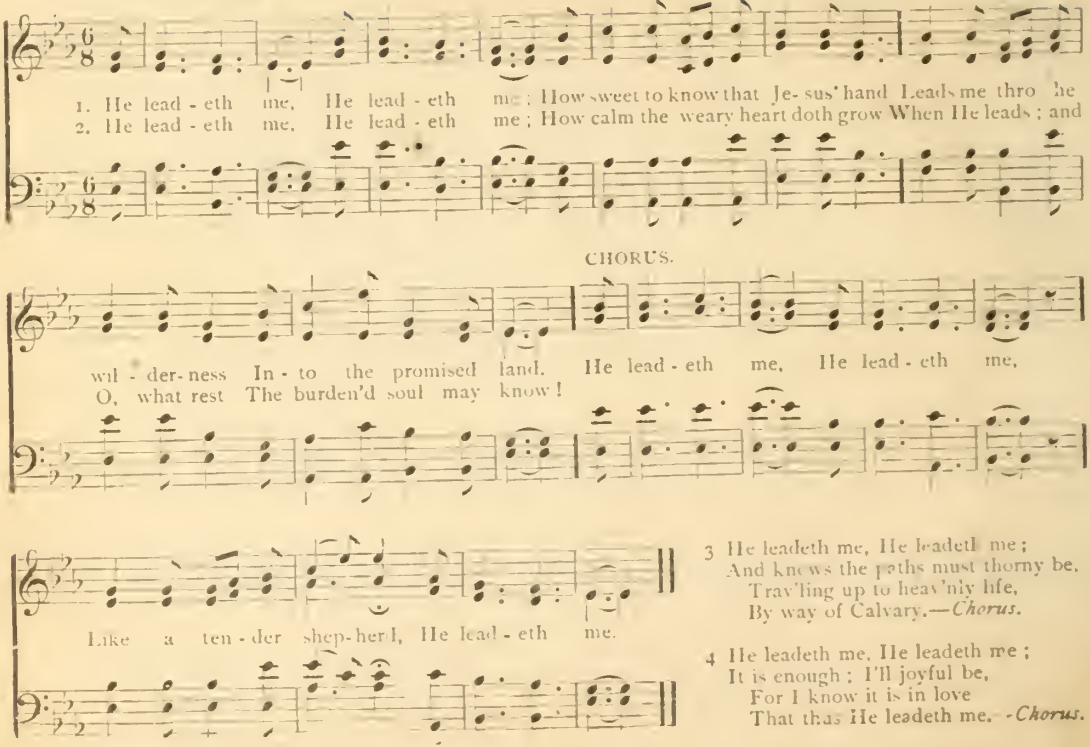
HIS GUIDING HAND.

Words by E. P. Lelan[illegible].

Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.



3 He leadeth me, He leadeth me;
And knows the paths must thorny be,
Trav'ling up to heav'nly life,
By way of Calvary.—*Chorus.*

4 He leadeth me, He leadeth me;
It is enough; I'll joyful be,
For I know it is in love
That thus He leadeth me. —*Chorus.*

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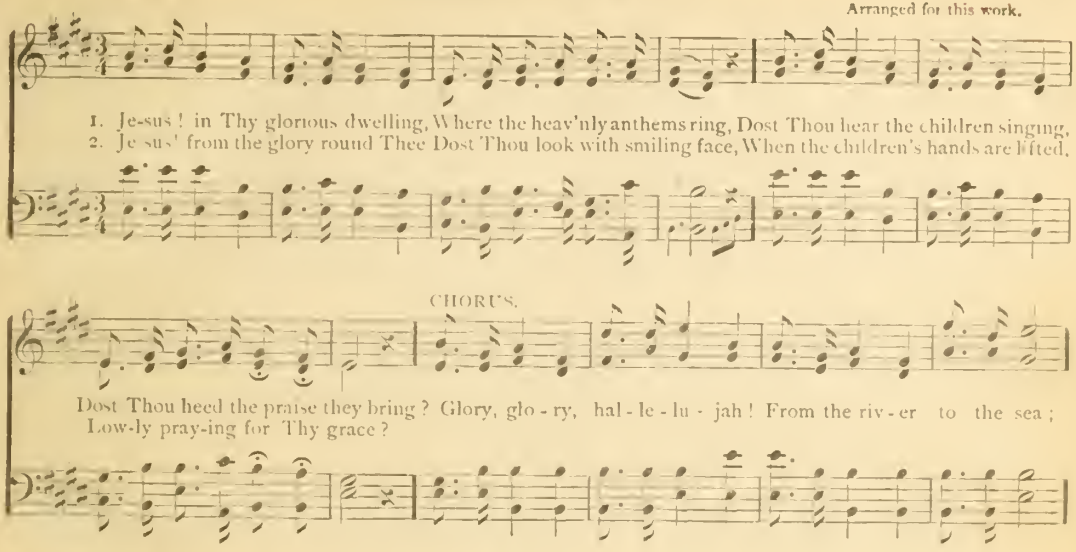
YOUTHFUL PRAISE.

Arranged for this work.



3 Jesus! though we cannot see Thee,
Art Thou still our watchful guide?
Doth Thy loving whisper call us?
Doth Thy tender hand provide? *Cho.*

4 Jesus! Thou wilt never leave us,
Till our feet at last shall stand,
With the choir of angels singing,
Evermore at Thy right hand. *Cho.*

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THE PORTALS OF PEARL.

Words by Mary D. James.

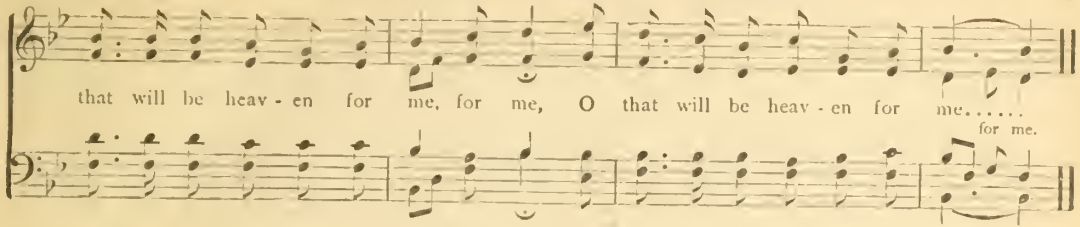
Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. When ent'ring the portals of pearl I'll meet all the lov'd and the blest, And gaze on the cit - y of
2. A-way from these scenes of de - light, My eyes I shall hasten to turn To Him who hath ransom'd my
3. Whom have I in heaven but Thee? No ob-ject, be-low or a - bove, So precious as Je - sus to
4. To dwell in His presence on high, His own blessed im - age to bear,—This, this is the fulness of

CHORUS.

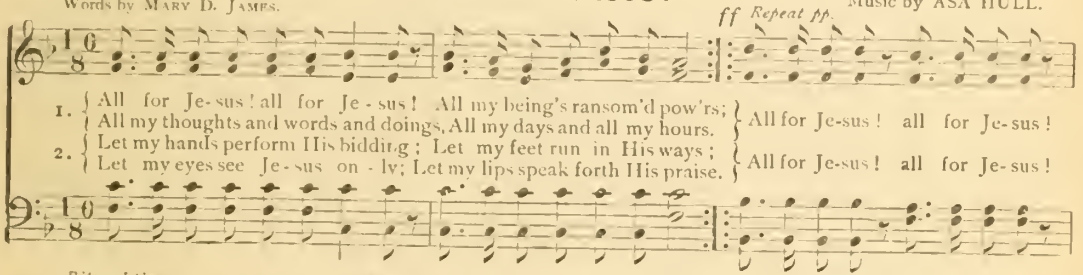
gold, And see the bright mansions of rest. O glo - ri - ous sight! transcendent delight! The
soul, To Je - sus, the Lamb on the throne.
me, So wondrous, so boundless His love!
joy My spir - it is longing to share!

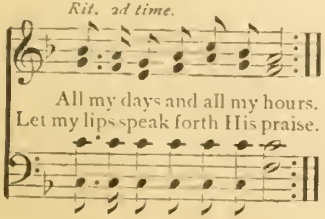
King in His beauty to see; ..... His im - age to bear, and His glo - ry to share, O,
His beau-ty to see;



ALL FOR JESUS!

Words by MARY D. JAMES. Music by ASA HULL.





3 Worldlings prize their gems of beauty,
Cling to gilded toys of dust,
Boast of wealth and fame and pleasure;
Only Jesus will I trust.
‖: Only Jesus! only Jesus!
Only Jesus will I trust. :‖

4 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all beside,—
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the crucified.
‖: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
All for Jesus, crucified! :‖

5 O, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings,
Deigns to call me His beloved,
Lets me rest beneath His wings.
‖: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Resting now beneath His wings. :‖

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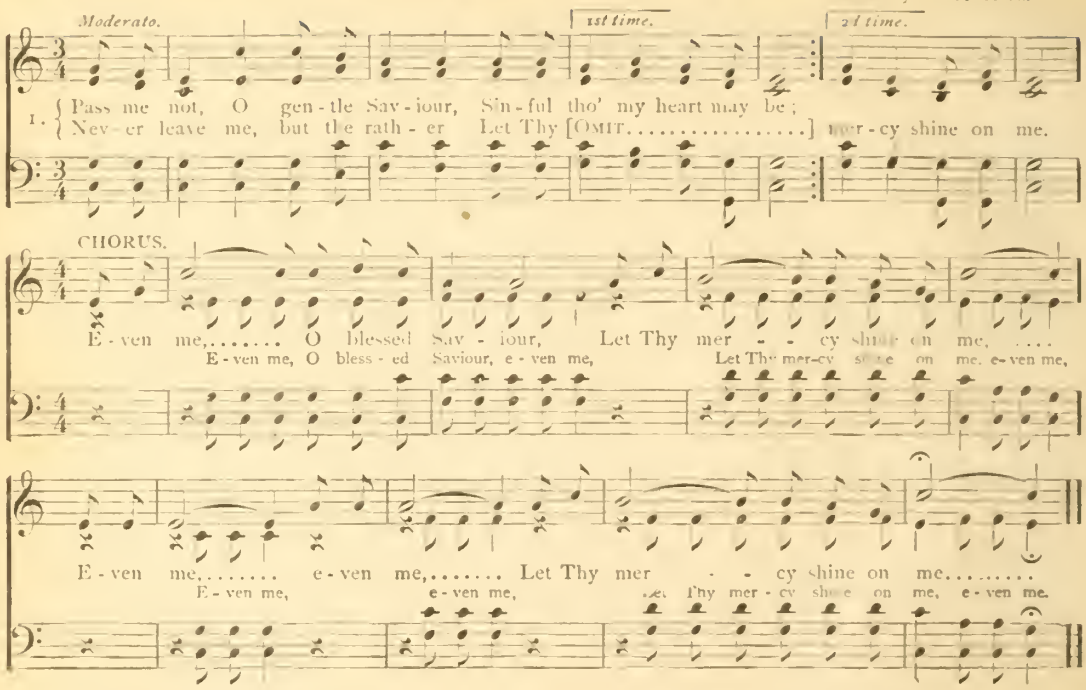
LET THY MERCY SHINE ON ME.

Music by W. T. Giffe.

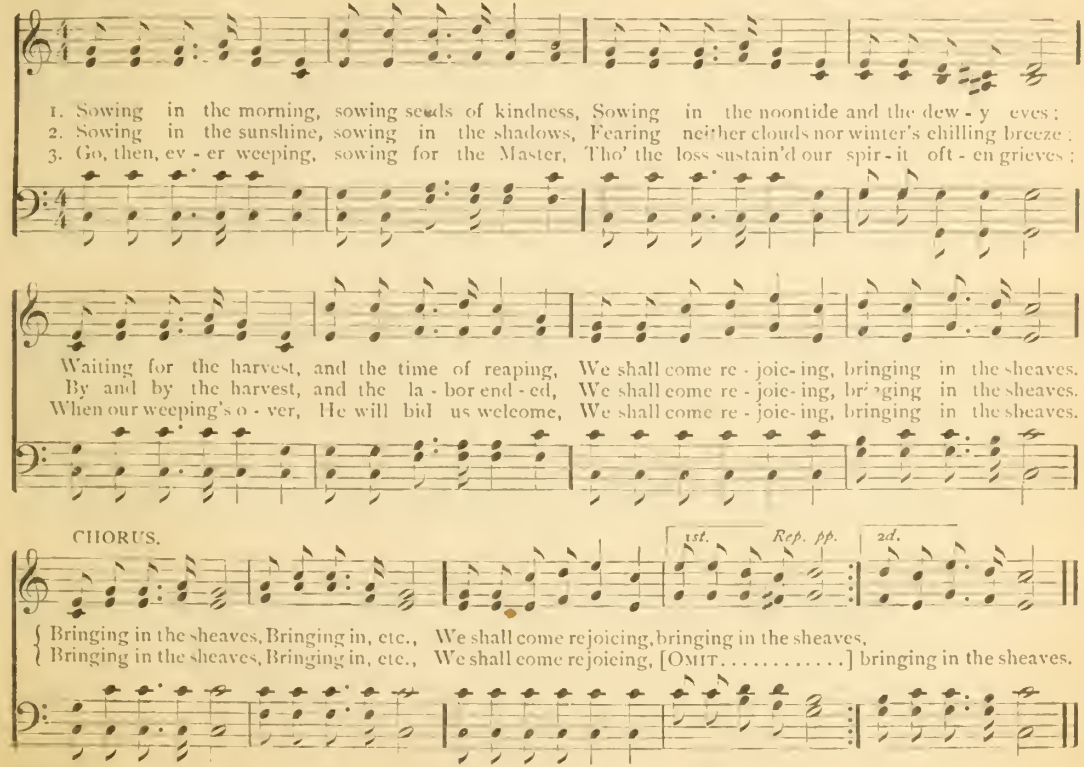


2 Pass me not, O loving Saviour,
Let me live and cling to Thee;
For I'm longing for Thy favor,
Whilst Thou'rt calling, O, call me.—*Chorus.*

3 Pass me not, O mighty Saviour,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesses of Thy great merit,
Speak some word of power to me.—*Chorus.*

BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

Words by J. H. Fillmore. Music by Geo. A. Minor.



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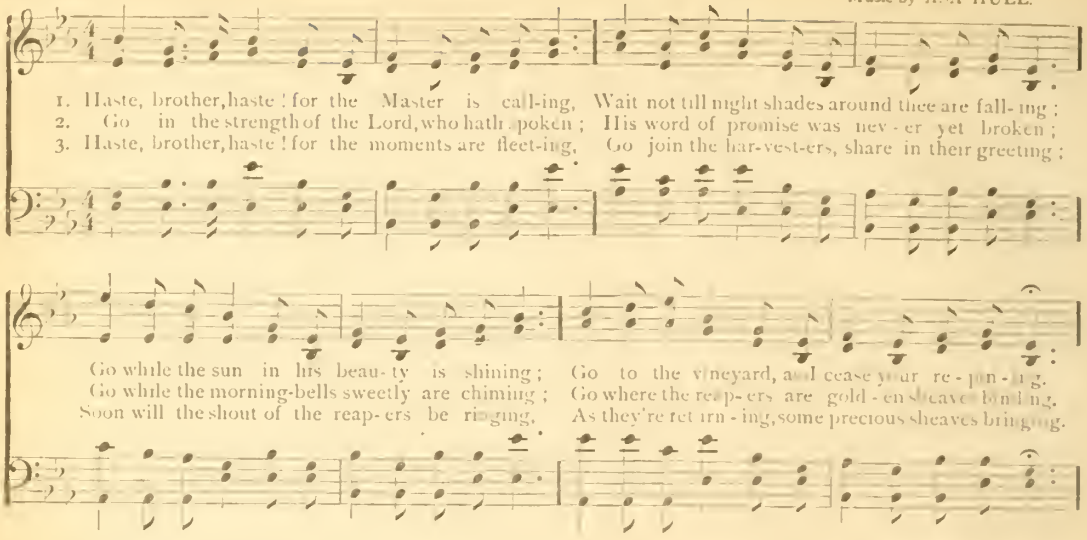
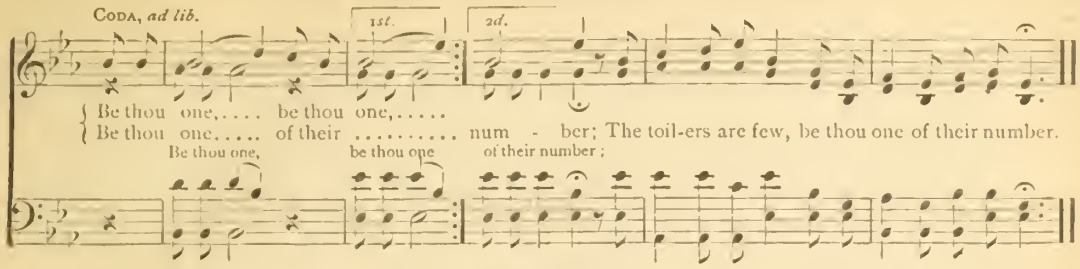
THE MASTER IS CALLING.

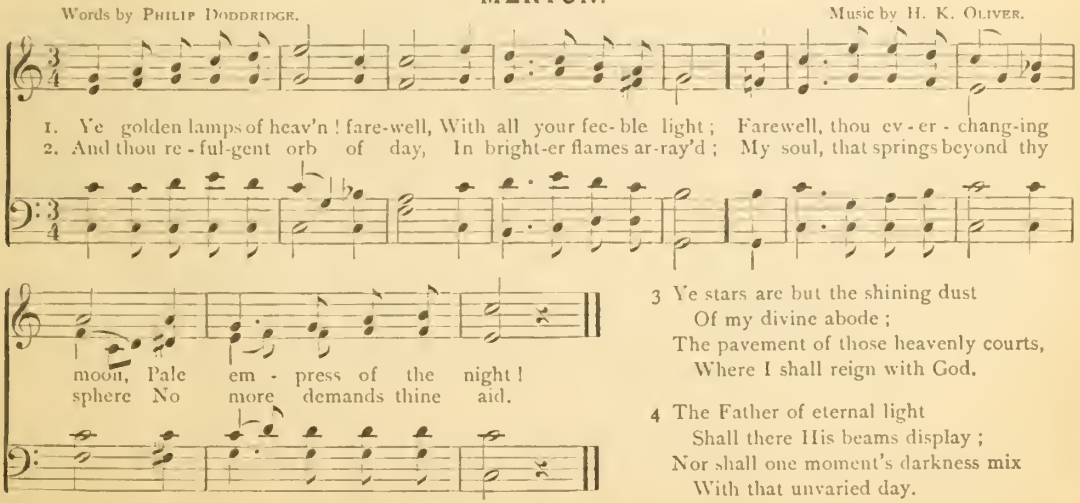
Words by E. Rinehart.

Music by ASA HULL.





MERTON.



3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode;
The pavement of those heavenly courts,
Where I shall reign with God.

4 The Father of eternal light
Shall there His beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

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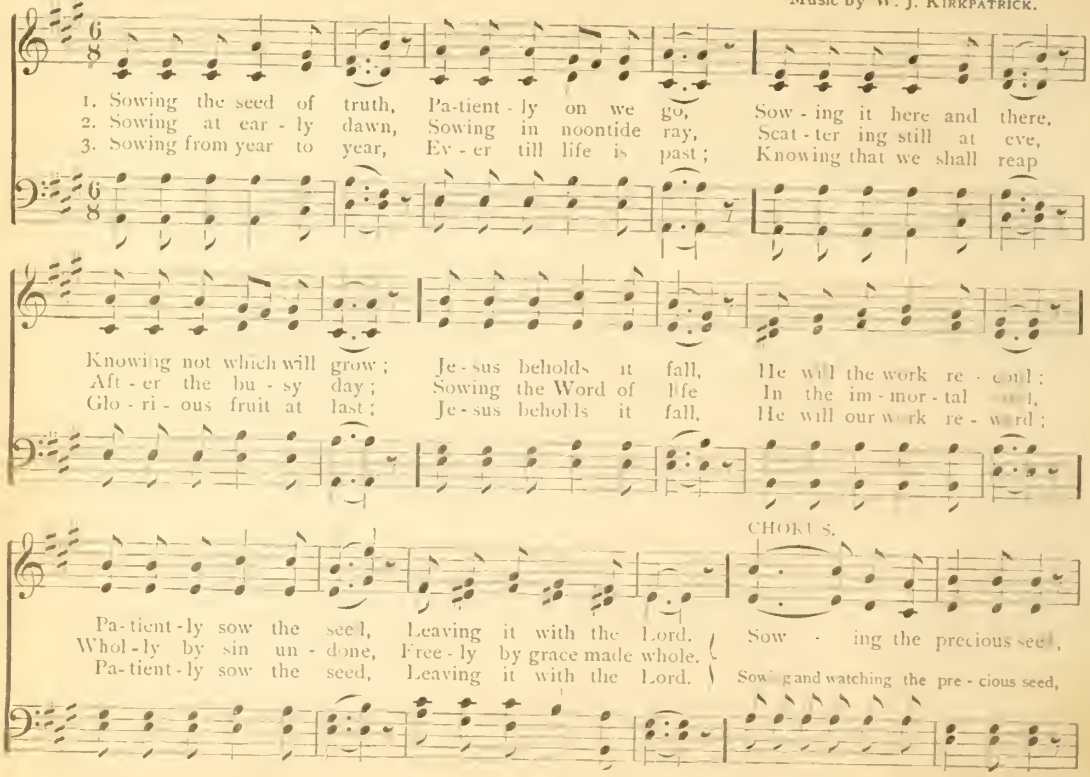
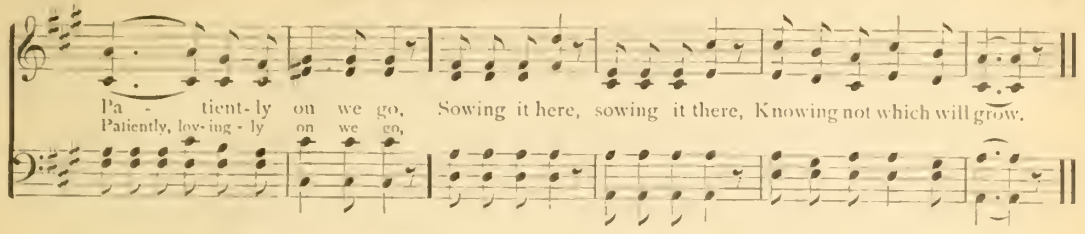
SOWING THE SEED.

Words by E. R. Latta.

Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.





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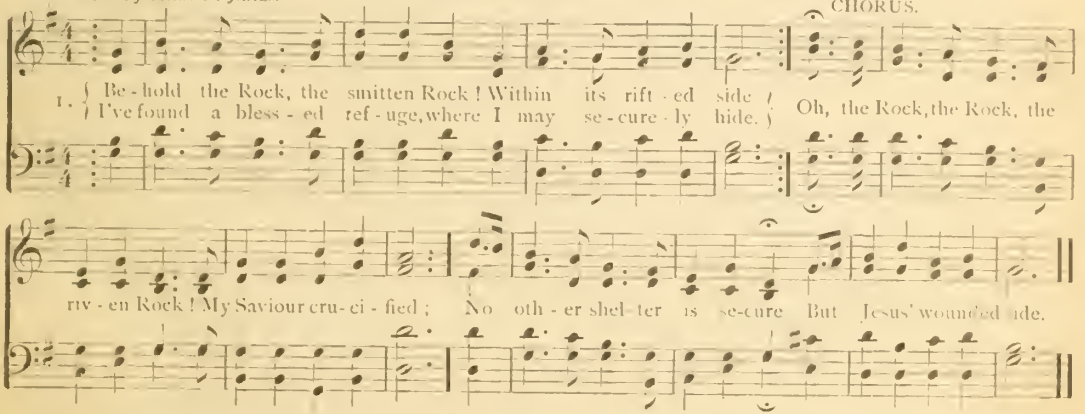
THE RIVEN ROCK.

Words by Mary D. James. Music by ASA HULL.



2 Tho' thund'ring Sinai's terrors sound
Appalling to the ear,
Concealed within the Cleft, I'm safe;
No danger will I fear.—*Chorus.*

3 Jesus, dear refuge of my soul!
My hope, my joy, my rest;
Confiding in Thy changeless love,
I am supremely blest.—*Chorus.*

4 My peace, unbroken by life's storms,
While I in Christ abide,
My spirit rests in sweetest calm,
As in the Cleft I hide.—*Chorus.*

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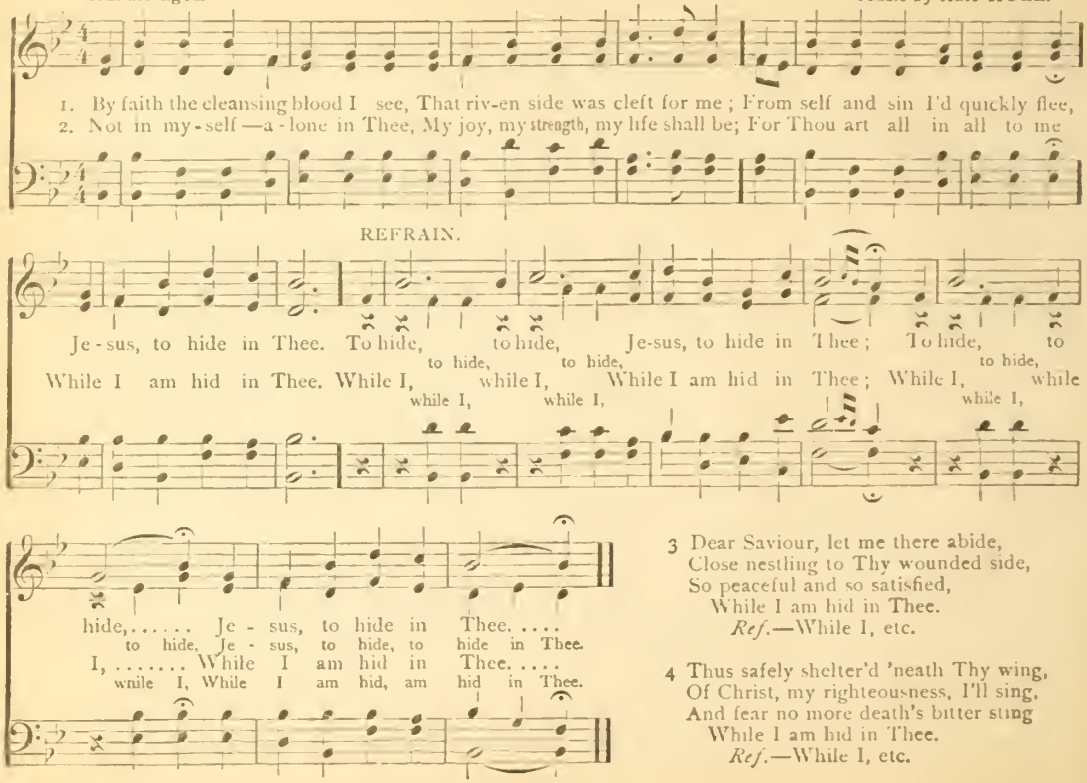
THE HIDING PLACE.

Words arranged. Music by ASA HULL.



3 Dear Saviour, let me there abide,
Close nestling to Thy wounded side,
So peaceful and so satisfied,
While I am hid in Thee.
Ref.—While I, etc.

4 Thus safely shelter'd 'neath Thy wing,
Of Christ, my righteousness, I'll sing,
And fear no more death's bitter sting
While I am hid in Thee.
Ref.—While I, etc.

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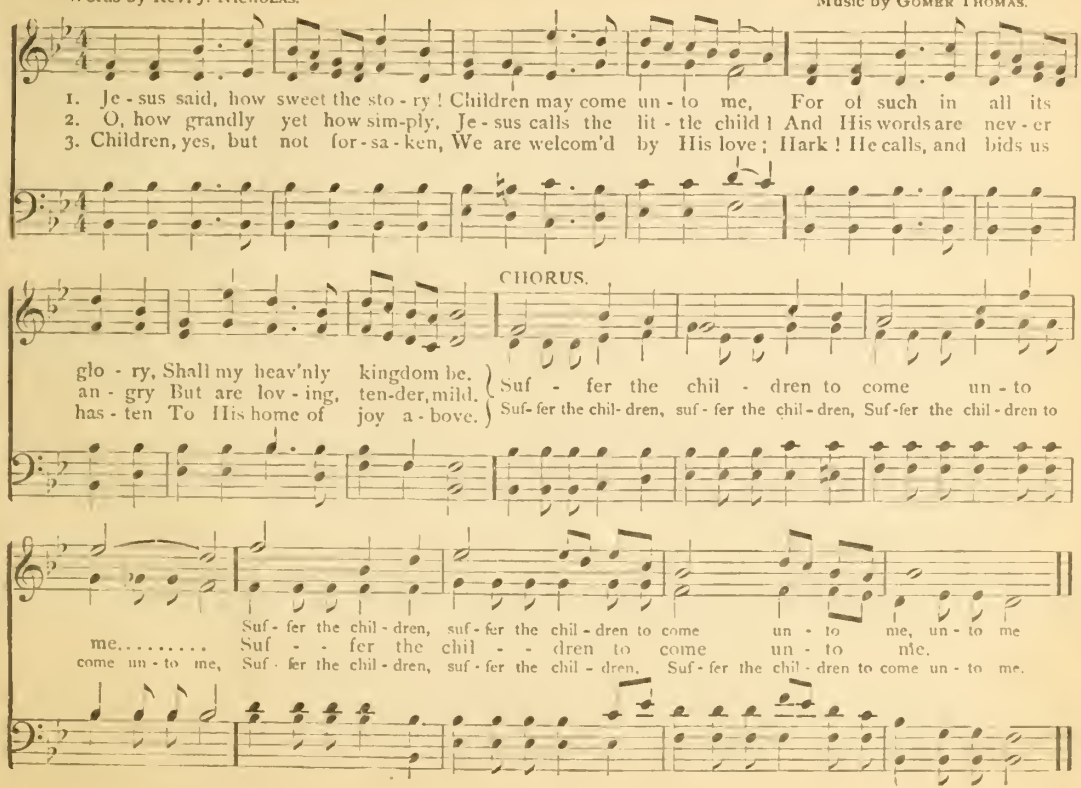
SUFFER CHILDREN TO COME.

Words by Rev. J. Nicholas.

Music by Gomer Thomas.



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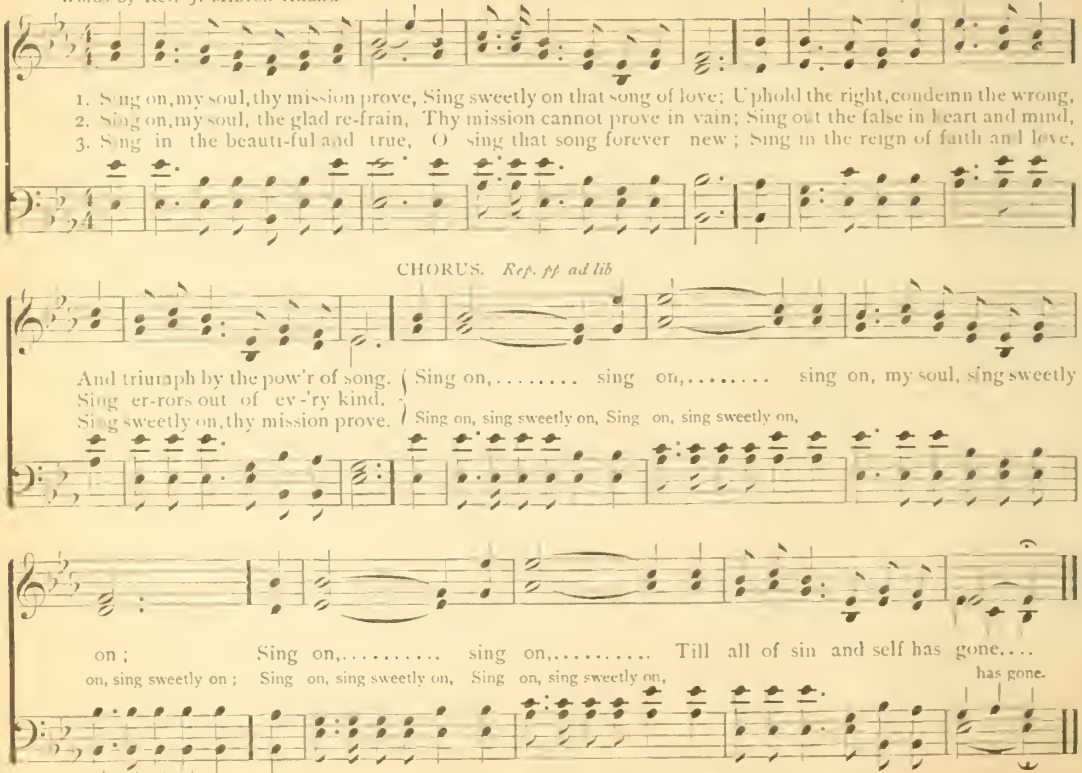
SING ON, SING SWEETLY ON.

Words by Rev. J. Milton Akers.

Music by ASA HULL.



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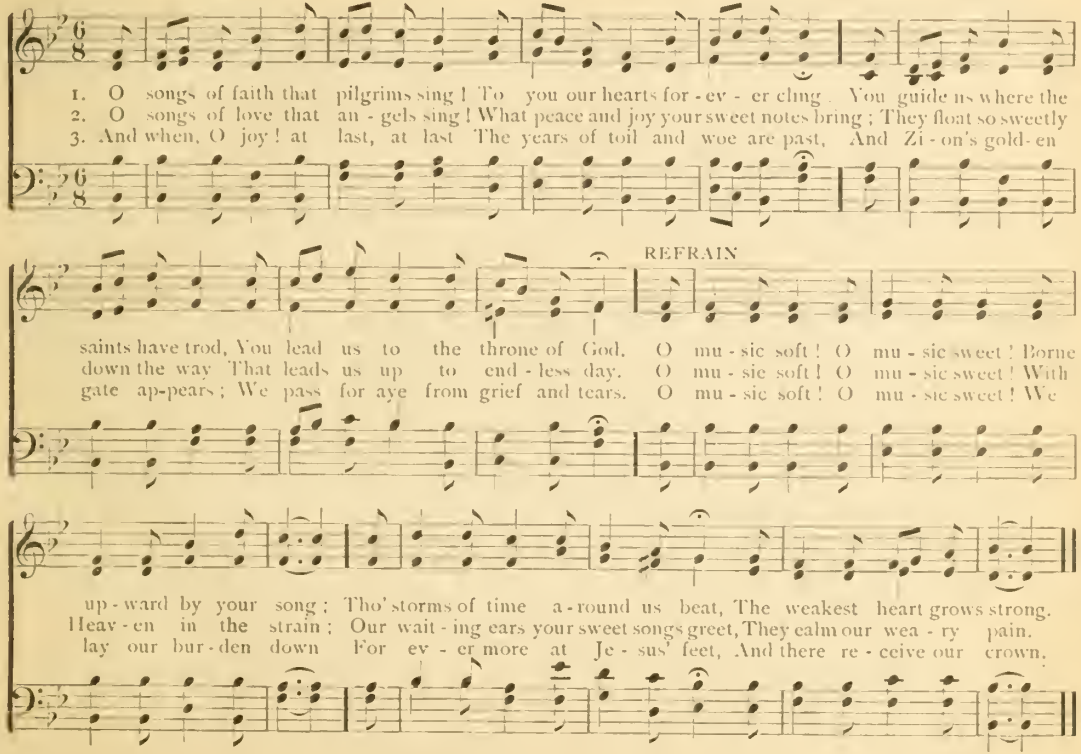
Words by Fanny Church.

Music by J. H. Tenney. Arranged.



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COME, O COME TO JESUS.

Words by Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth.

Music by J. H. Tenney.

1st time. 2d time.

1. I have found the Saviour precious, He has fill'd my soul with cheer;
I have found Him kind and gracious, And would [Omit.....] tell it far and near.

2. I have found the Saviour precious, He is fair-est of the fair;
He is chief a-mong ten thousand, O that [Omit.....] all His grace may share.

CHORUS.

Come, O come,..... dear friends, to Je - sus, Since His love..... is full and free;
Come, O come, dear friends, to Jesus, Come, O come, dear friends, to Jesus, Since His love is full and free,

In His hand..... is life e-ter - nal, There's e-nough.... for you and me.....
is life e-ter - nal, is life e-ter-nal, There's e-nough for you and me, yes, e-nough for you and me.

for you and me.....

LITTLE PILGRIMS.

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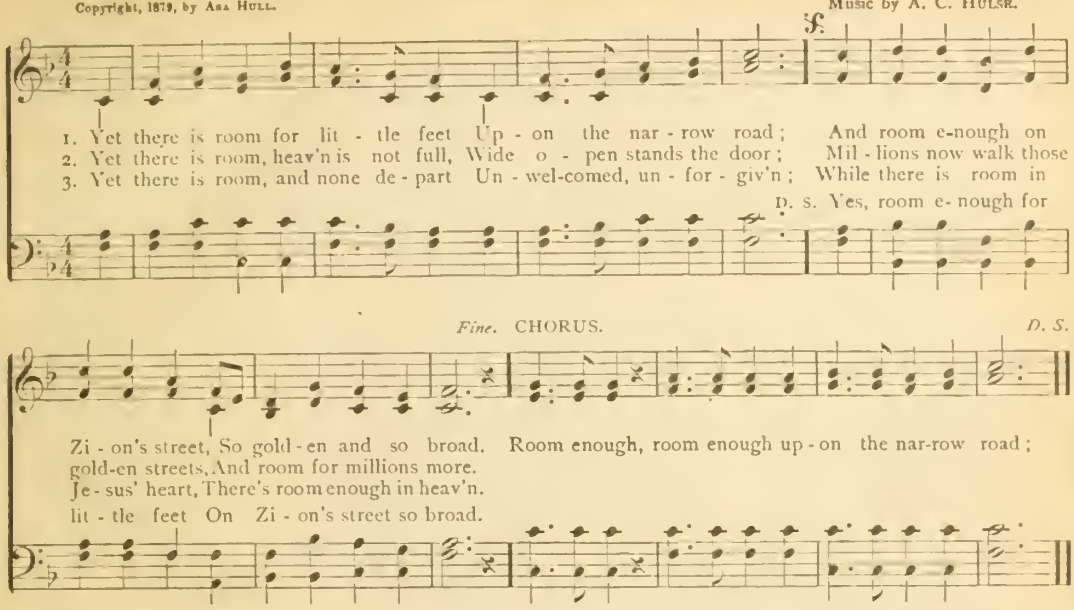
Music by A. C. Hulsr.



CONCLUSION OF **COME, O COME,** OPPOSITE PAGE.

3 I have found the Saviour precious,
Never failing in my need;
For my hungry soul providing,
Jesus is a friend indeed.
Chorus.—Come, O come, etc.

4 I have found the Saviour precious,
Rock of ages, cleft for all;
O then find that place of safety,
For there's room for great and small.
Chorus.—Come, O come, etc.

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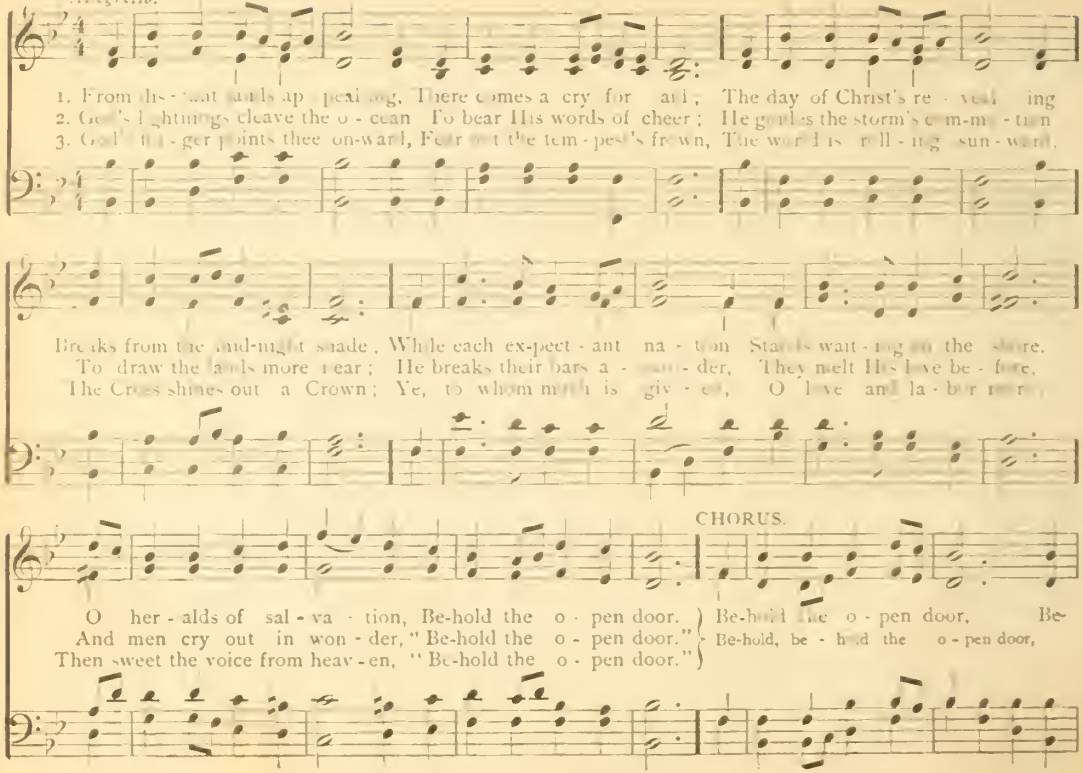
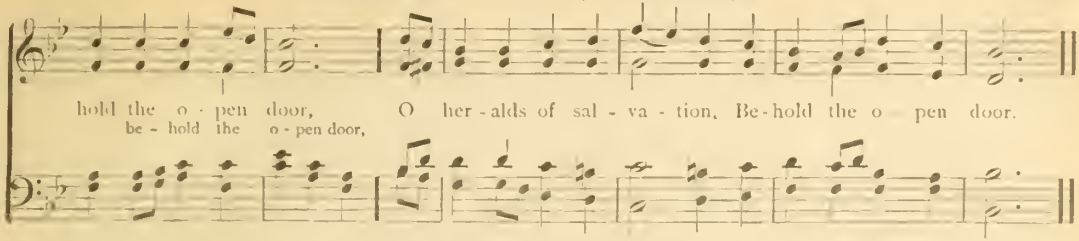
THE OPEN DOOR.

Words by Miss P. J. Owens

Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

Allegretto.





STRANGER VOICES.

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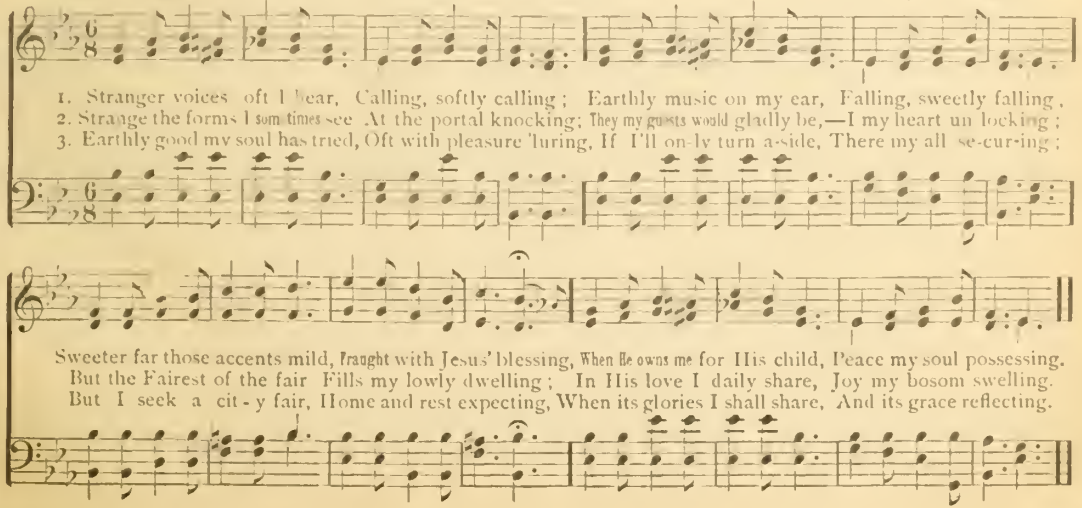
Words by Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth.

Music by J. H. Tenney.



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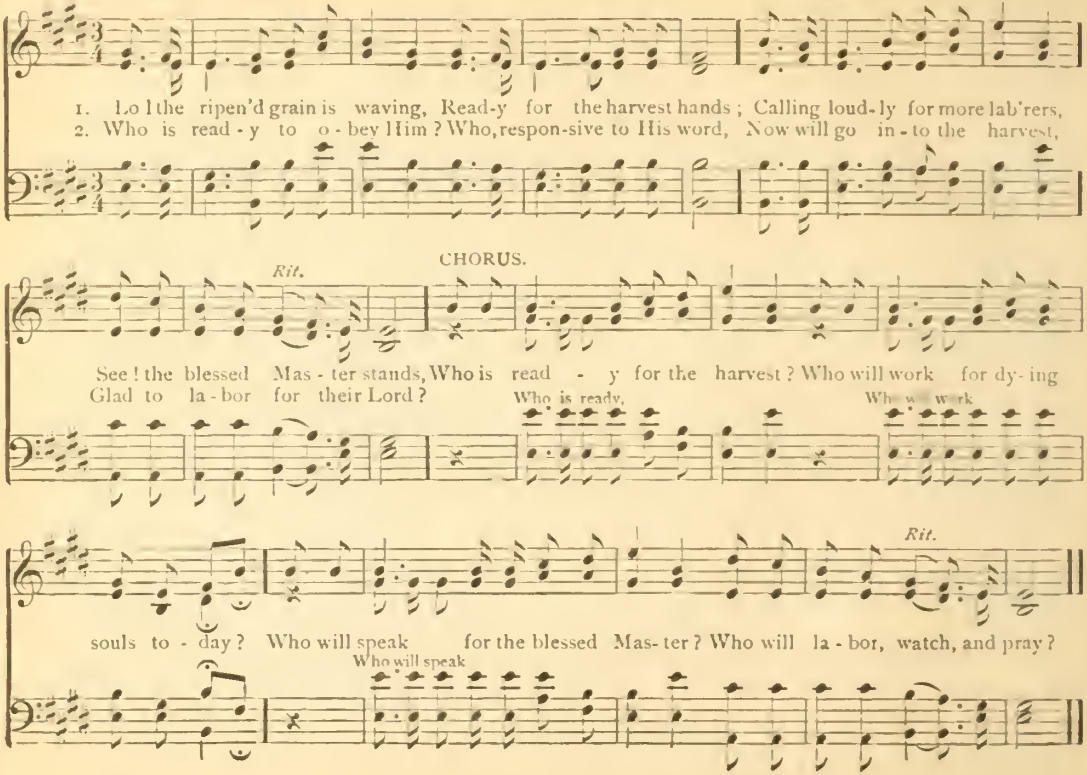
WHERE ARE THE HARVESTERS?

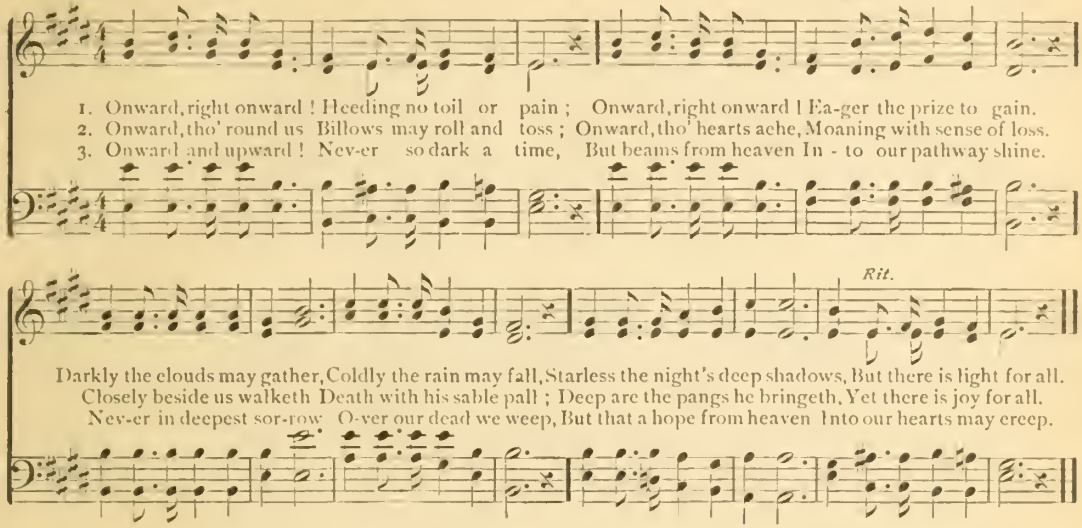
Words by Mary D. James.

Music by ASA HULL.



ONWARD, RIGHT ONWARD.

Words by P. S. Howell. Music by ASA HULL.



CONCLUSION OF **WHERE ARE THE HARVESTERS?** OPPOSITE PAGE

3 Workers, see, your Lord is standing,
Looking with benignant smile ;
Watching all your faithful labors,
Giving you good cheer the while !—*Chorus.*

4 Say, is not the work a pleasure ?
Is not toil a present joy ?
Is not labor rest, when Jesus
Smiles upon your blest employ ?—*Chorus.*

5 Who can tell the wealth of blessing,
Crowning that rich "harvest home,"
When within the heavenly portals
All the faithful lab'rers come ?—*Chorus.*

6 O, the rapture ! O, the glory !
O, the wondrous feast of love !
When the sowers and the reapers
Gather in their house above.—*Chorus.*

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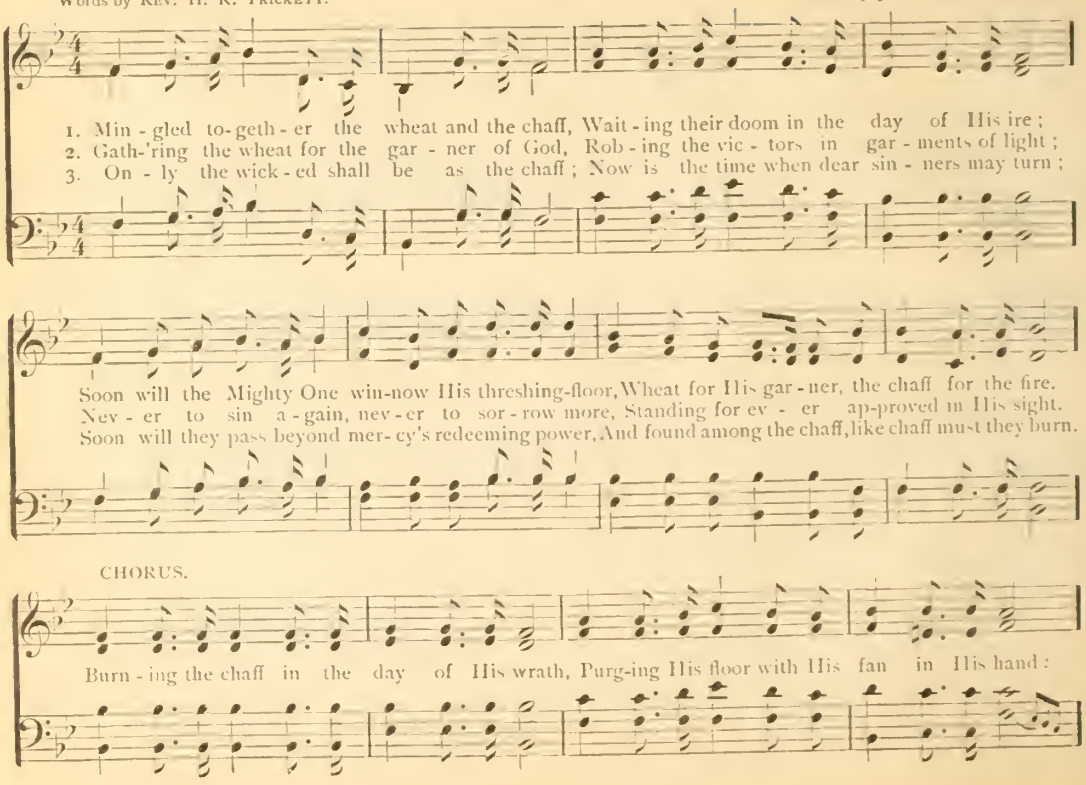
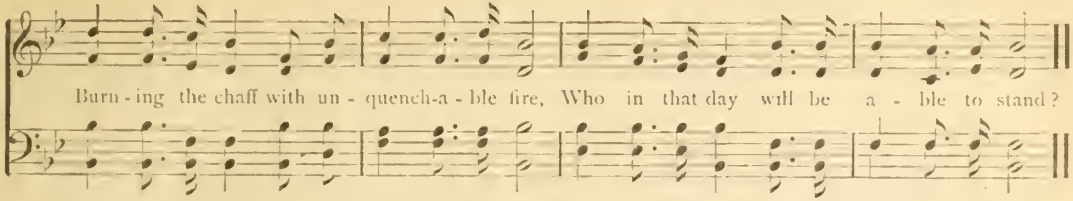
BURNING THE CHAFF.

Words by Rev. H. R. Trickett.

Music by J. H. Rosecrans.





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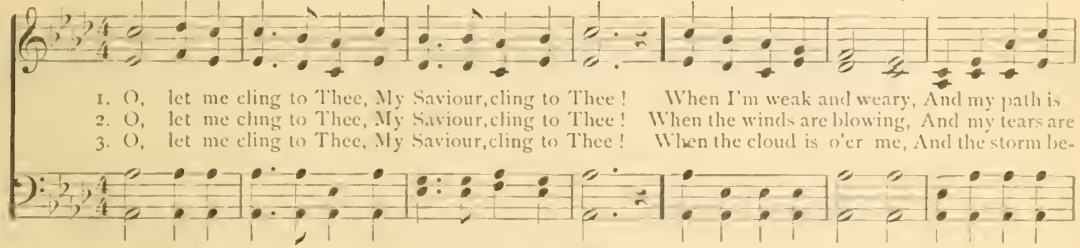
CLINGING TO THE SAVIOUR.

Music by ASA HULL.



4 O, let me cling to Thee, etc.
When my friends are leaving,
And my heart is grieving,
O, let me cling to Thee, etc.

5 O, let me cling to Thee, etc.
When I cross the river,
Which from earth doth sever,
O, let me cling to Thee, etc.

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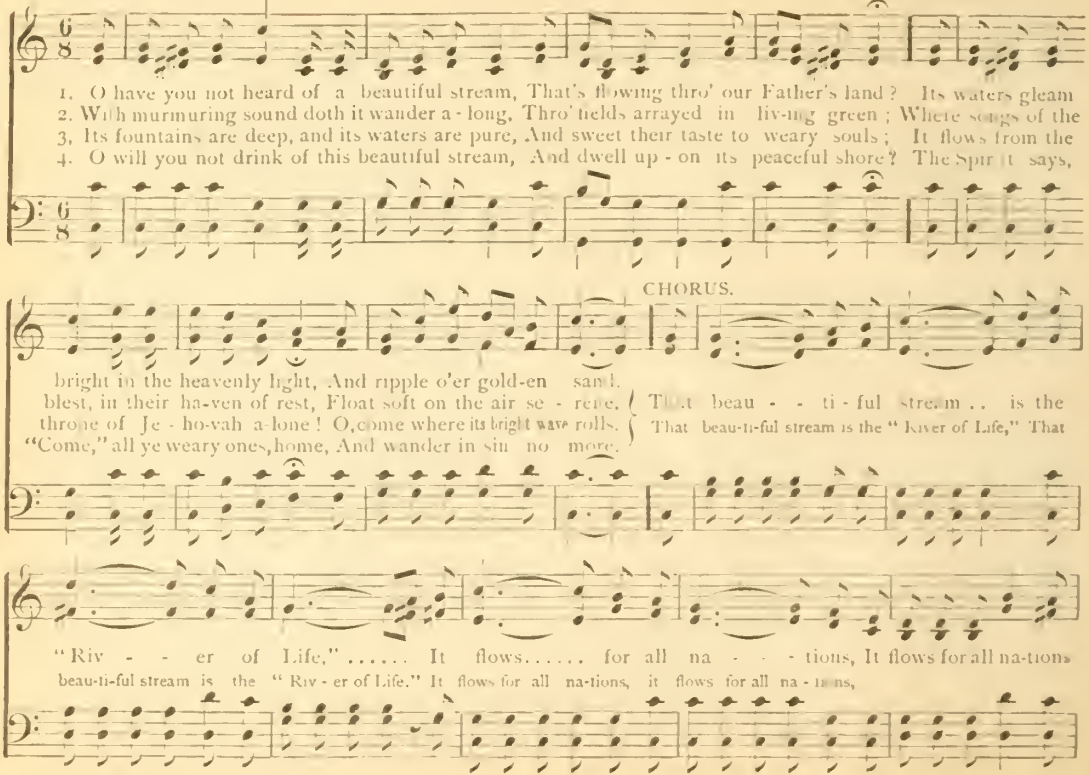
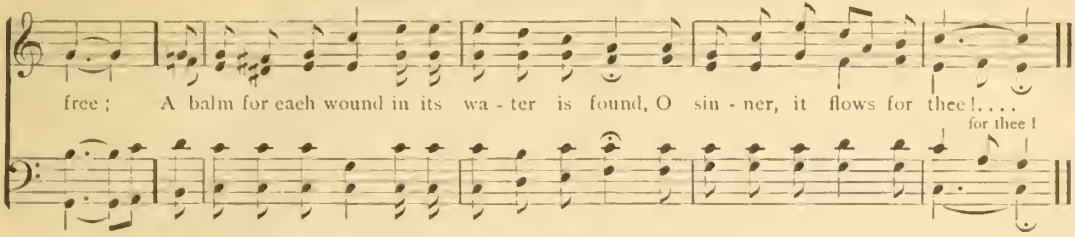
THE BEAUTIFUL STREAM.

Words by R. Torrey. *May be used as Solo or Duet.* Music by ASA HULL.

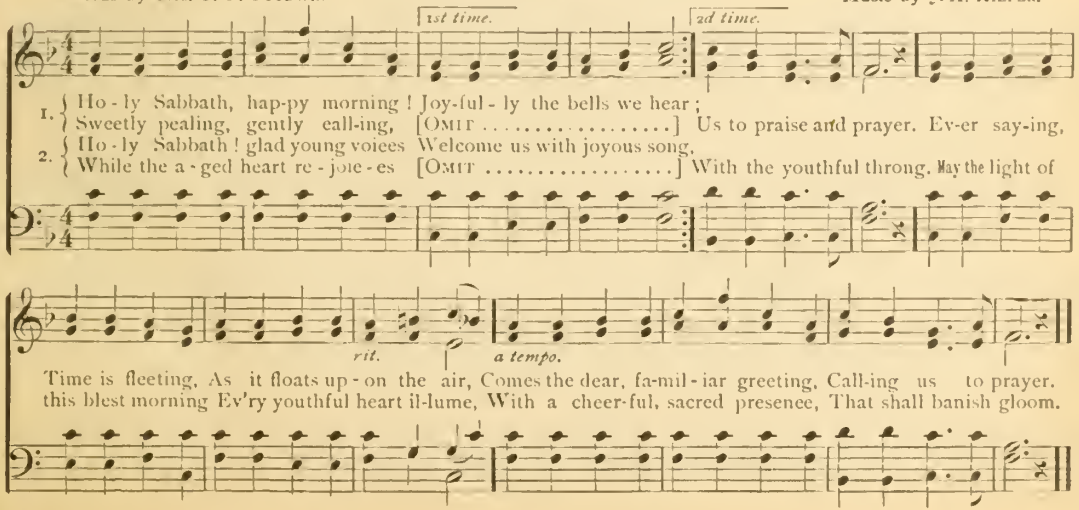




SABBATH MORNING.

Words by Mrs. C. G. Goodwin

Music by J. A. Kiefer.



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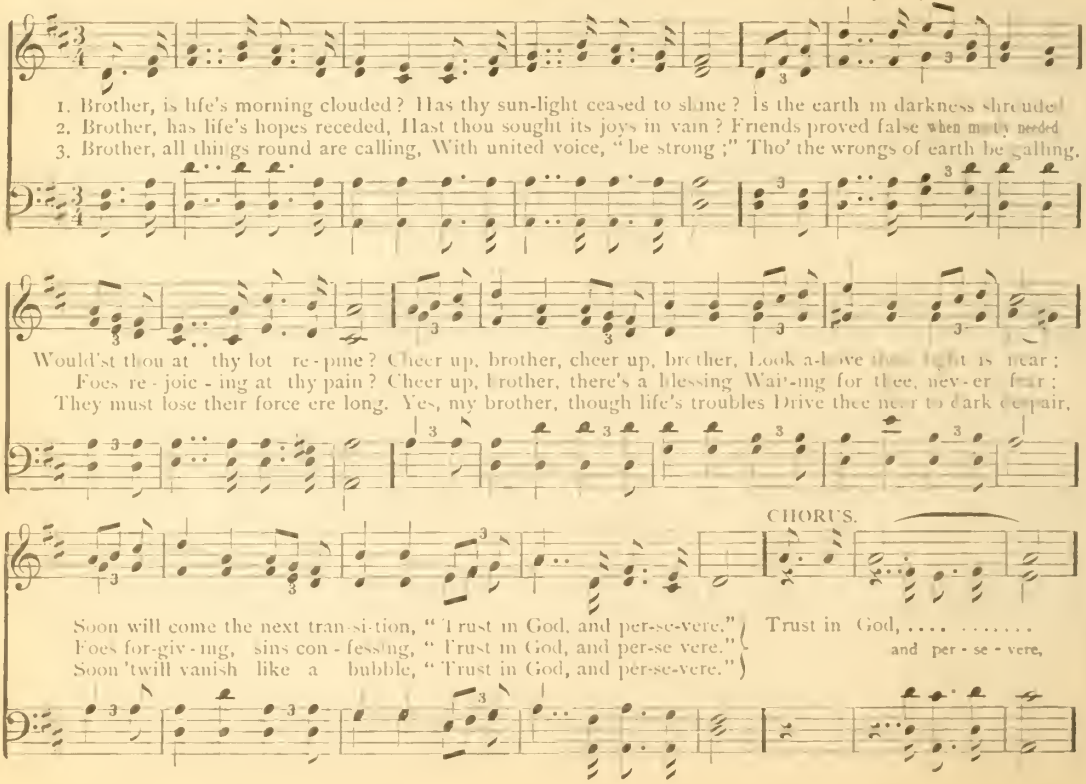
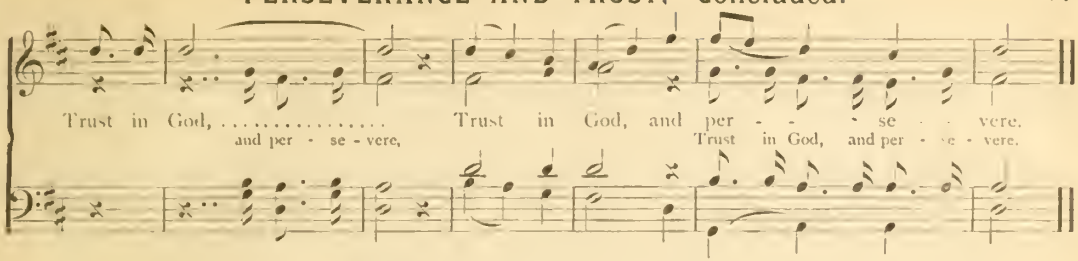
PERSEVERANCE AND TRUST.

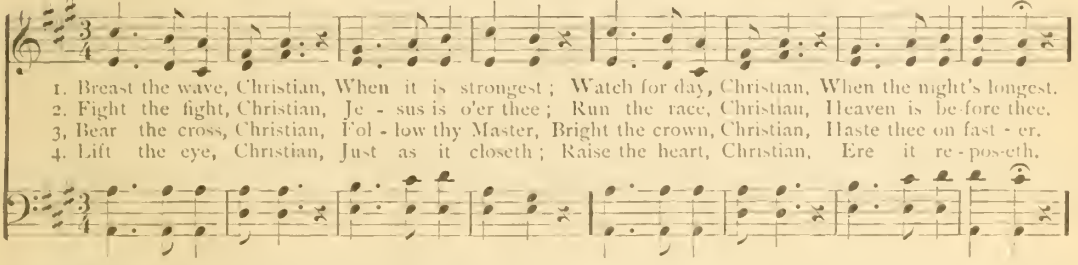
Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

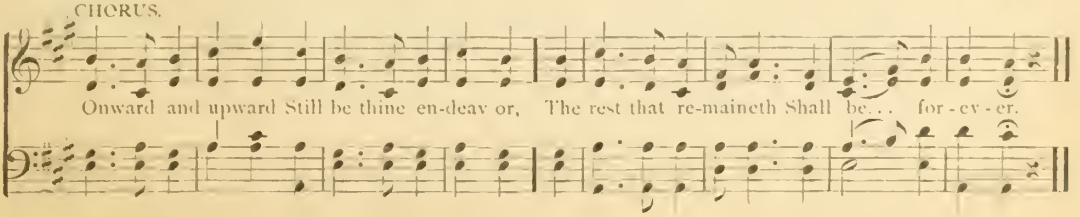




ONWARD AND UPWARD.

Music arr. from Rev. G. Robbins.





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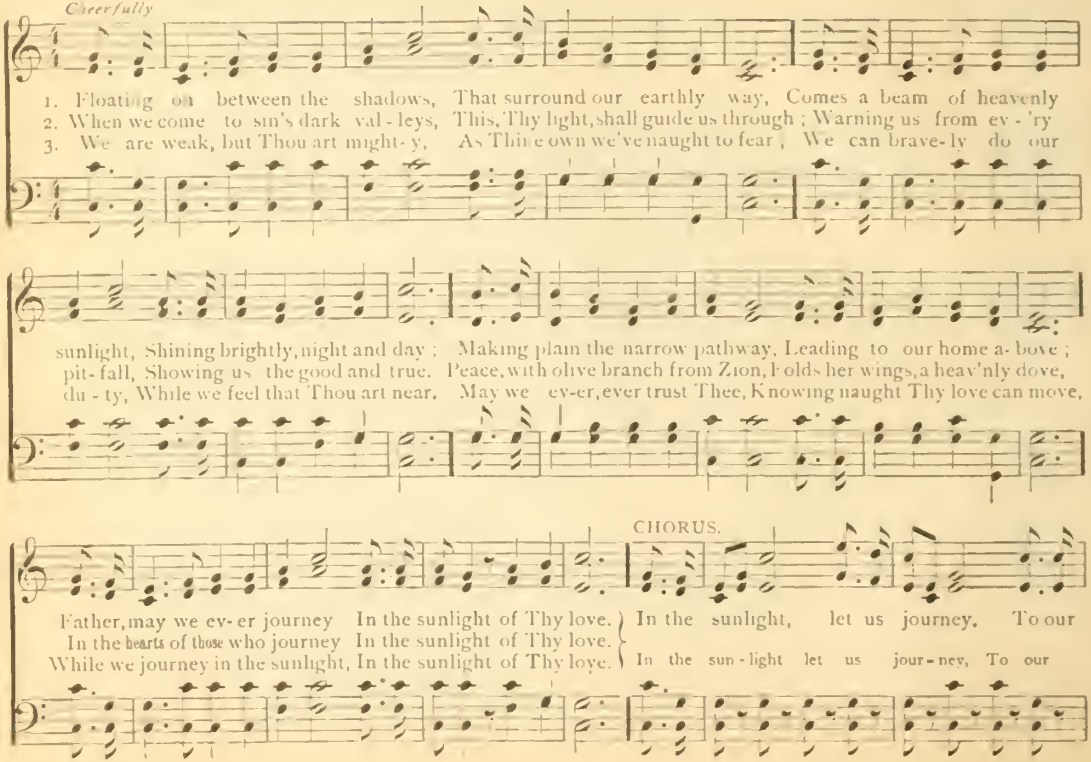
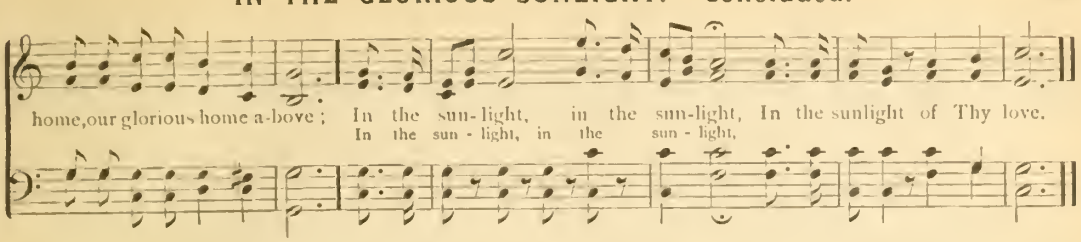
IN THE GLORIOUS SUNLIGHT.

Words by M. C. Servoss. Music by R. S. Harrington.

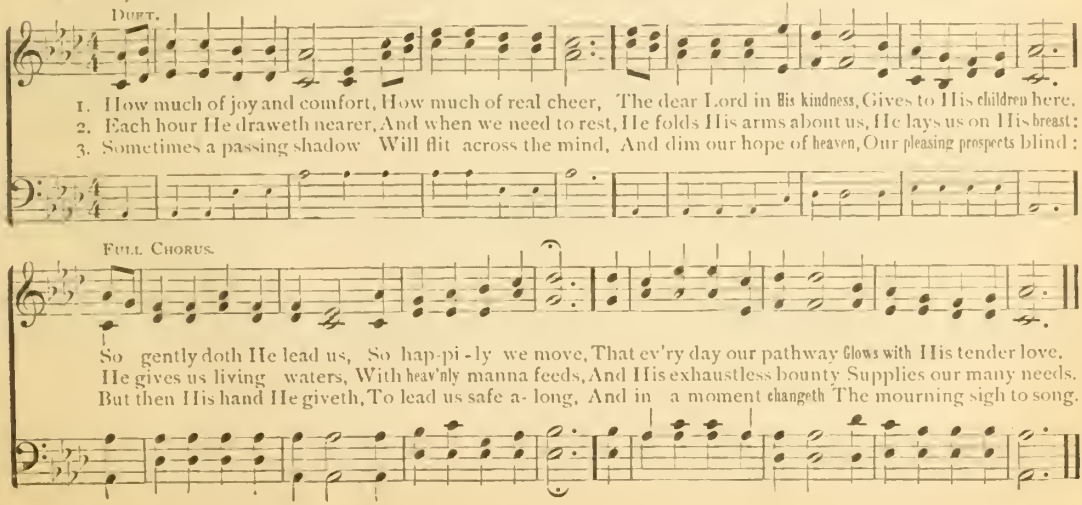
Cheerfully





THE WAY HE LEADS US.

Words by CHILSON. Music by ASA HULL.



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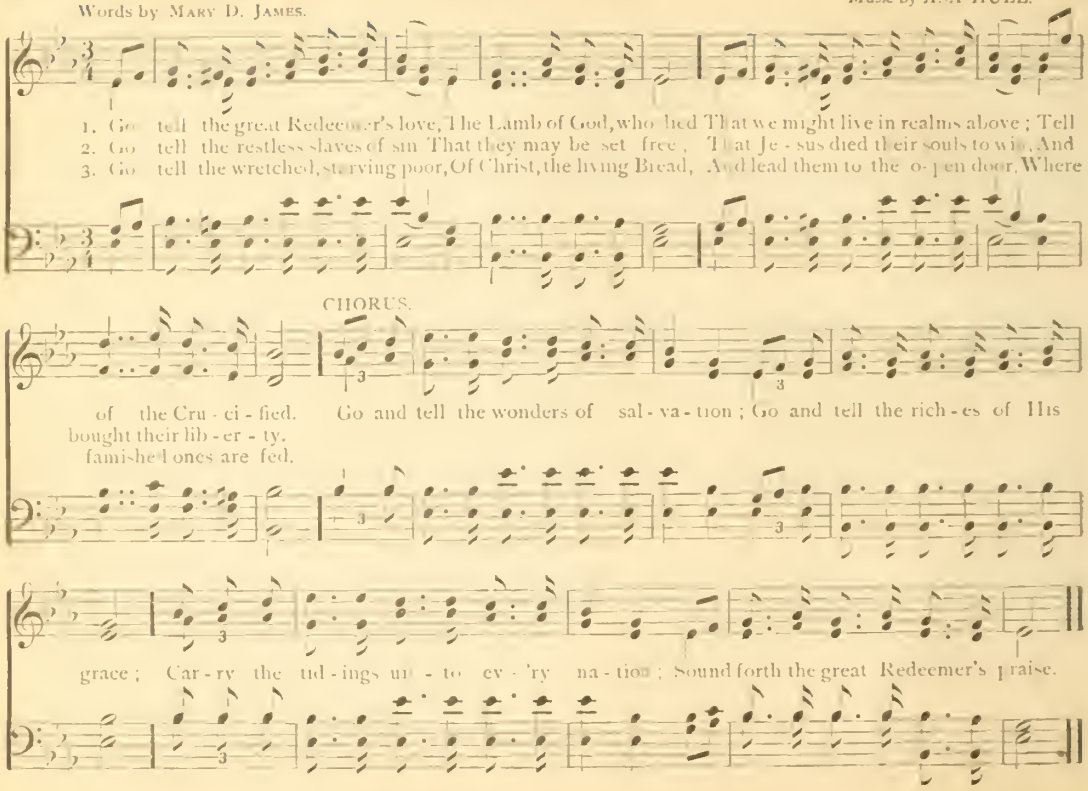
GO AND TELL IT.

Words by MARY D. JAMES.

Music by ASA HULL.



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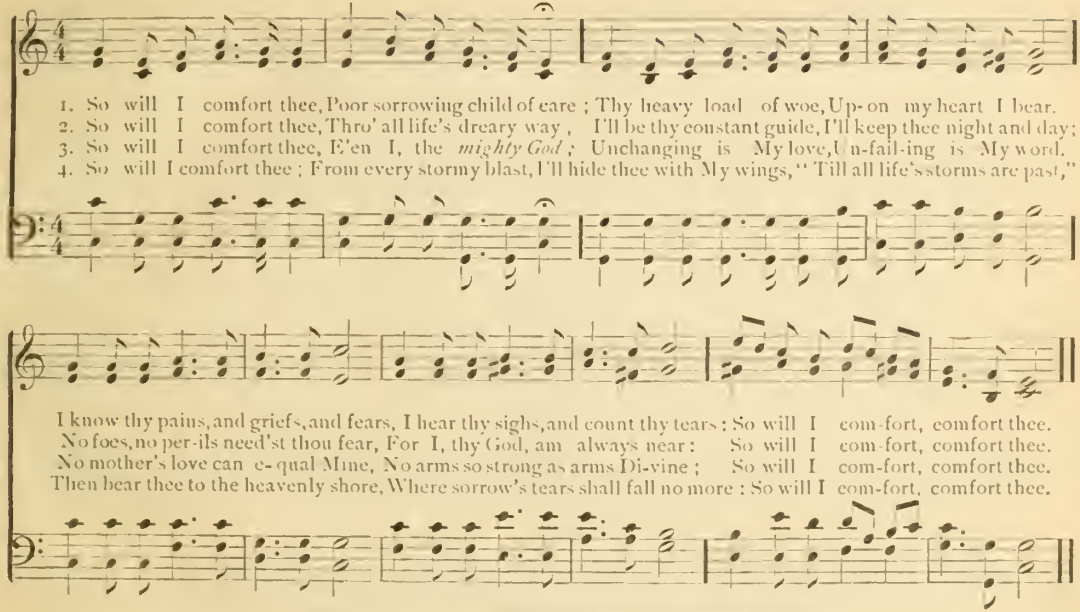
SO WILL I COMFORT THEE.

Words by Mary D. James. Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.



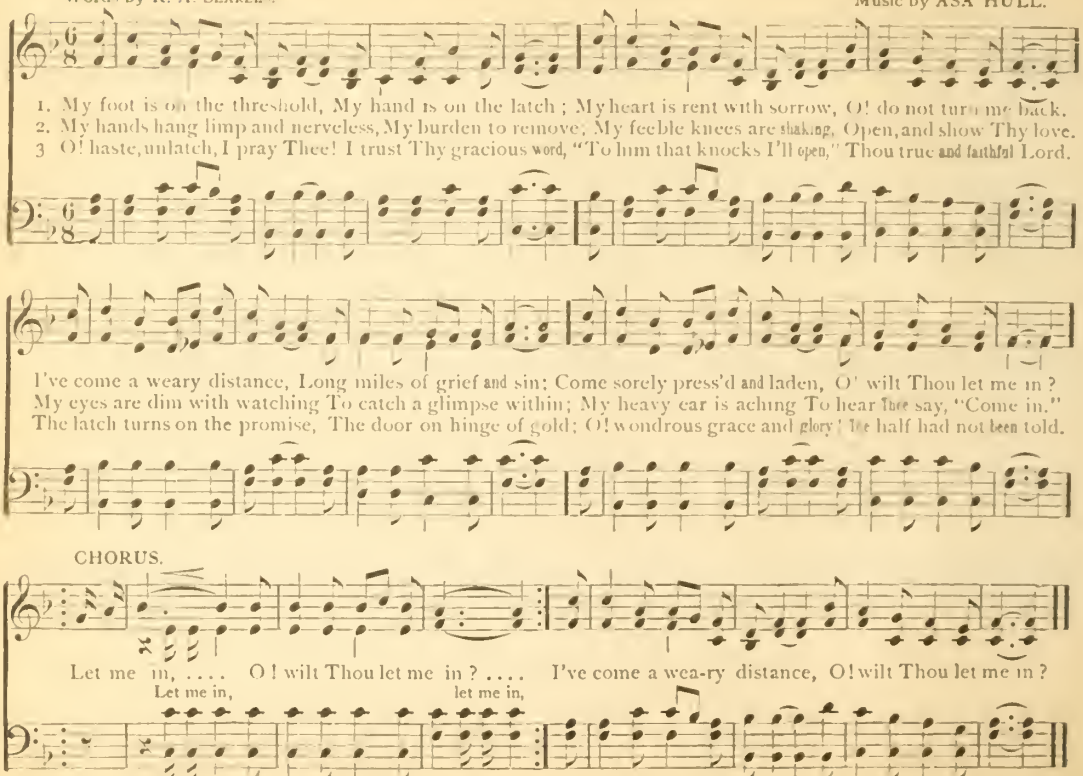
CONCLUSION OF **GO AND TELL IT**, OPPOSITE PAGE.

4 Go tell the weary, thirsting souls
Of living streams that flow ;
Tell them salvation onward rolls,
Go tell the tidings, go !—*Chorus.*

5 Tell how He took away thy sin,
And how He gave thee rest ;
How full of joy thy life hath been,
Since He hath made thee blest.—*Chorus.*

THE PENITENT.

Words by R. A. Searles. Music by ASA HULL.



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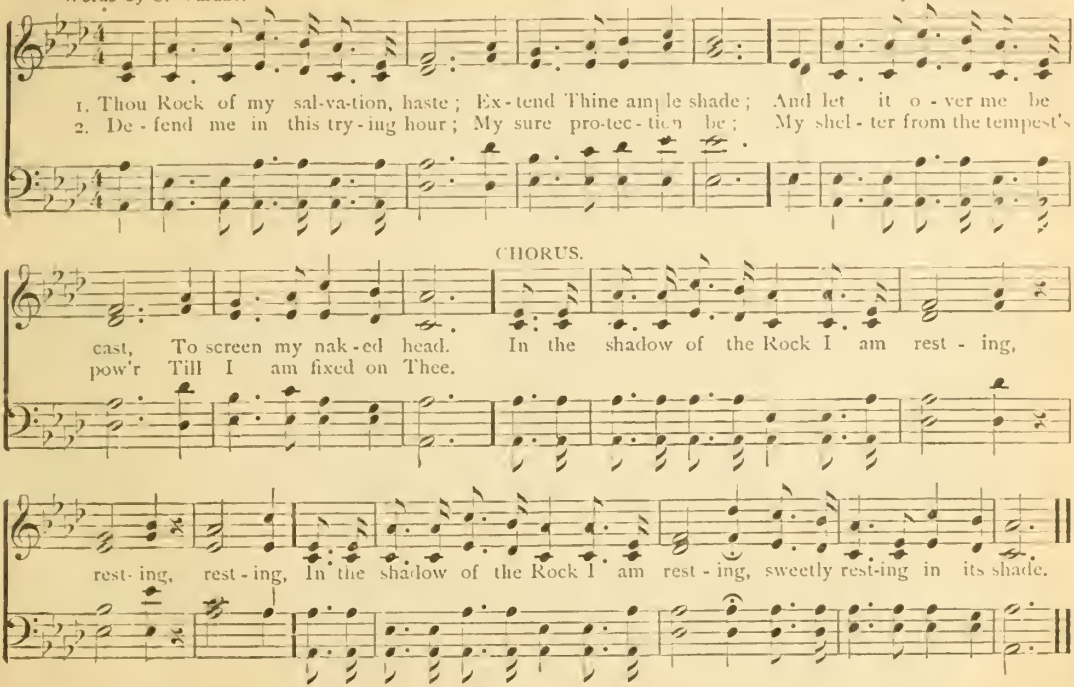
IN THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

Words by C. Wesley.

Music by Geo. C. Hugg.



3 O, set upon Thyself my feet,
And make me surely stand;
From fierce temptation's rage and heat
Protect me with Thy hand.—*Chorus.*

4 Now let me in the cleft be placed;
Nor my defence remove;
Within Thine arms of love embraced,—
Thine arms of endless love.—*Chorus.*

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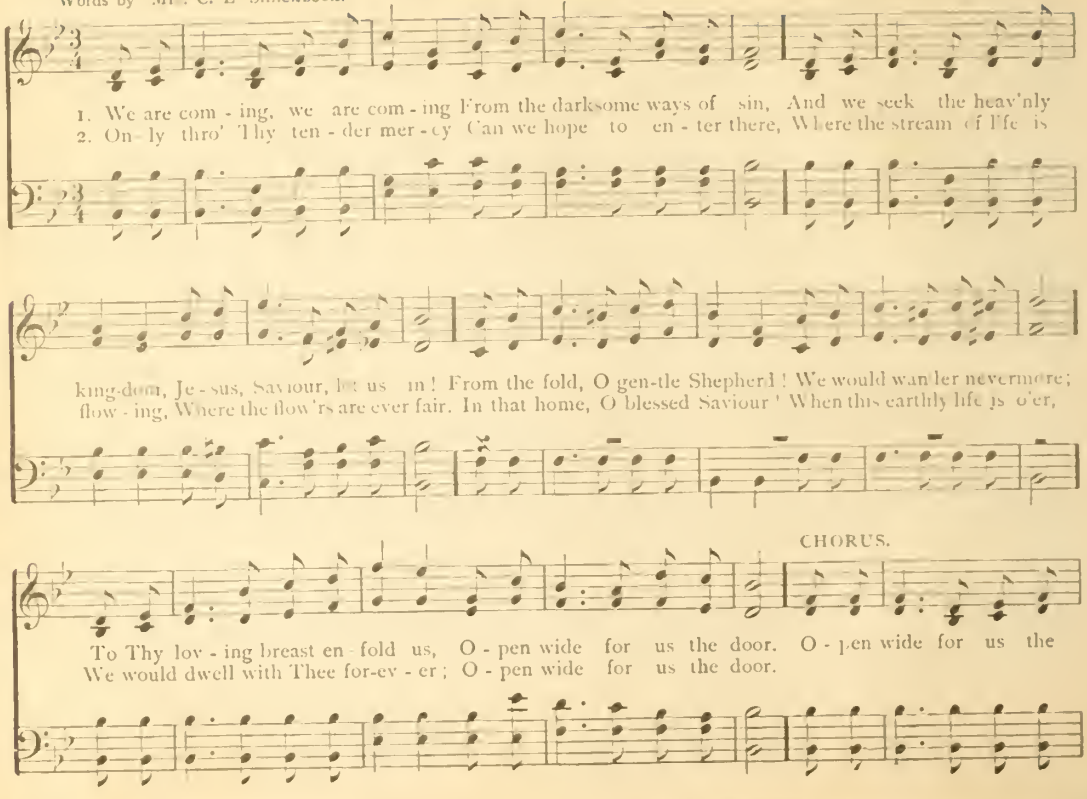
OPEN WIDE THE DOOR.

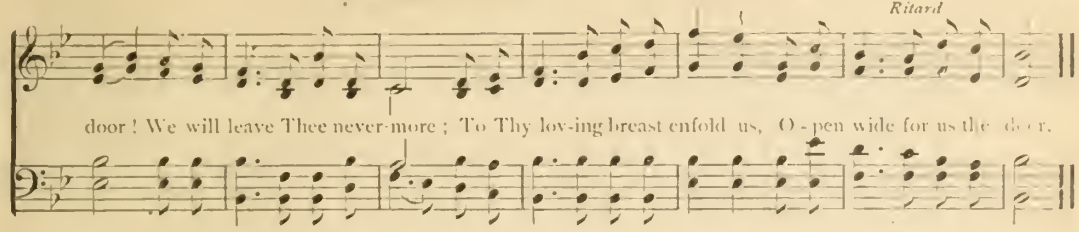
Words by Mrs. C. L. Shacklock.

Music by T. Frank Allen.



OPEN WIDE THE DOOR. Concluded.

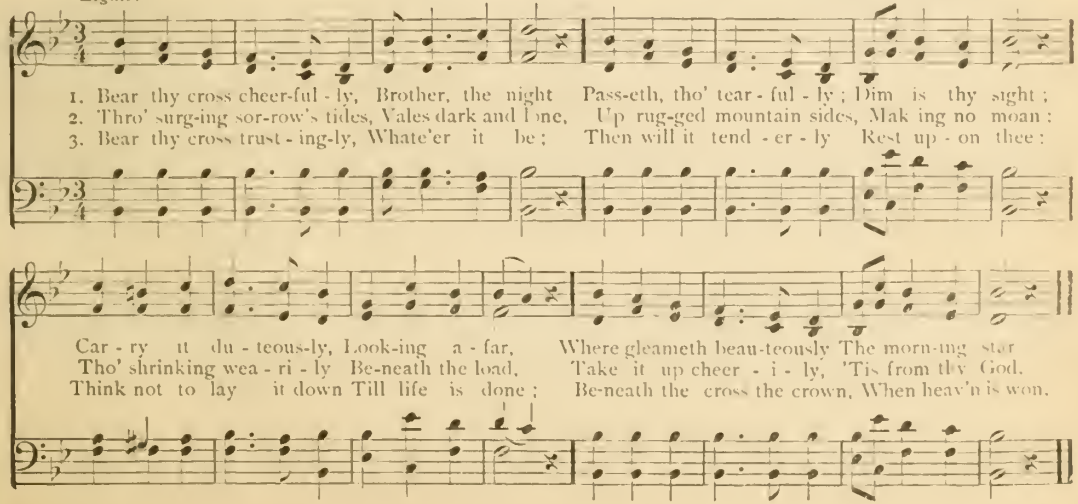
Ritard



BEAR THY CROSS.

Legato.

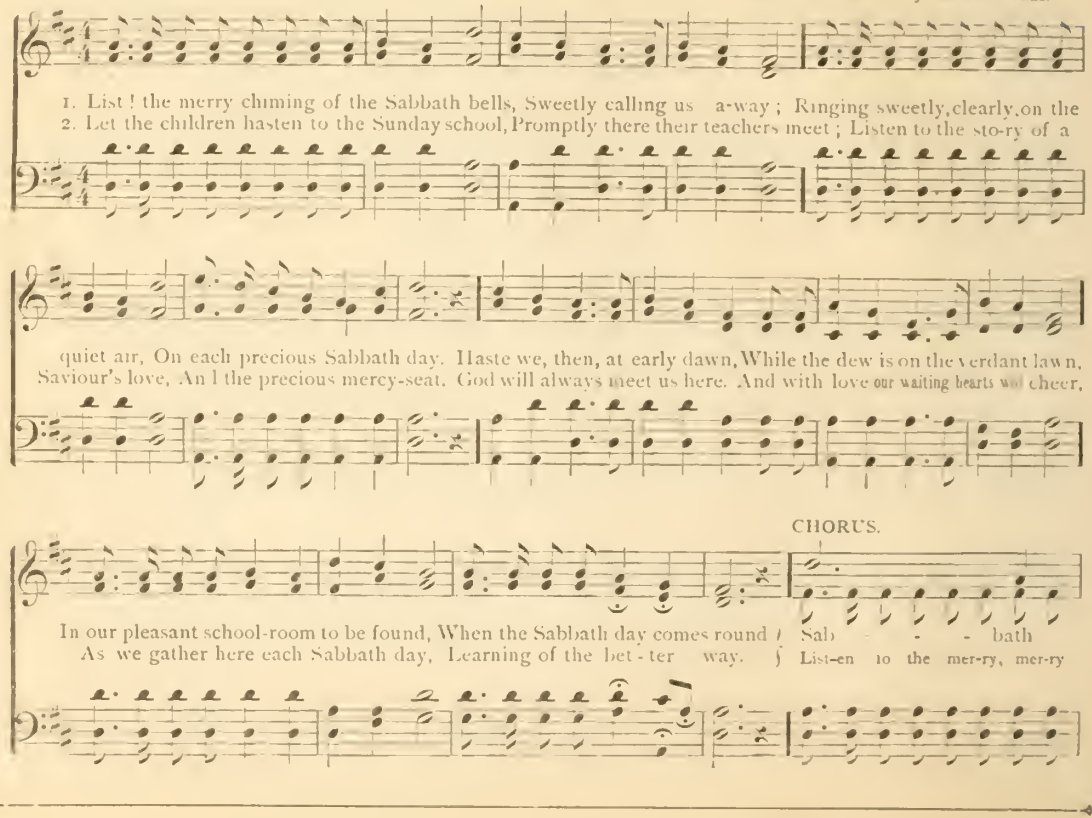
Music by ASA HULL.

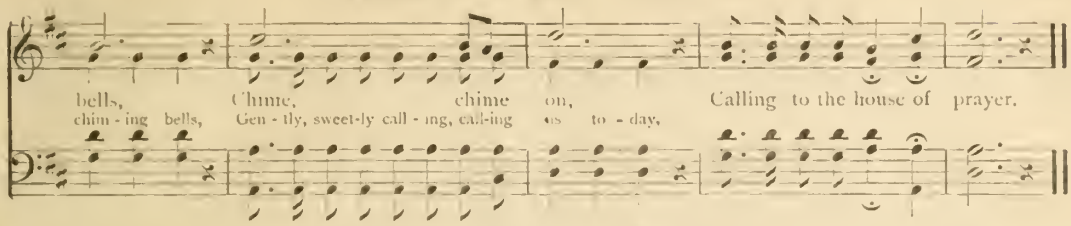


SABBATH CHIMES.

Arr. by ASA HULL.

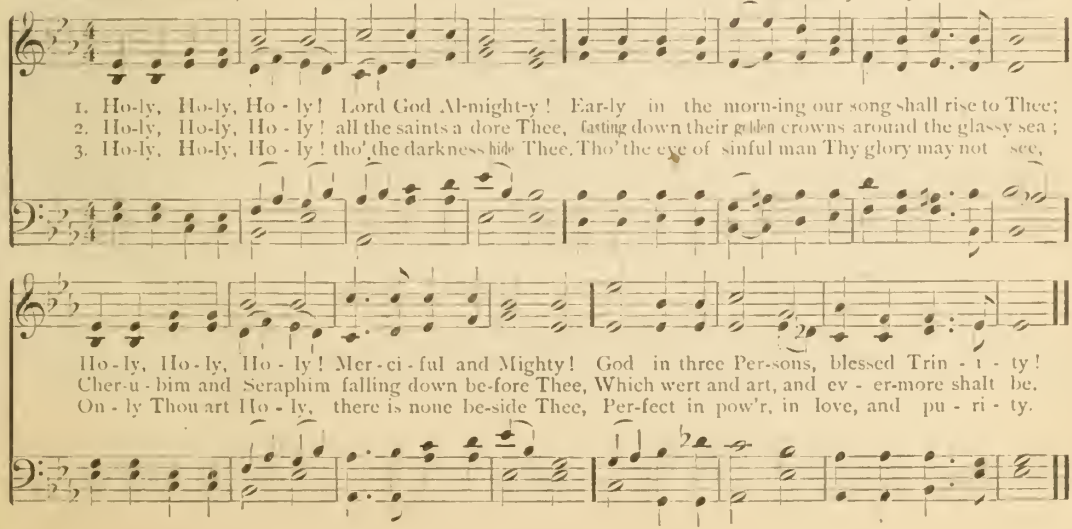
Words and Music by R. G. STAPLES.





HOLY, LORD GOD ALMIGHTY.

Words by R. Heber, D.D. Music by Rev. John B. Dykes.



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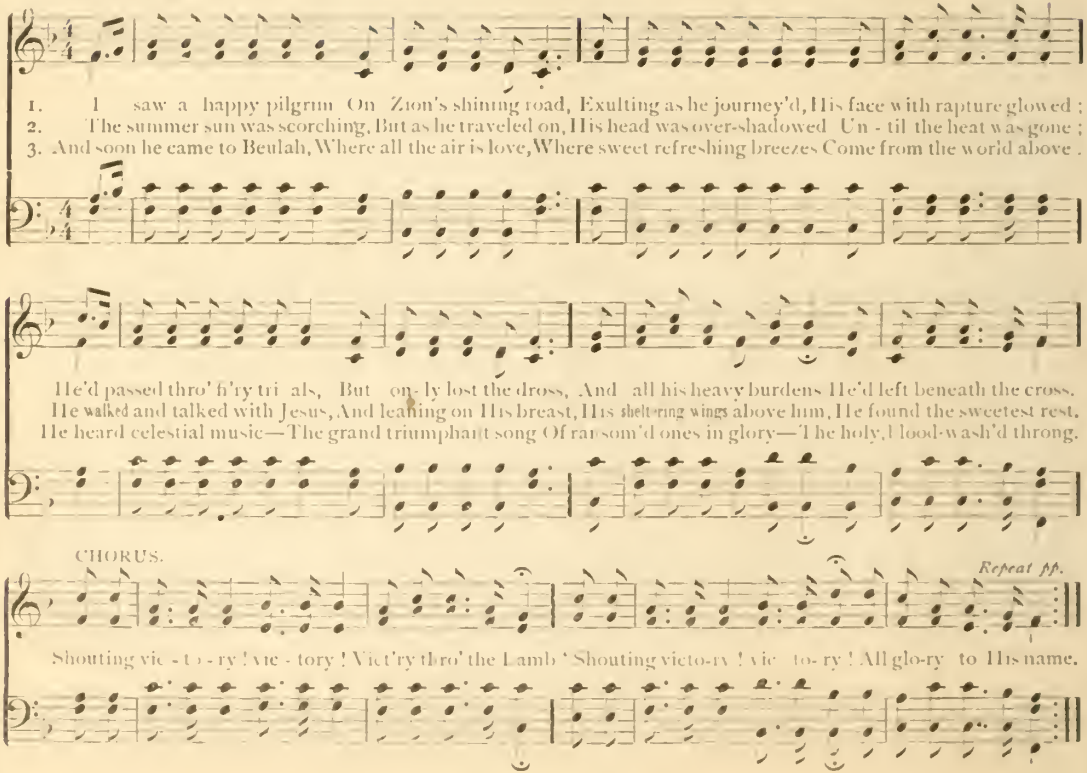
THE HAPPY PILGRIM.

Words by Mary D James.

Music by W. Church, Jr.



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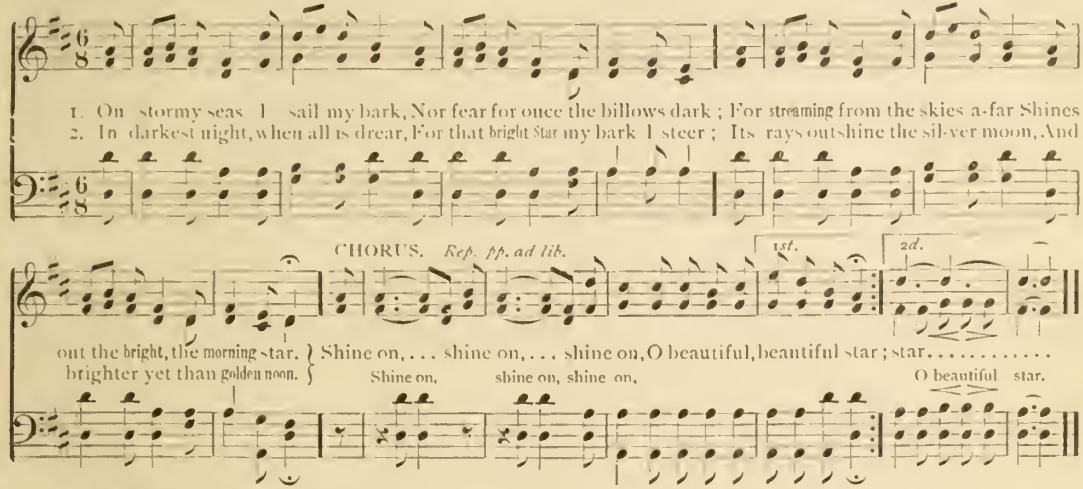
BEAUTIFUL STAR, SHINE ON.

Words by E. Rinehart.

Music by ASA HULL.



3 When on the crested wave I'm borne,
Amid the tumult of the storm ;
Or, when the sea is calm and still,
'Tis by that light I read God's will.—*Chorus.*

4 Beyond the main a joyous band
Is waiting on the shining strand,
To welcome to that peaceful shore
My little bark, its perils o'er.—*Chorus.*

CONCLUSION OF **THE HAPPY PILGRIM**, OPPOSITE PAGE.

4 I saw him in the valley
Death's shadow drawing nigh,
And still he sang exulting,
For it "is gain to die ;"
And when to Jordan's river
The pilgrim's feet had come,
'Twas but a step to cross it,
And he was safe at home.—*Chorus.*

5 Then, at the pearly portals
I saw the white-robed band
Greet him with shouts of welcome
Into the glory-land !
O, then, what rapture thrilled him
To look on Jesus' face,
And cast his crown before Him,
Who saved him by His grace.—*Chorus.*

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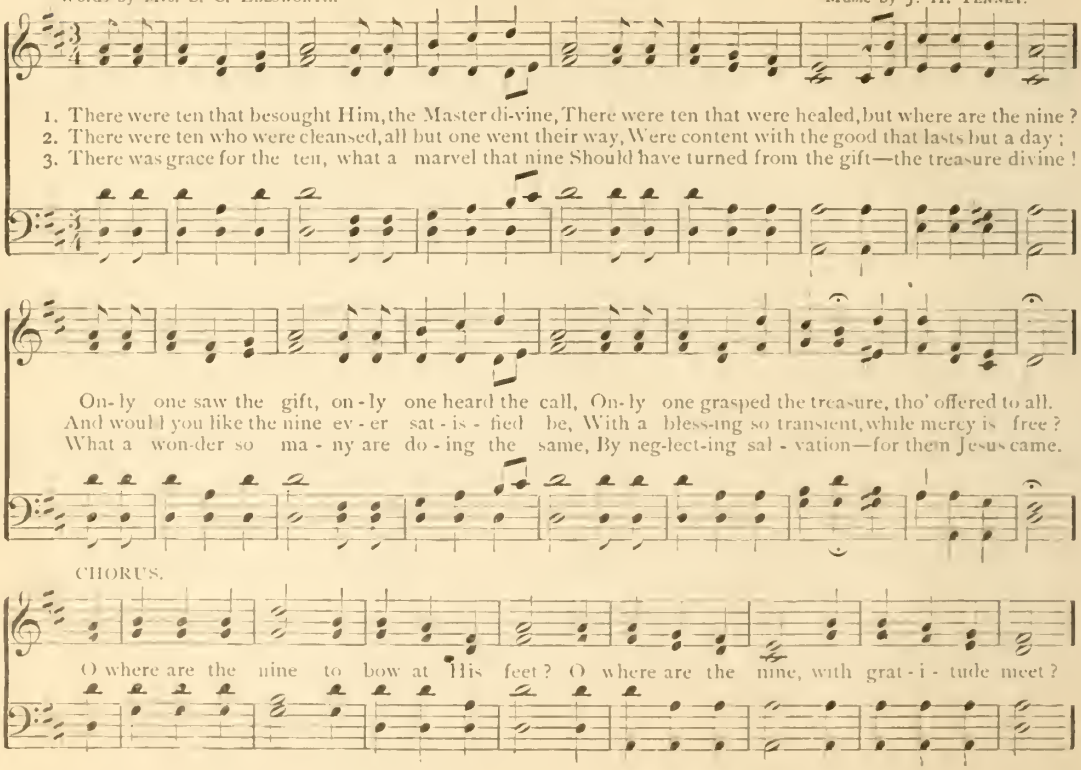
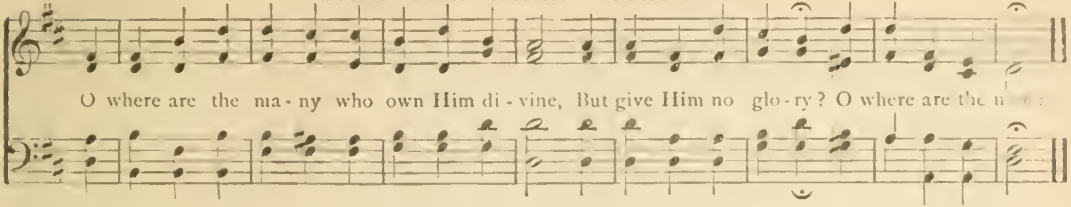
LIKE THE NINE.

Words by Mrs. S. C. Ellsworth.

Music by J. H. Tenney.

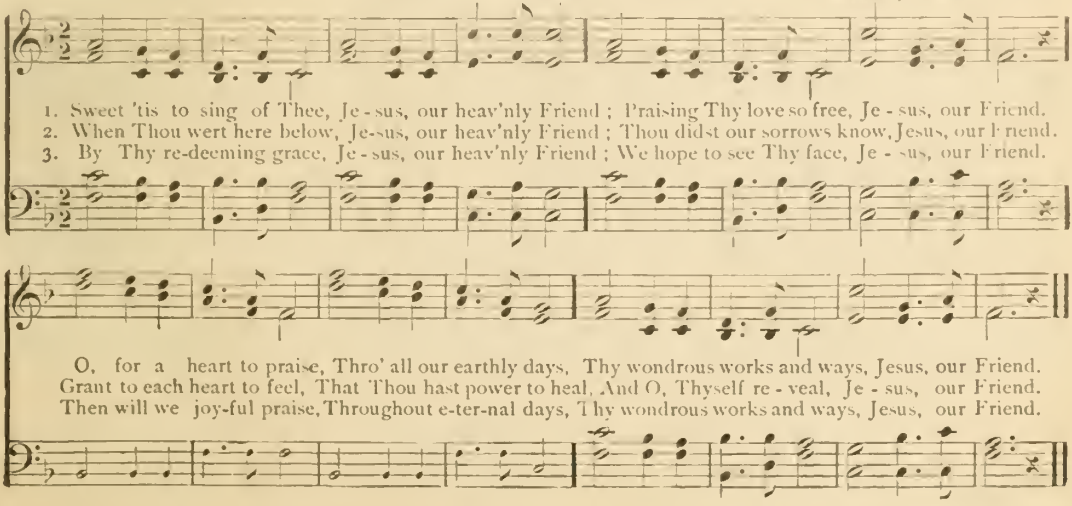


LIKE THE NINE. Concluded.



JESUS, OUR FRIEND.

Music by ASA HULL.



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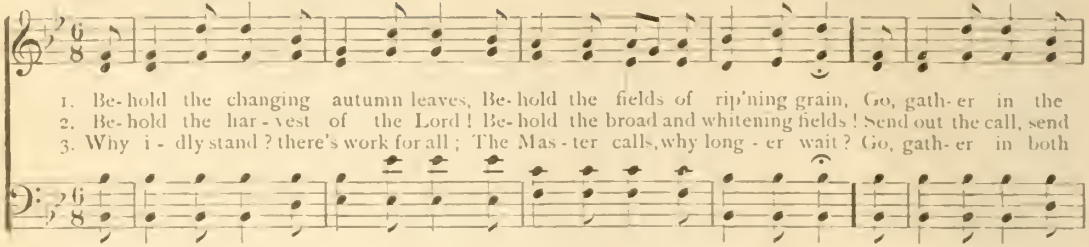
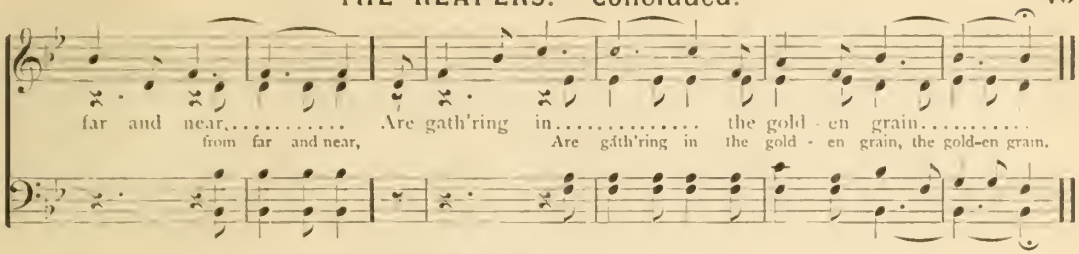
THE REAPERS.

Words and Music by ASA HULL. Chorus arr.

Moderato.



THE REAPERS. Concluded.



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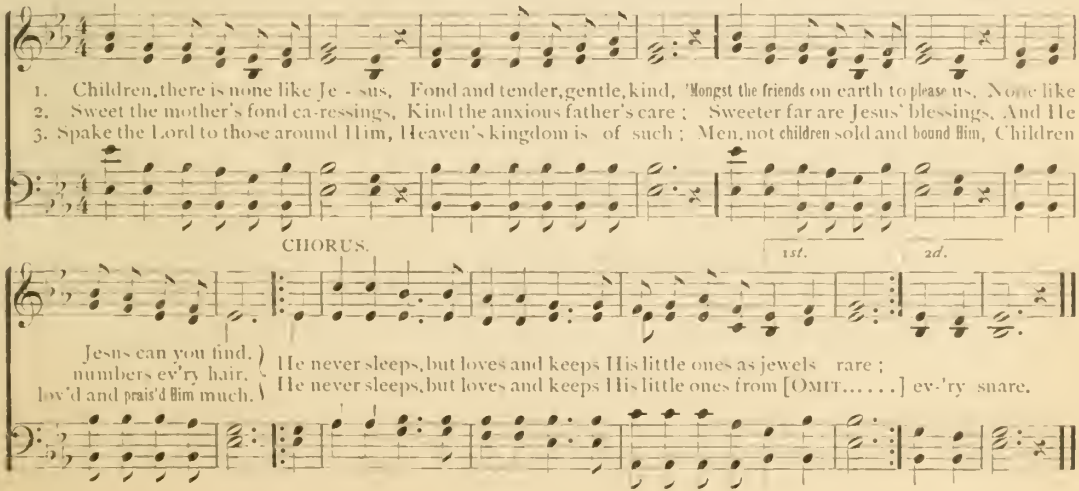
THERE'S NONE LIKE JESUS.

Music by H. F. Wight. Arranged.



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AS A SHEPHERD.

Words by Robert Morris, LL.D.

Music by C. H. Gabriel.

Andante.

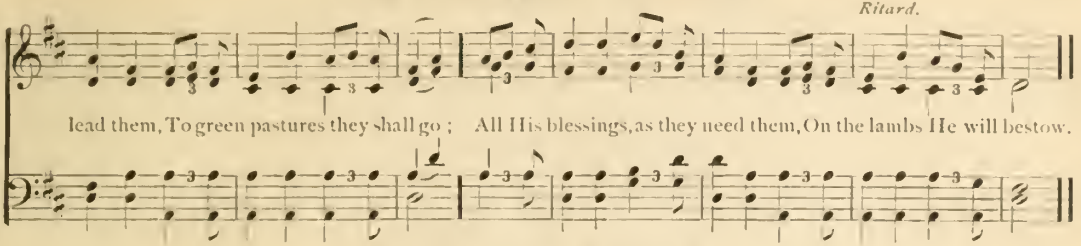
1. As a shepherd He will lead them, To green pastures they shall go; All His lambkins, as they need them,
2. To the wells of cooling water, In the sultry noon of day, Every little son and daughter
3. If upon the craggy mountain An-y lambkins flee away; Je-sus, from the cooling fountain,

On the lambs He will bestow. In His bosom, when they languish, Precious children He will take,
With the gentle One shall stray. Shepherd strong, He will defend them, Tho' the wolf be fierce and bold;
Will o'ertake them where they stray; Will restore each babe, forgiven, From the wild and stony waste,

CHORUS.

Where no blight nor sin nor anguish An-y sorrow can... awake. As a shepherd He will
Shepherd kind, He will attend them, Bring them safely to.... the fold.
And within the fold of heaven Bring the darling home at last.

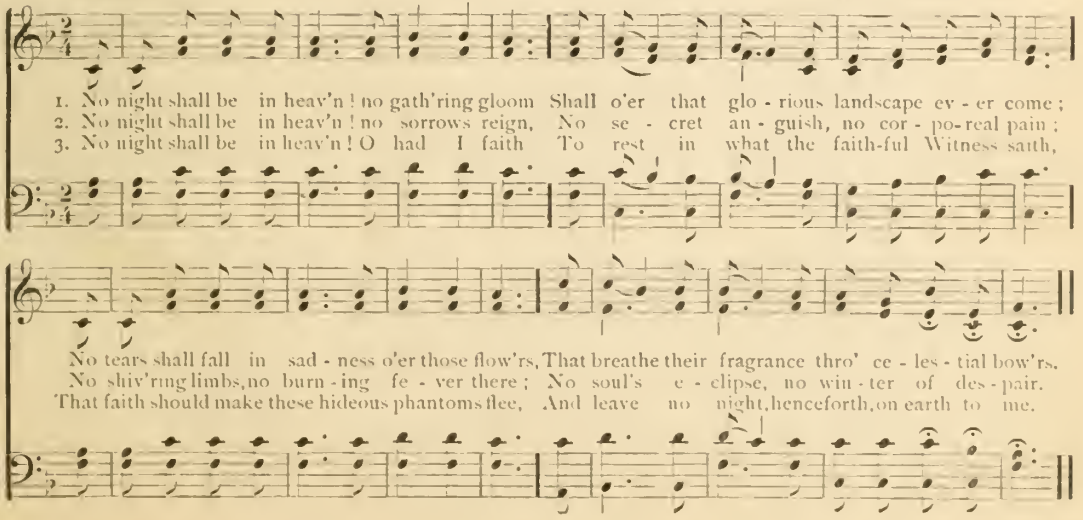
Ritard.



NO NIGHT IN HEAVEN.

Espressivo.

Music by ASA HULL.



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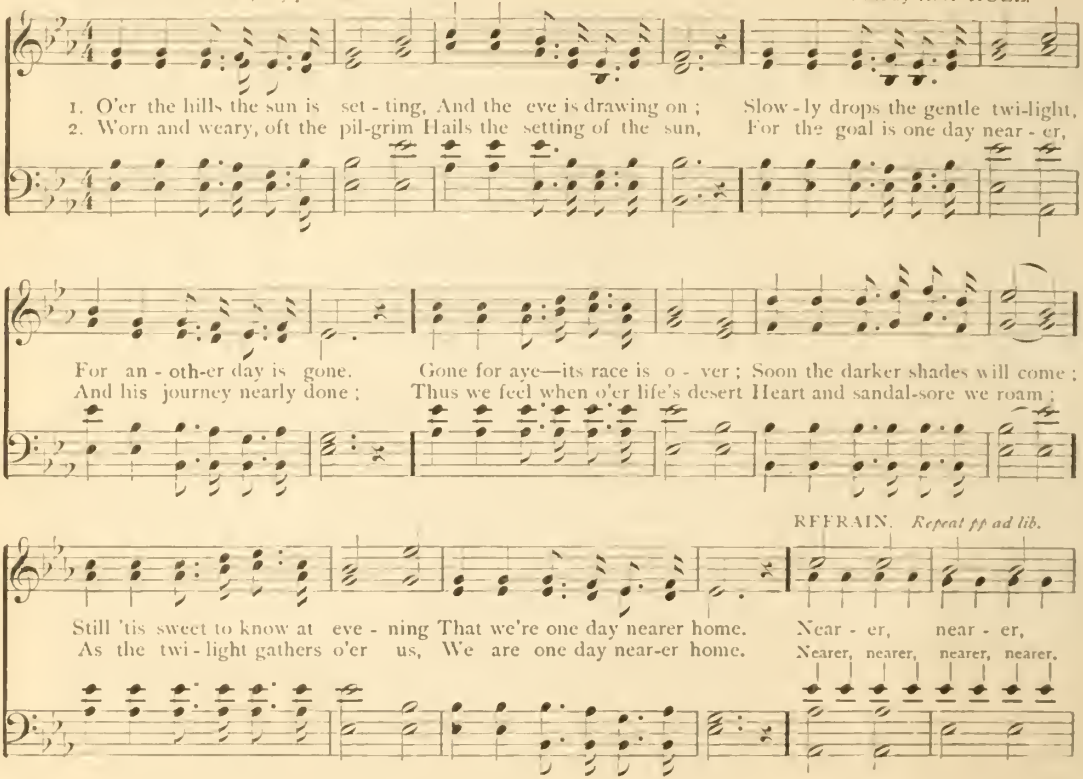
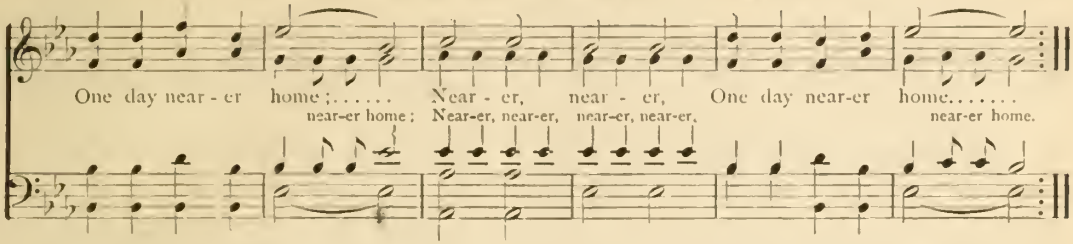
ONE DAY NEARER HOME.

Words from "S. S. Gem," by permission.

Music by ASA HULL.



ONE DAY NEARER HOME. Concluded.



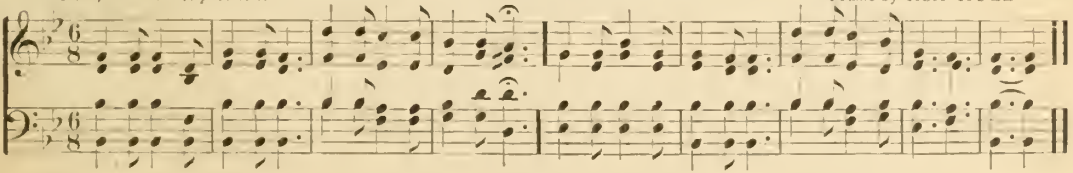
3 Nearer home! yes, one day nearer
To our Father's house on high,
To the green fields and the fountains
Of the land beyond the sky;
For the heavens grow brighter o'er us,
And the lamps hang in the dome,
And our tents are pitched still closer,
For we're one day nearer home. *Chorus.*

4 "One day nearer," sings the mar'ner,
As he glides the waters o'er,
While the light is softly dying
On his distant native shore;
Thus the Christian on life's ocean,
As his light-boat cuts the foam,
In the evening eries with rapture,
"I am one day nearer home." *Chorus.*

MEET AGAIN.

Slow, and with expression.

Music by ASA HULL.



1.
Meet again! when life is o'er;
Meet again! to part no more;
How it cheers the drooping heart
When from friends we're called to part.

2.
Meet again! where endless joy
We shall taste without alloy;
Meet where songs shall ne'er grow old,
Sweetly tuned to harps of gold.

3.
Meet again! how passing sweet,
Friends long lost again to meet;
Careworn souls by tempest driven,
Oh, how sweet to meet in heaven.

THE HEAVENLY VISITOR.

Words by ARTHUR C. COXE.

Music by ASA HULL.

Con espressione.

1st time. 2d time.

1. { To the si - lent midnight watches, List! thy bo-som door!
   { How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh, [OMIT . . . . .] Knocketh ev - er-more. Say not,
2. { Death comes down with ruthless footstep To the hall and hut,
   { Think thou death will stand there knocking [OMIT . . . . .] When thy door is shut? Je - sus

'tis thy pulses beat-ing, 'Tis thy heart of sin; 'Tis the Spirit's voice entreating Thee to let the Saviour in
waiteth, waiteth, waiteth, But the door is fast; Grieved, away the Saviour turneth, But breaks not the door at last.

CHORUS.

p *p*

Let Him in, ... Let Him in, ... 'Tis the Holy Spirit knocketh,—Rise, and let the Saviour in.

Let Him in, Let Him in,

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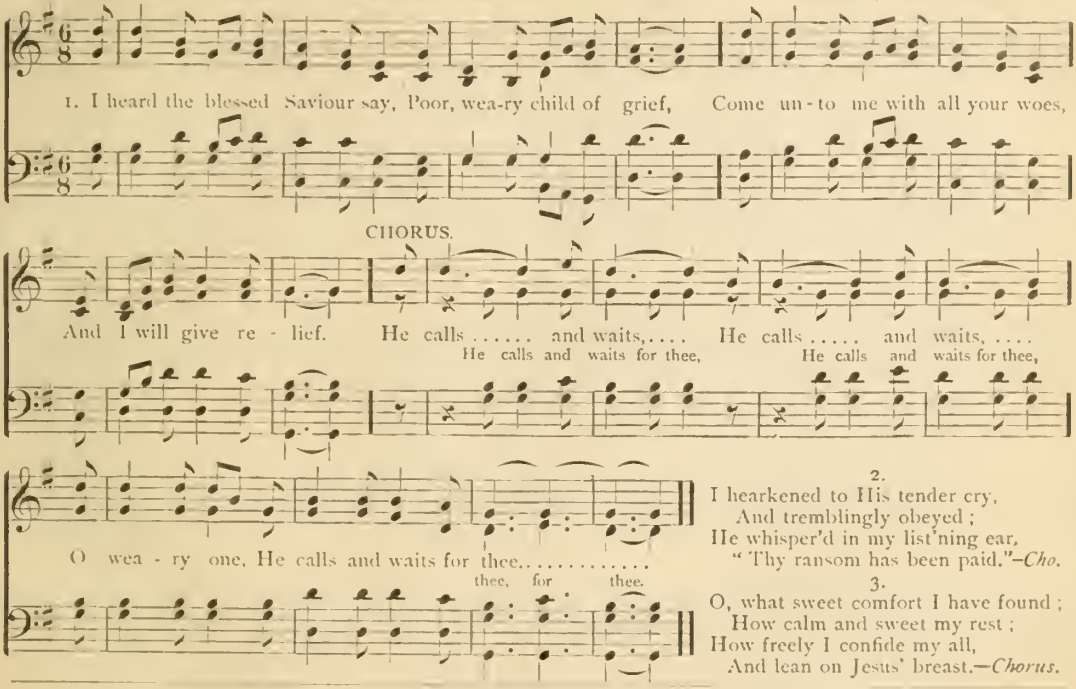
JESUS WAITS FOR THEE.

Music by C. H. Gabriel.



2.
I hearkened to His tender cry,
And tremblingly obeyed;
He whisper'd in my list'ning ear,
"Thy ransom has been paid."—*Cho.*

3.
O, what sweet comfort I have found;
How calm and sweet my rest;
How freely I confide my all,
And lean on Jesus' breast.—*Chorus.*

CONCLUSION OF **THE HEAVENLY VISITOR,** OPPOSITE PAGE.

3 Then 'tis time to stand entreating
Christ to let thee in;
At the gate of heaven beating,
Wailing for thy sin.

Nay, alas! thou foolish creature,
Can it be forgot?
Jesus waited long to know thee,
But He then will know thee not.—*Chorus.*

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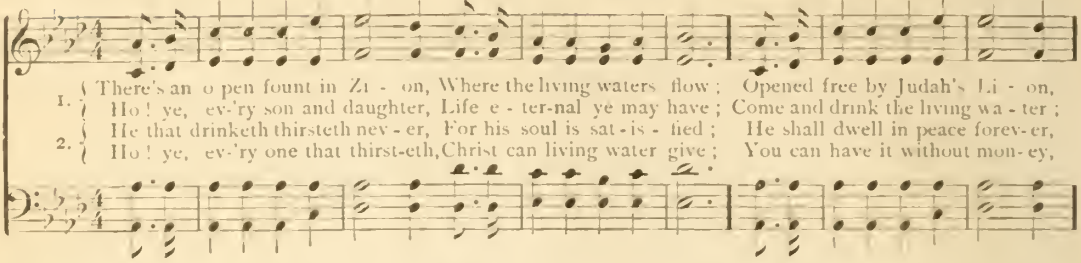
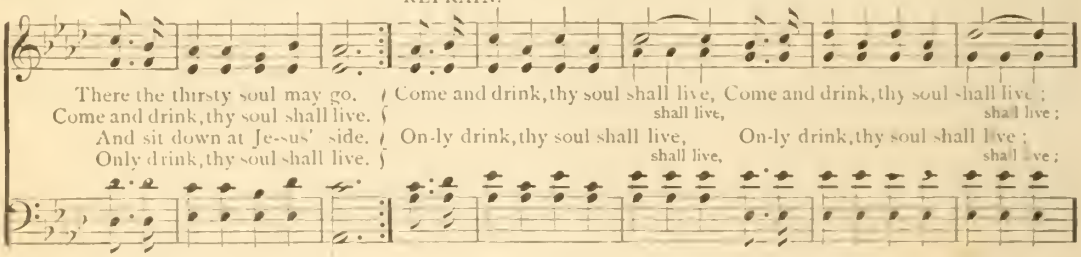
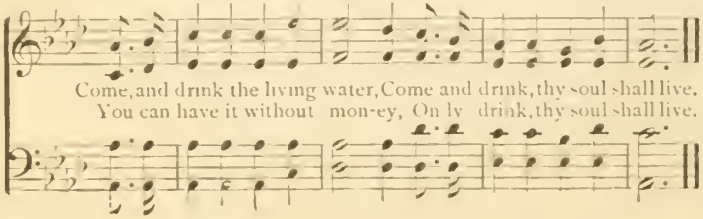
THE LIVING WATER.

Words and Music by ASA HULL



REFRAIN.





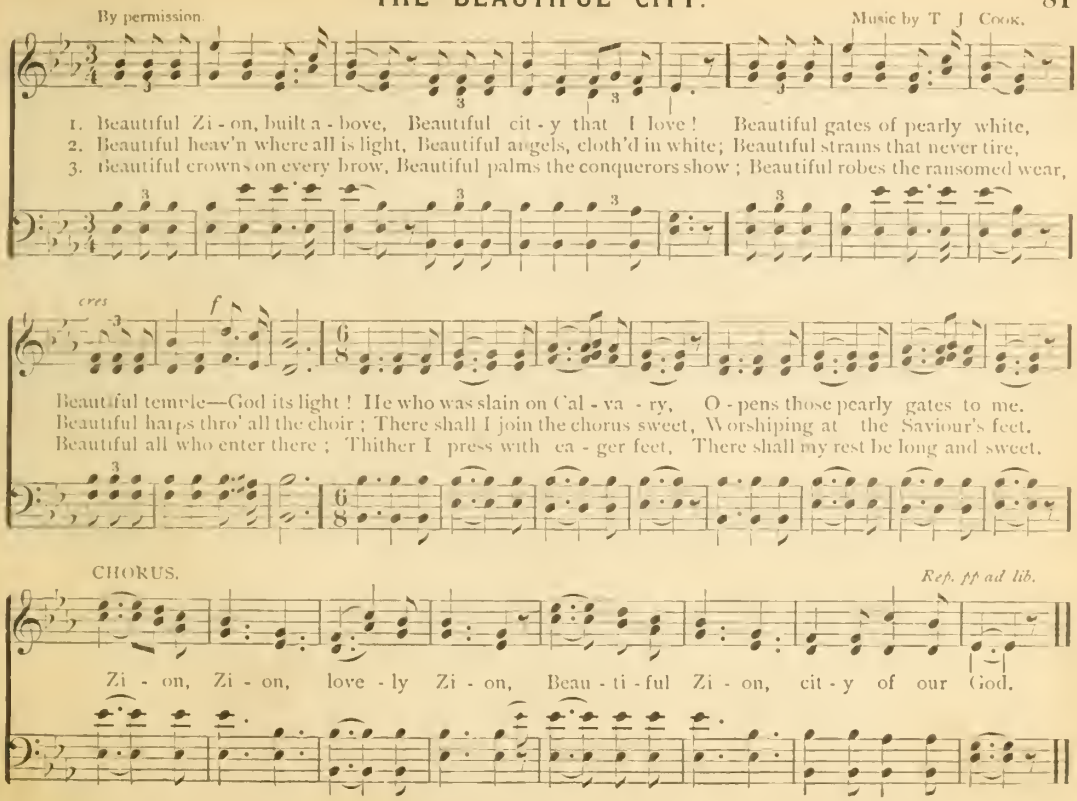
3.

To that fountain ever flowing,
Whosoever will, may come;
Endless life on all bestowing,
Whosoever will, there's room.
Pilgrim, haste to Zion's mountain,
Everlasting life receive;
Hie thee to that flowing fountain.
Drink, O drink, thy soul shall live.
Drink, O drink, thy soul shall live, etc

THE BEAUTIFUL CITY.

By permission.

Music by T. J. Cook.



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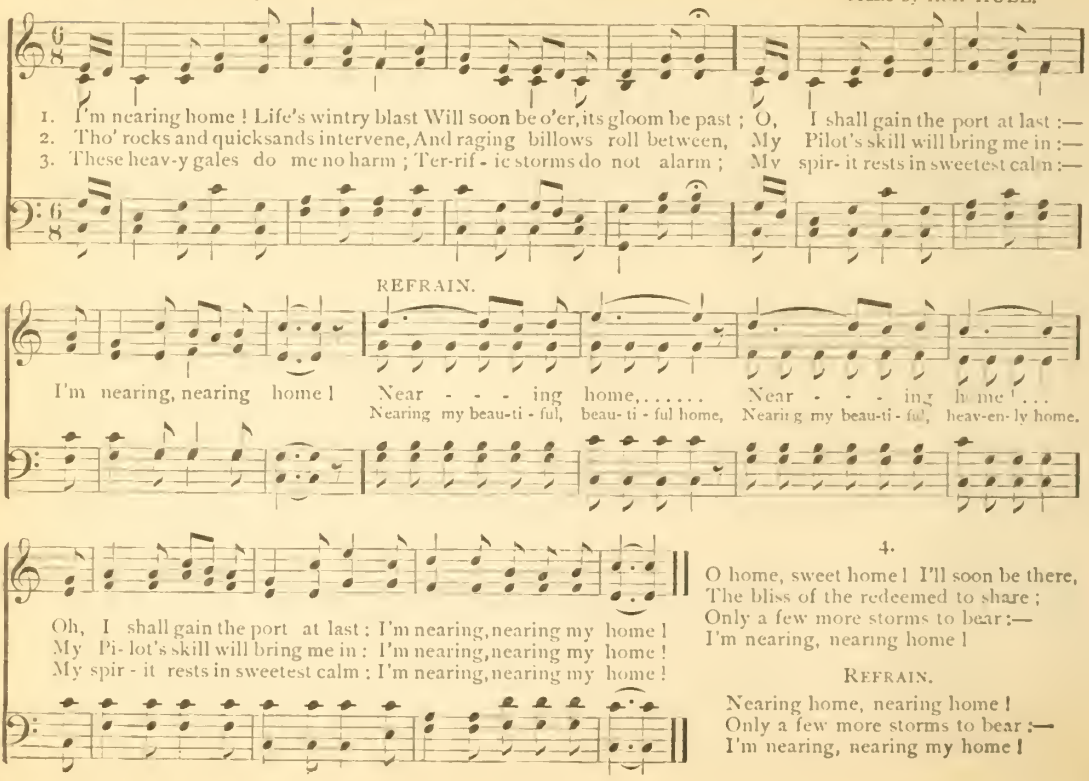
I'M NEARING HOME.

Words by Mary D. James.

Music by ASA HULL.



4.

O home, sweet home ! I'll soon be there,
The bliss of the redeemed to share ;
Only a few more storms to bear :—
I'm nearing, nearing home !

REFRAIN.

Nearing home, nearing home !
Only a few more storms to bear :—
I'm nearing, nearing my home !

ON TO VICTORY.

Copyright, 1869, by Asa Hull.

Words by Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth.

Music by J. H. Fenney.

1. Sa - tan com-eth! war he wag-eth; Ev - 'ry soul he now en - gag - eth; See! the bat - tle
2. Lo! our Cap-tain's word is call - ing; Sol - diers in - to line are fall - ing; On-ward! en - e-
3. Zi - on's hour of tri - umph neareth; Je - sus, Conqueror now ap-pear - eth; Ne'er in vain the

CHORUS.

m *f* *ff*

wild - ly rag - eth, On to vic - to - ry! Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!
mies fore-stall - ing, On to vic - to - ry!
word He bear - eth; On to vic - to - ry!

mf *ff*

See! see! foes are rout - ing! On! on! comrades shout-ing Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!

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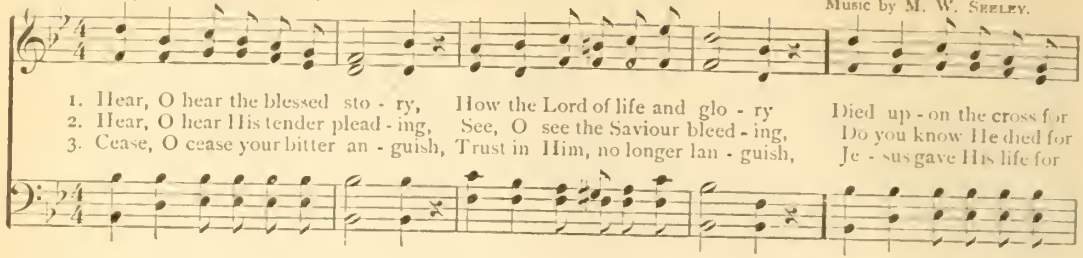
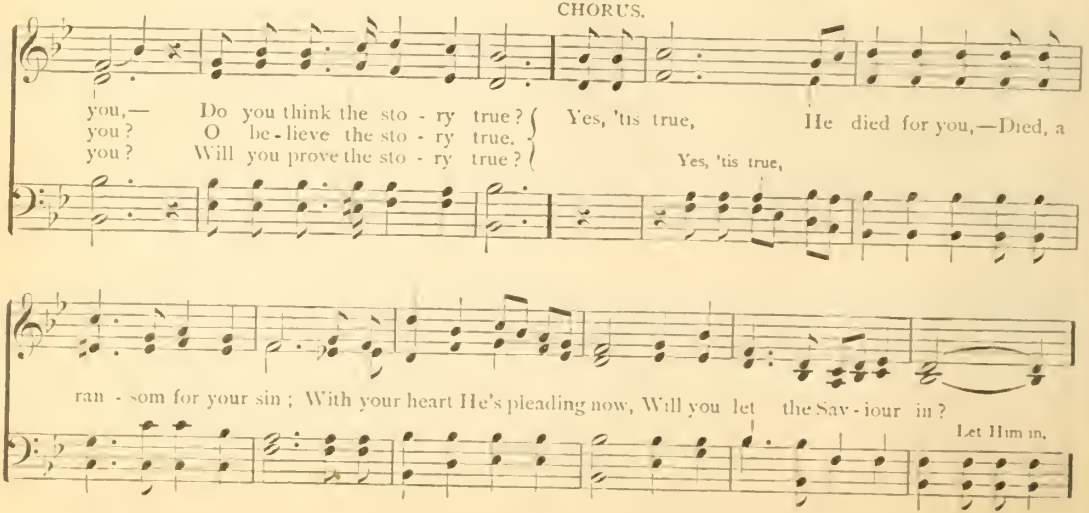
IS THE STORY TRUE?

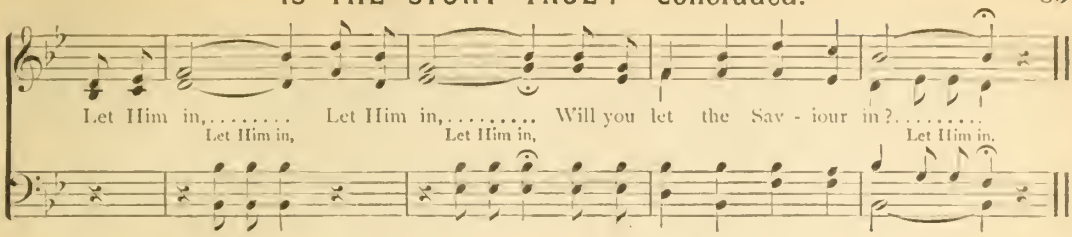
Words by Rev. A. B. Emmons.

Music by M. W. Sheley.



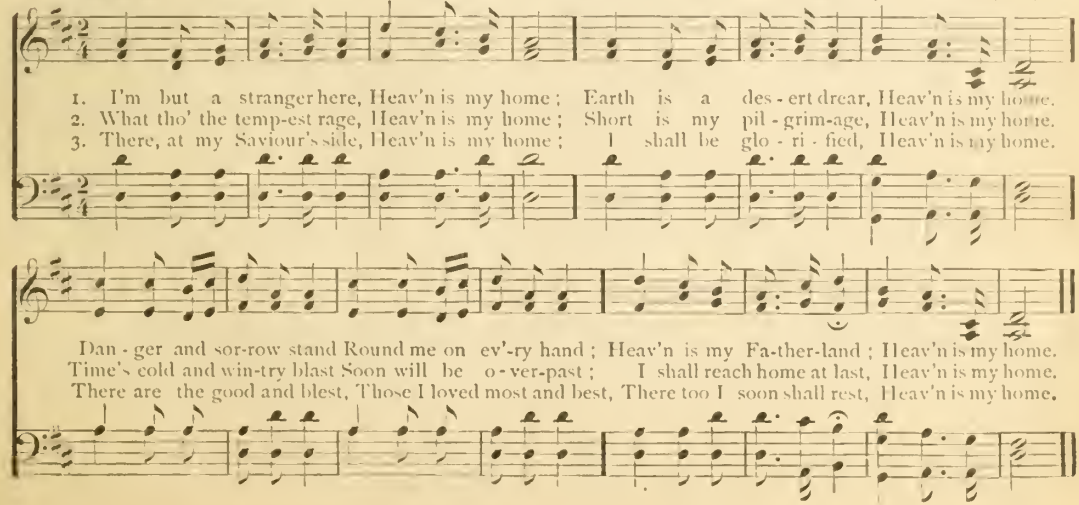
CHORUS.





HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

Moderato. Music by ASA HULL, 1859.



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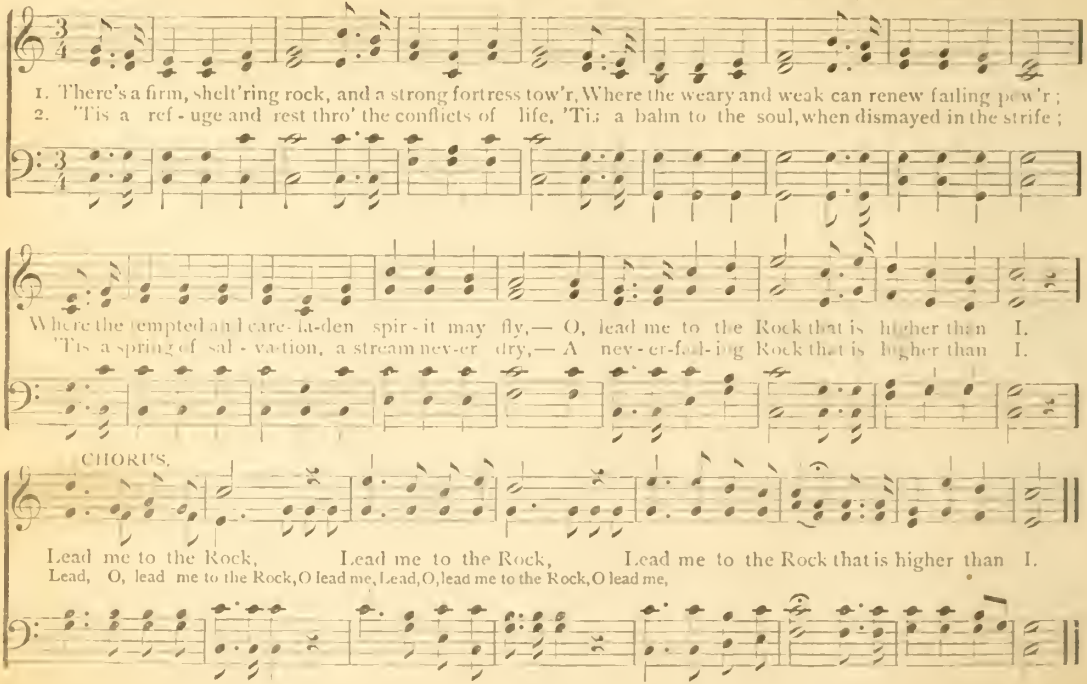
THE SHELTERING ROCK.

Music by W. I. Kirkpatrick.



3 'Tis my comfort and stay, my deliv'rer and joy,
When the heart is o'erwhelm'd with the ills that annoy;
When the fierce sweeping tempest of sorrow is nigh,
O, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.—*Chorus.*

4 When the few joys of life are all flitting away,
Like the soft-fading light at the closing of day;
When the shadow of death steals the light from my eye,
O, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.—*Chorus*

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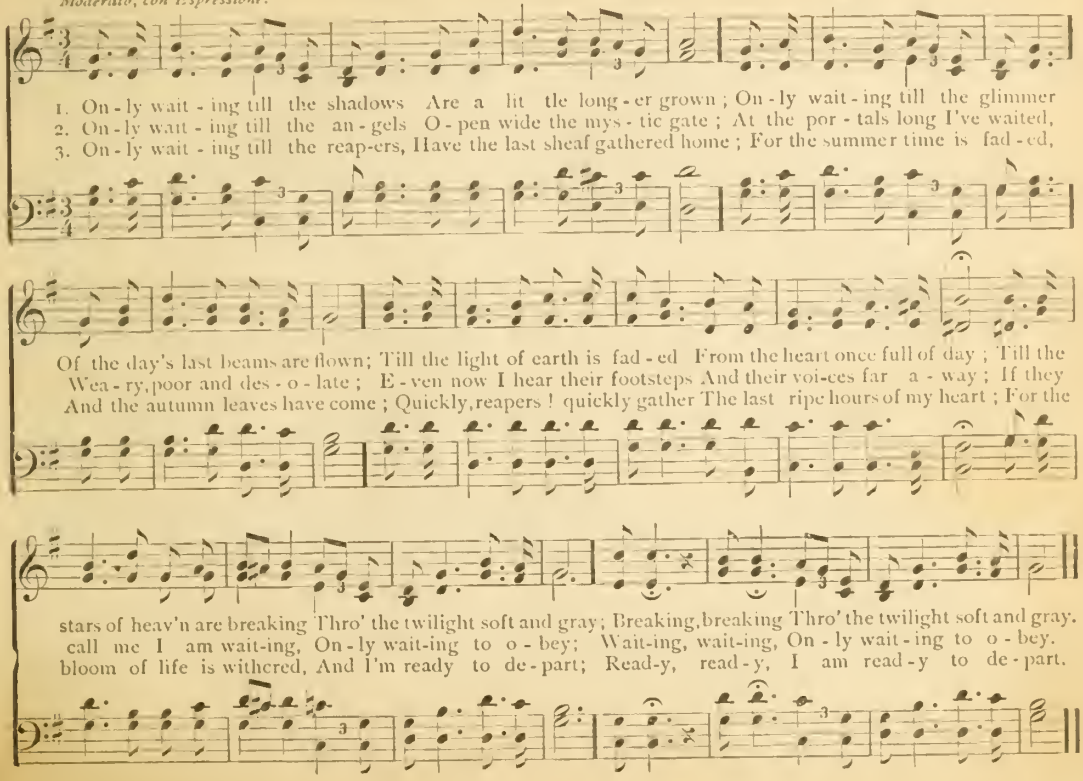
WAITING, ONLY WAITING.

Music by ASA HULL.

Moderato, con Espressione.



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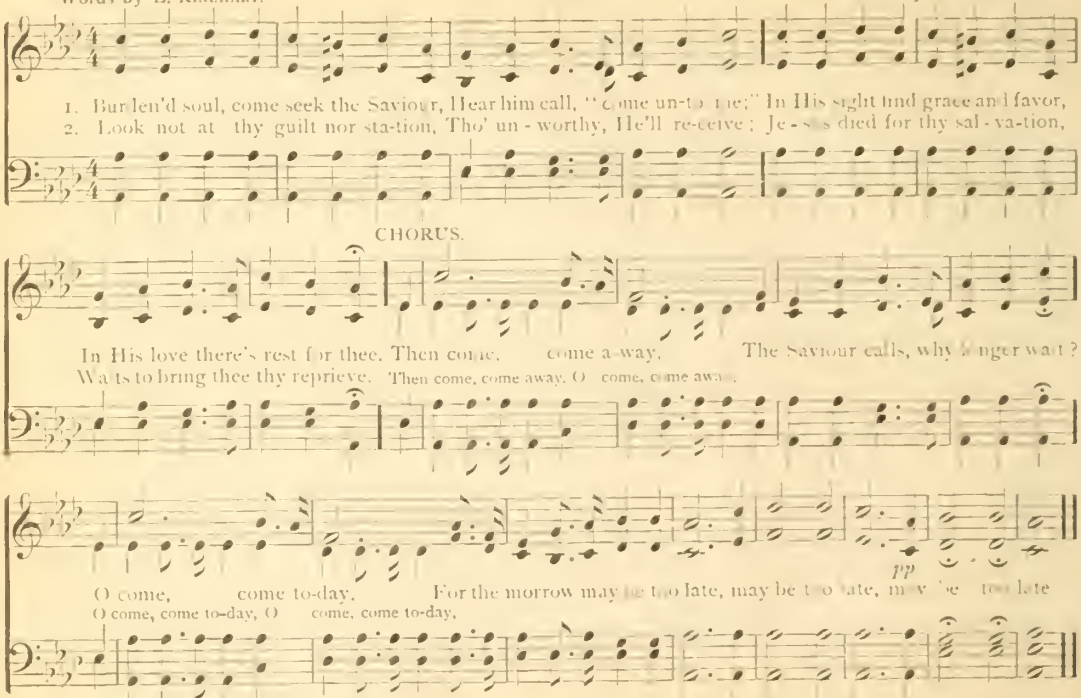
O COME, COME TO-DAY.

Words by E. Rinehart. Music by ASA HULL.



3 Full salvation Jesus offers;
Full redemption in His blood;
Come, accept the proffered pardon,
And be reconciled to God.—*Chorus.*

4 Will you come? while He is pleading,
Will you come and be at rest?
Follow now the Spirit's leading,
Come, for 'tis your Lord's request.—*Chorus.*

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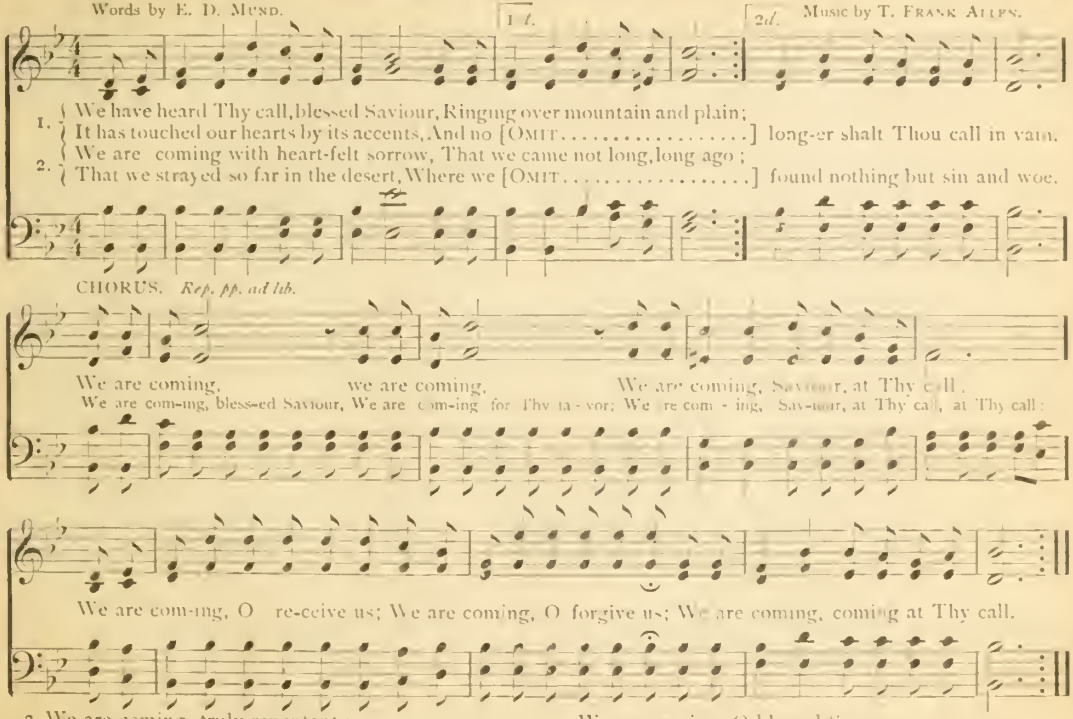
COMING TO THE SAVIOUR.

Words by E. D. Mund. Music by T. Frank Allen.



3 We are coming, truly repentant;
All our inmost thoughts Thou dost know:
O forgive our long faithless wand'rings,
And Thy pardon graciously bestow.—*Chorus.*

4 We are coming, O blessed Saviour,
On Thy promises would we rest;
Trusting in Thy grace and Thy favor,
May our hearts now be supremely blest.—*Chorus.*

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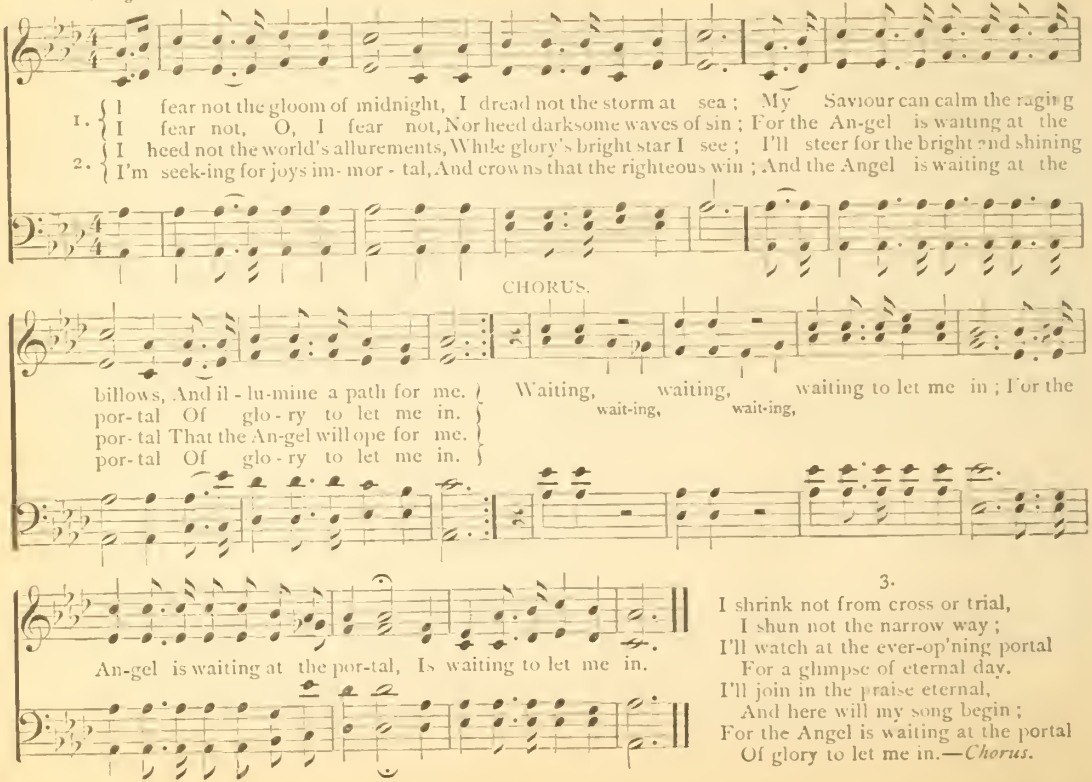
THE ANGEL AT THE PORTAL.

Allegro sostenuto.

Words and Music by ASA HULL.



3.

I shrink not from cross or trial,
I shun not the narrow way;
I'll watch at the ever-op'ning portal
For a glimpse of eternal day.
I'll join in the praise eternal,
And here will my song begin;
For the Angel is waiting at the portal
Of glory to let me in.—*Chorus.*

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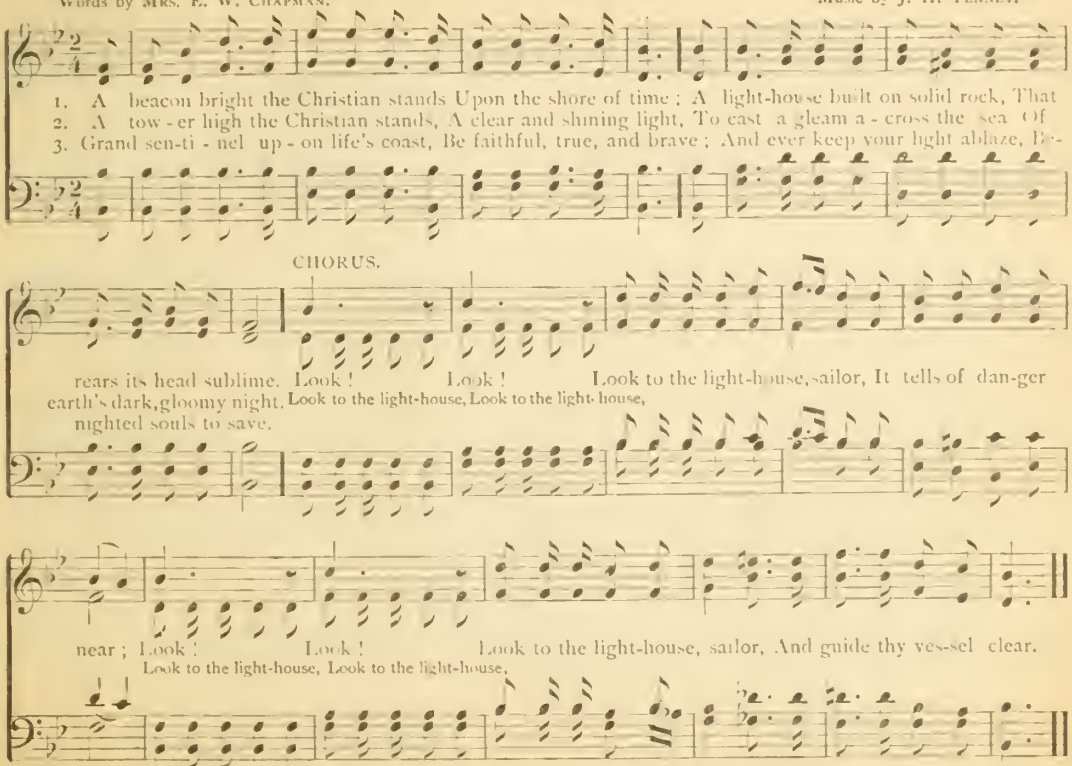
LOOK TO THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

Words by Mrs. E. W. Chapman.

Music by J. H. Tenney.



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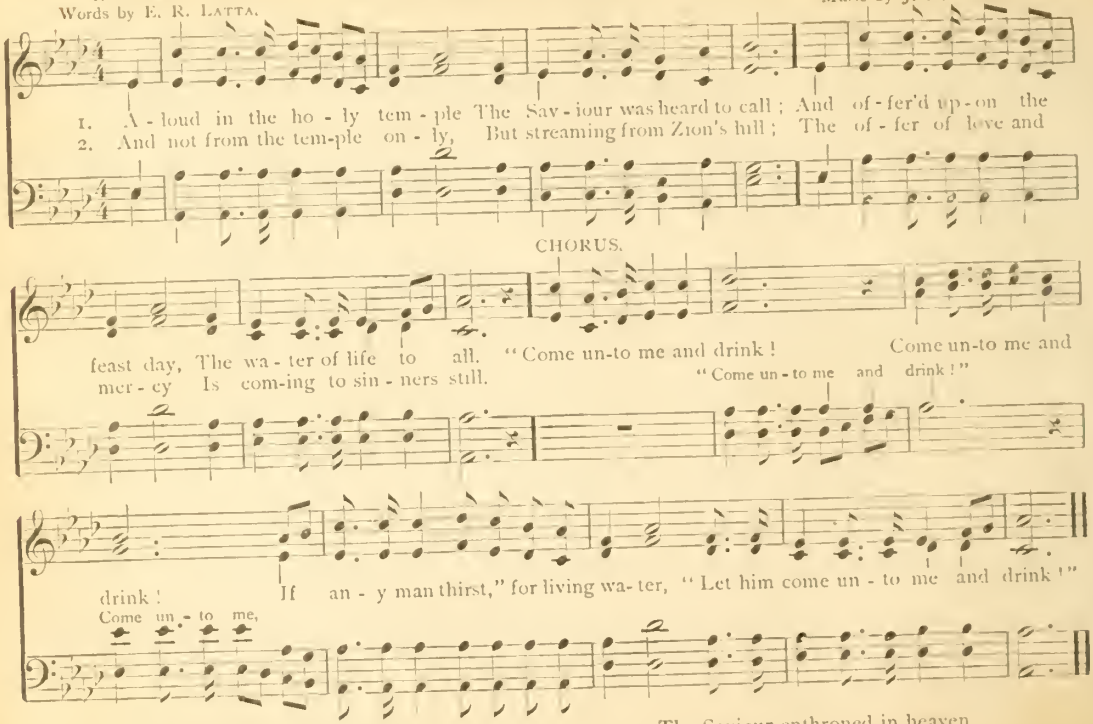
THE WATER OF LIFE.

Words by E. R. Latta. Music by J. H. Tenney.



3 Wherever a sinner dwelleth,
Though far from the Lord away;
The blessed Redeemer calleth,
He calleth to them to-day.—*Chorus.*

4 The Saviour enthroned in heaven
Will not always plead with men;
The offer is freely given,
Come drink, never thirst again.—*Chorus.*

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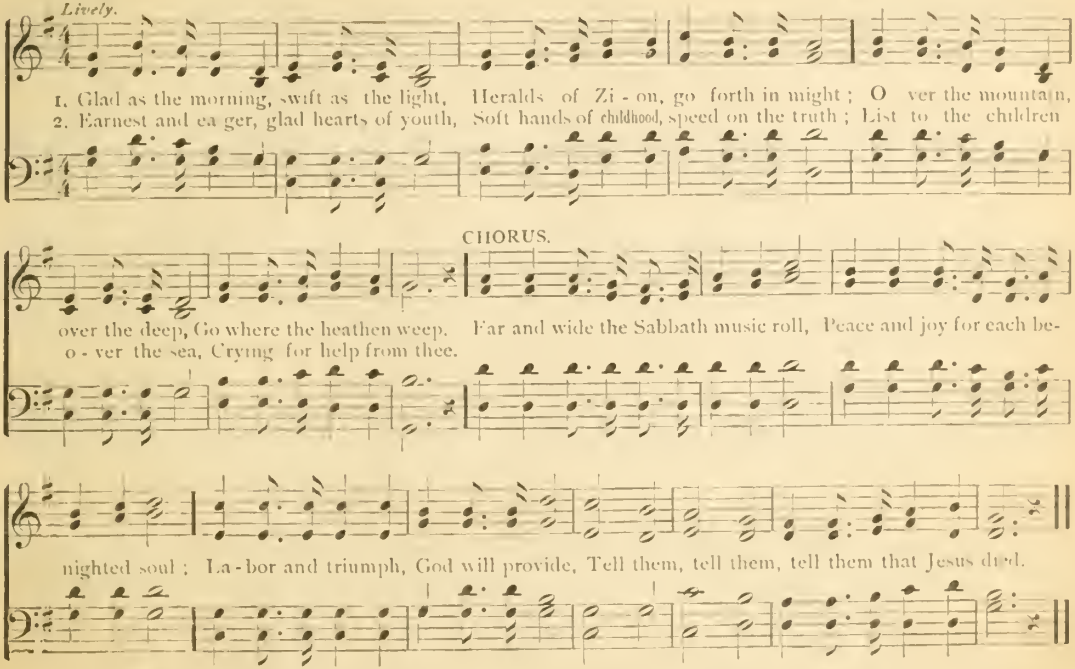
HERALDS OF ZION.

Words by P. J. Owens.

Music by ASA HULL.

Lively.



3 Free as the sunshine, wide as its ray,
Tidings of gladness, haste on your way;
Healing the sorrow, loosing the chain,
Teaching that Christ shall reign.—*Chorus.*

4 Clothed with salvation, shielded with might,
Heralds of Zion, bear on the light;
Over the desert, waiting for thee,
See how the shadows flee.—*Chorus.*

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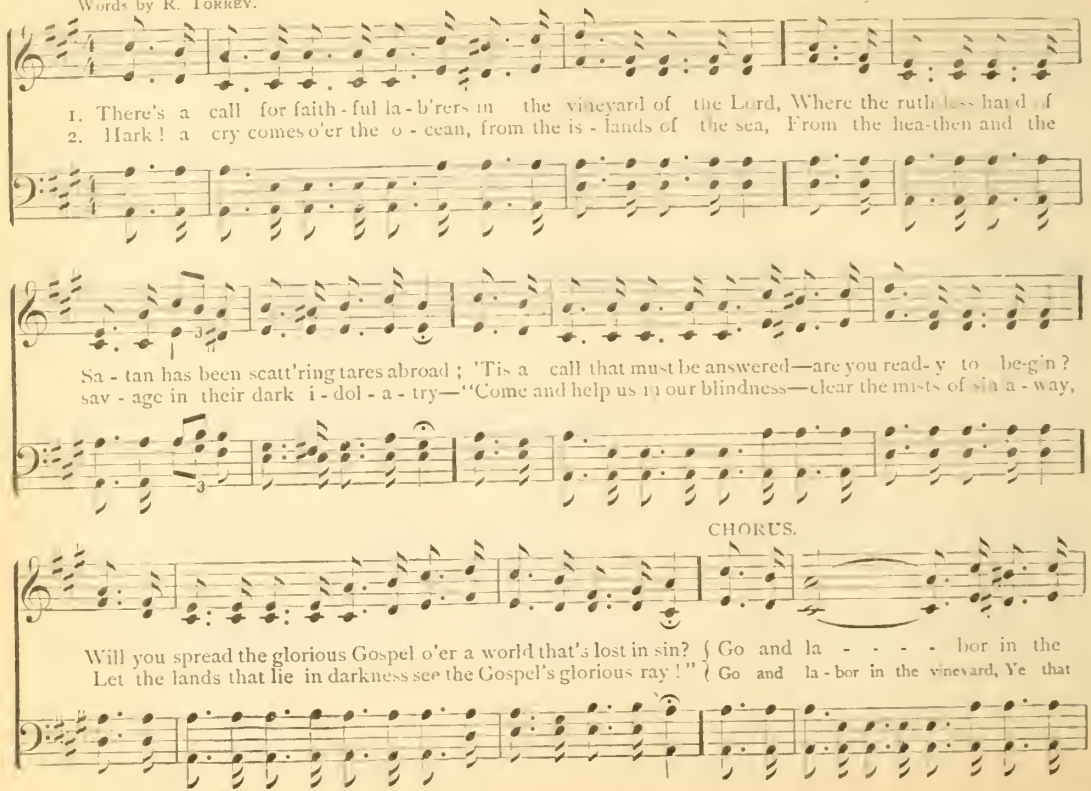
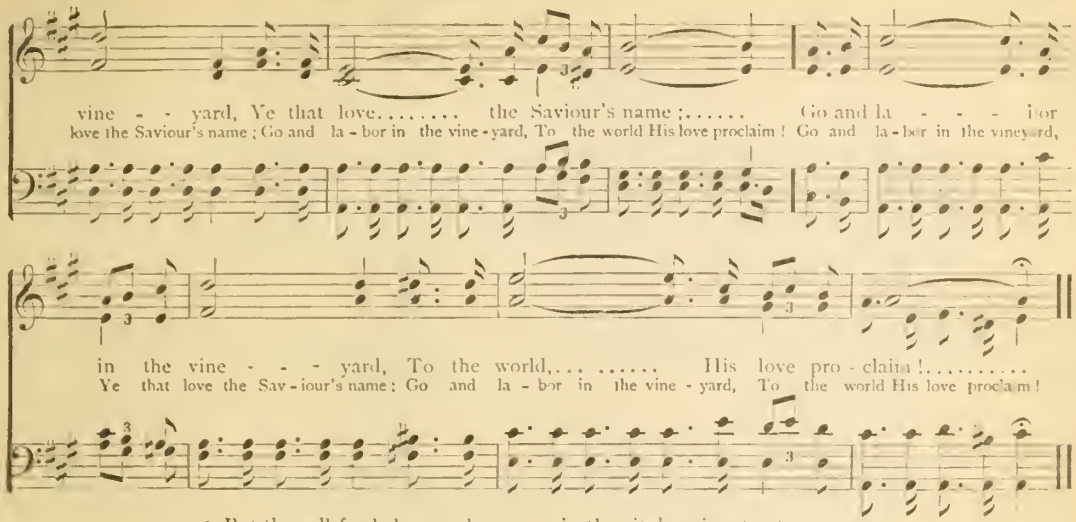
THE GOSPEL CALL.

Words by R. Torrey.

Music by T. Frank Allen.





3 But the call for help sounds nearer, in the city's noisy street—
From the friendless and the homeless, who with weary aching feet
Tread the ways of death unheeded, save by His all-seeing eye,
That can count the stars of heaven, and yet marks the sparrow die!—*Chorus.*

4 Lo! the field is white for harvest, but the reapers they are few,
And the hand that wields the sickle must be bold and strong and true;
For the fields in which we labor spread far over sea and land,—
"Preach my Gospel to all nations," was the Saviour's great command!—*Chorus.*

5 All around us and about us there is work for us to do—
We that call the Lord our Saviour must e'en labor for Him too;
Till our day of life is over,—then how great is the reward
Of the faithful who have labored in the vineyard of the Lord!—*Chorus.*

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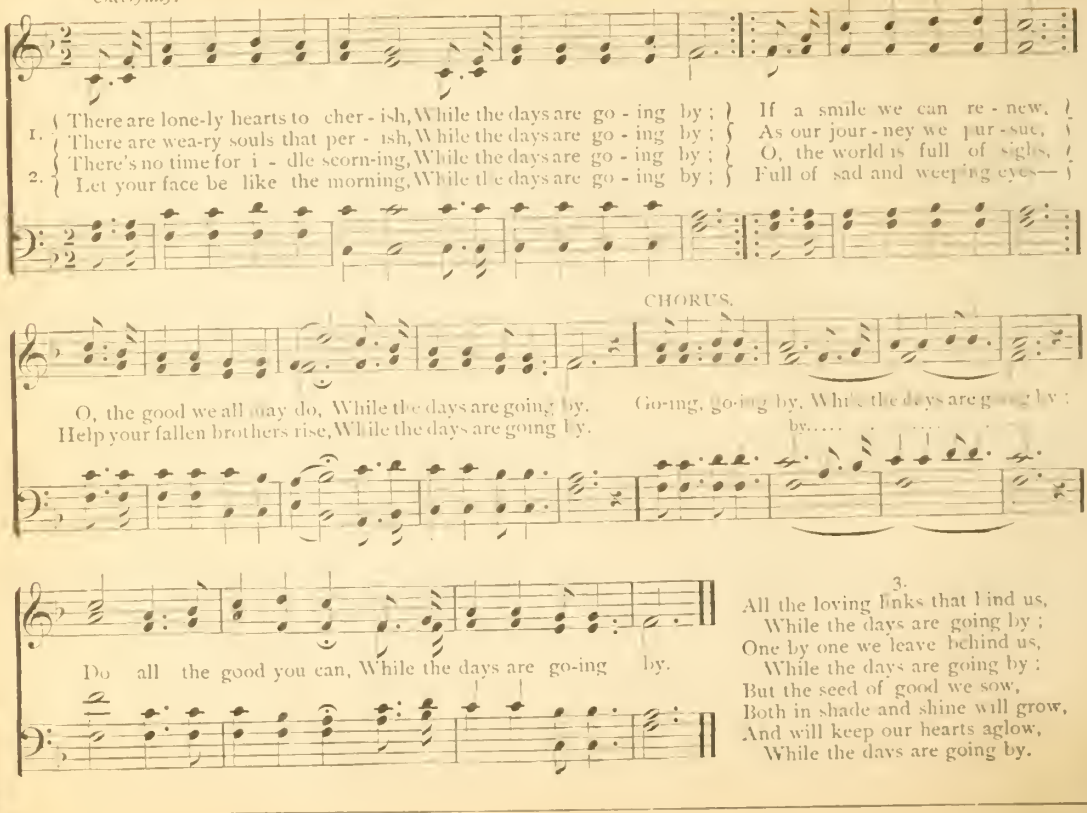
WORK WHILE THE DAY LASTS.

Cheerfully.

Music by ASA HULL.



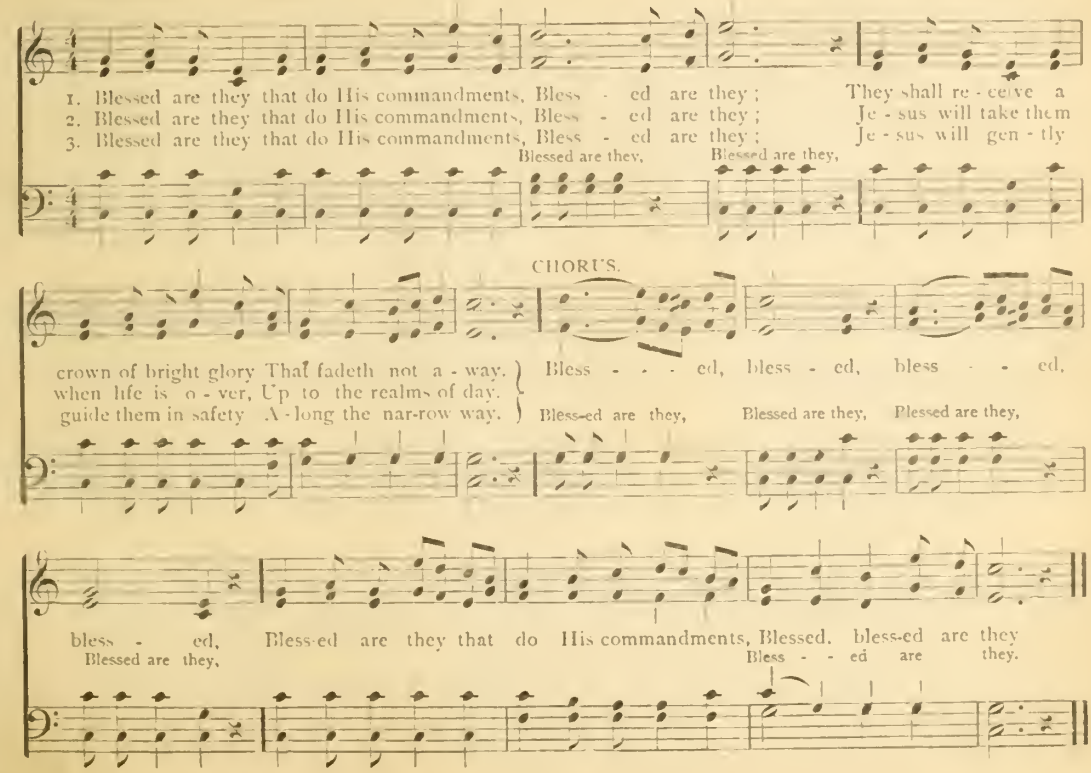
3.

All the loving links that bind us,
While the days are going by;
One by one we leave behind us,
While the days are going by:
But the seed of good we sow,
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow,
While the days are going by.

BLESSED ARE THEY.

Words by Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

Music by J. H. Tenney.



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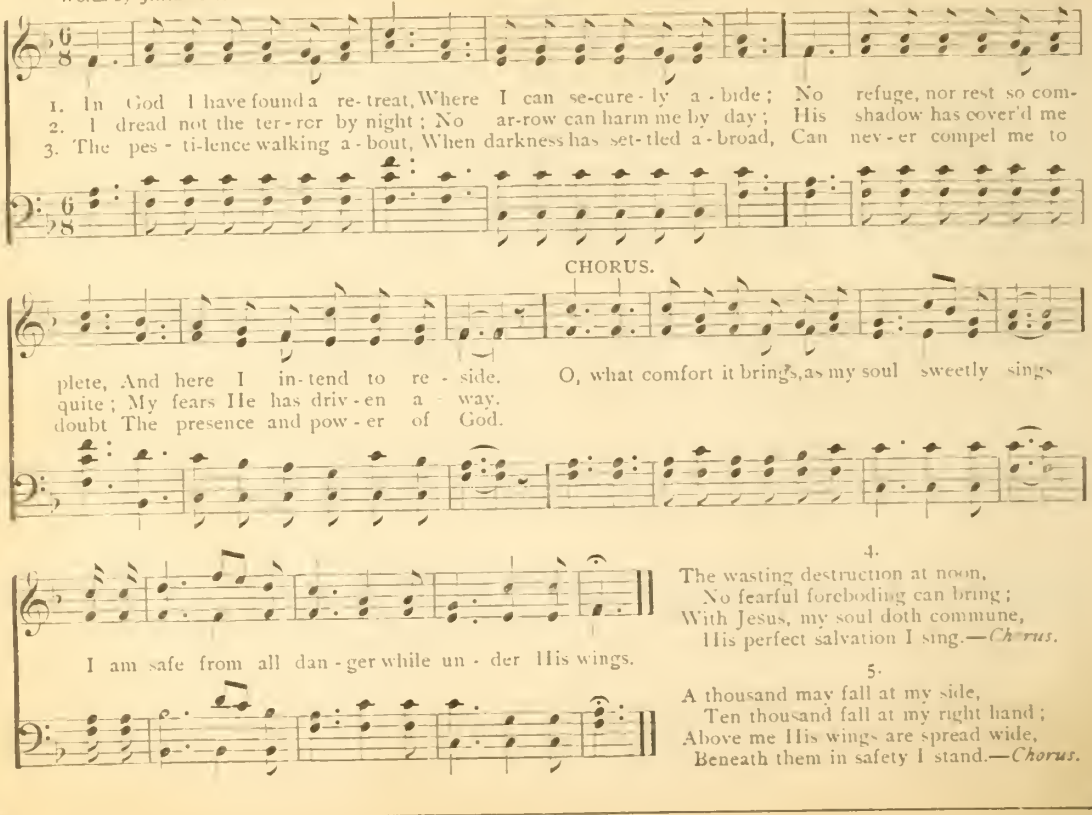
UNDER HIS WINGS.

Words by James Nicholson.

Music by ASA HULL.



4.

The wasting destruction at noon,
No fearful foreboding can bring;
With Jesus, my soul doth commune,
His perfect salvation I sing.—*Chorus.*

5.

A thousand may fall at my side,
Ten thousand fall at my right hand;
Above me His wings are spread wide,
Beneath them in safety I stand.—*Chorus.*

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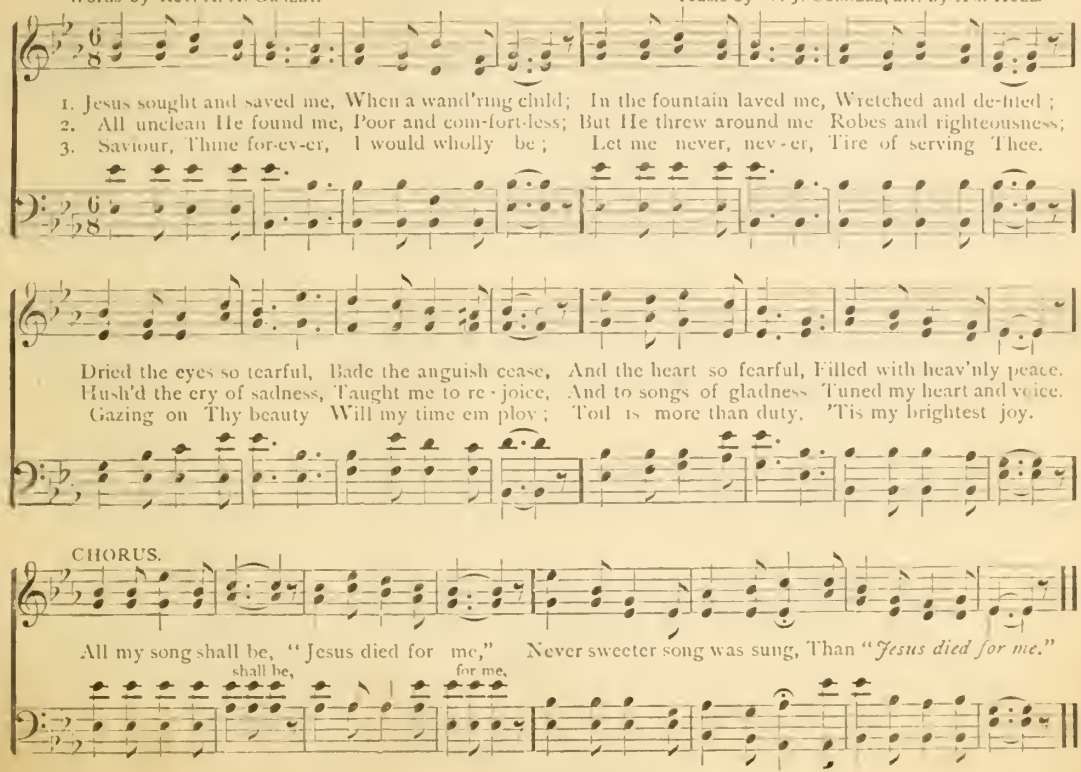
JESUS DIED FOR ME.

Words by Rev. A. A. Gralley.

Music by W. J. Cornell, arr. by Asa Hull.



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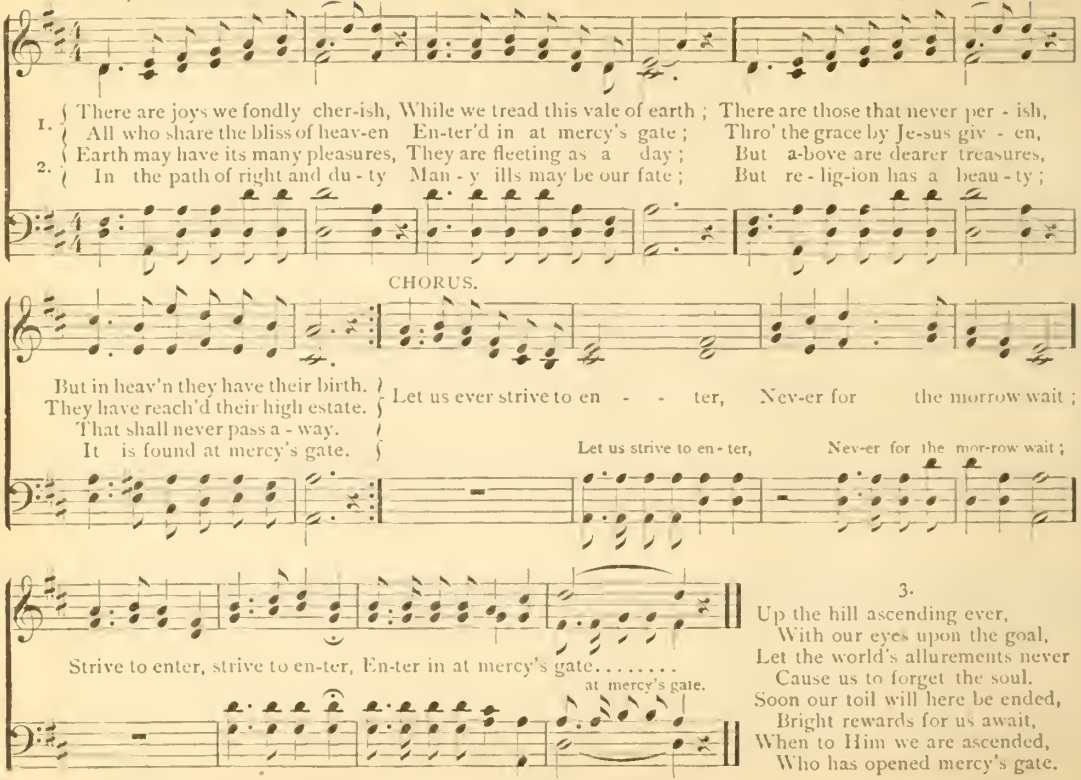
MERCY'S GATE.

Words by Samuel Callan. Music by ASA HULL.



3.

Up the hill ascending ever,
With our eyes upon the goal,
Let the world's allurements never
Cause us to forget the soul.
Soon our toil will here be ended,
Bright rewards for us await,
When to Him we are ascended,
Who has opened mercy's gate.

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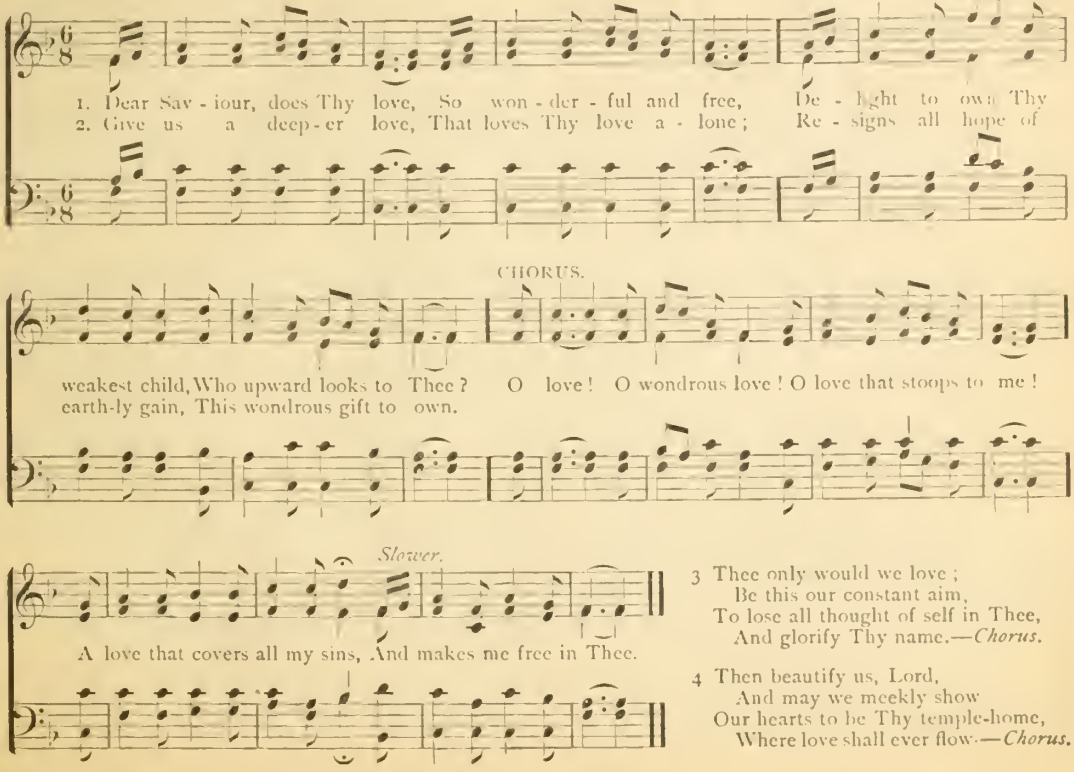
THE SAVIOUR'S LOVE.

Words by Eliza J. Coffin.

Music by J. H. Rob[illegible]rans.



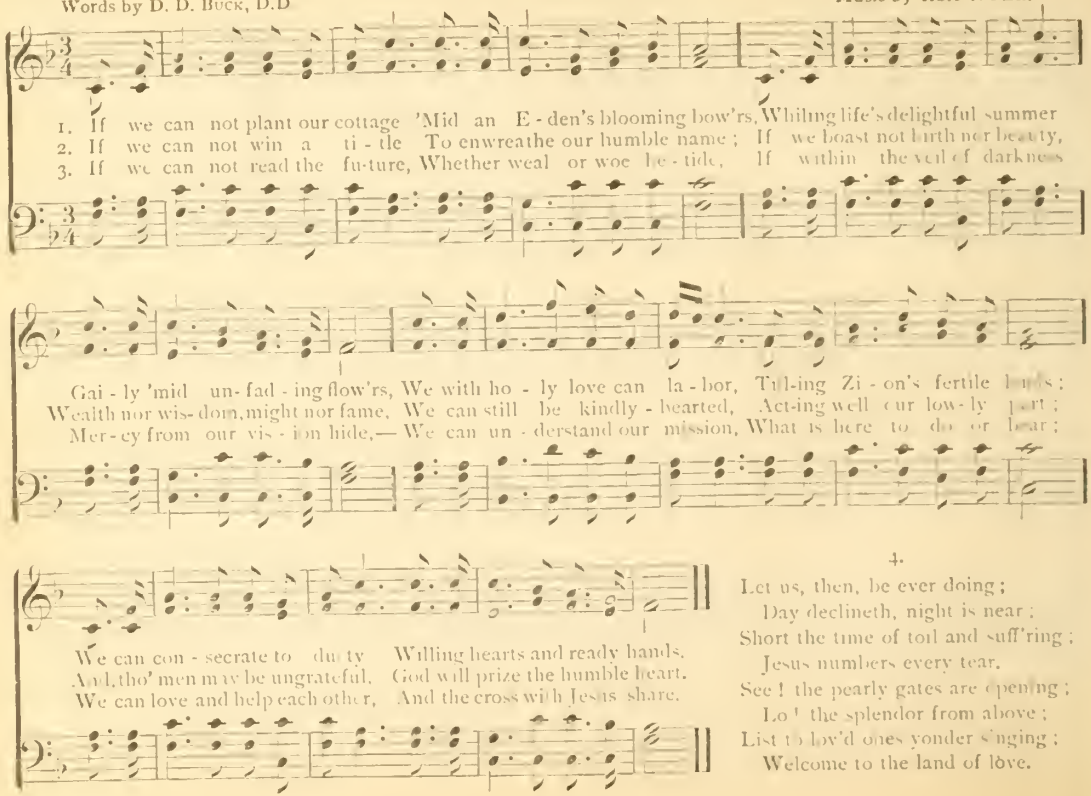
3 Thee only would we love;
Be this our constant aim,
To lose all thought of self in Thee,
And glorify Thy name.—*Chorus.*

4 Then beautify us, Lord,
And may we meekly show
Our hearts to be Thy temple-home,
Where love shall ever flow.—*Chorus.*

WILLING HEARTS AND READY HANDS.

Words by D. D. Buck, D.D

Music by ASA HULL.



4.

Let us, then, be ever doing;
Day declineth, night is near;
Short the time of toil and suff'ring;
Jesus numbers every tear.
See! the pearly gates are opening;
Lo! the splendor from above;
List to lov'd ones yonder singing;
Welcome to the land of love.

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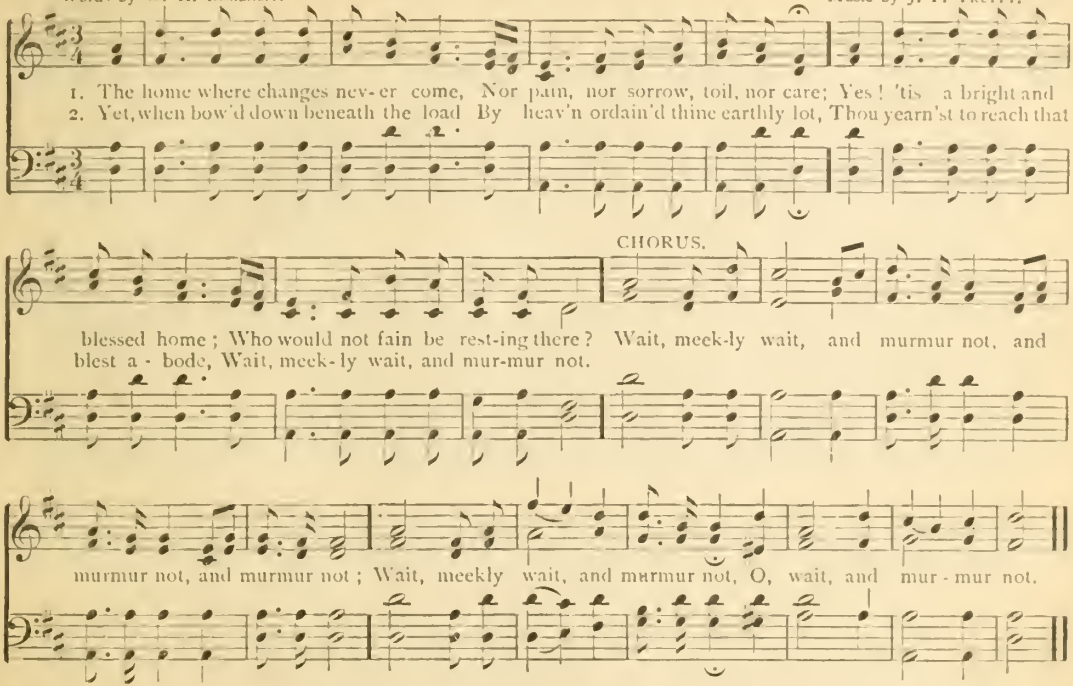
WAIT, AND MURMUR NOT.

Words by W. H. Bellamy.

Music by J. P. Truitt.



3 If in thy path some thorns are found,
Oh, think who bore them on His brow;
If grief thy sorrowing heart has found,
They reached a holier than thou.—*Chorus.*

4 Toil on, nor deem, though sore it be,
One sigh unheard, one prayer forgot;
The day of rest will dawn for thee
Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.—*Chorus.*

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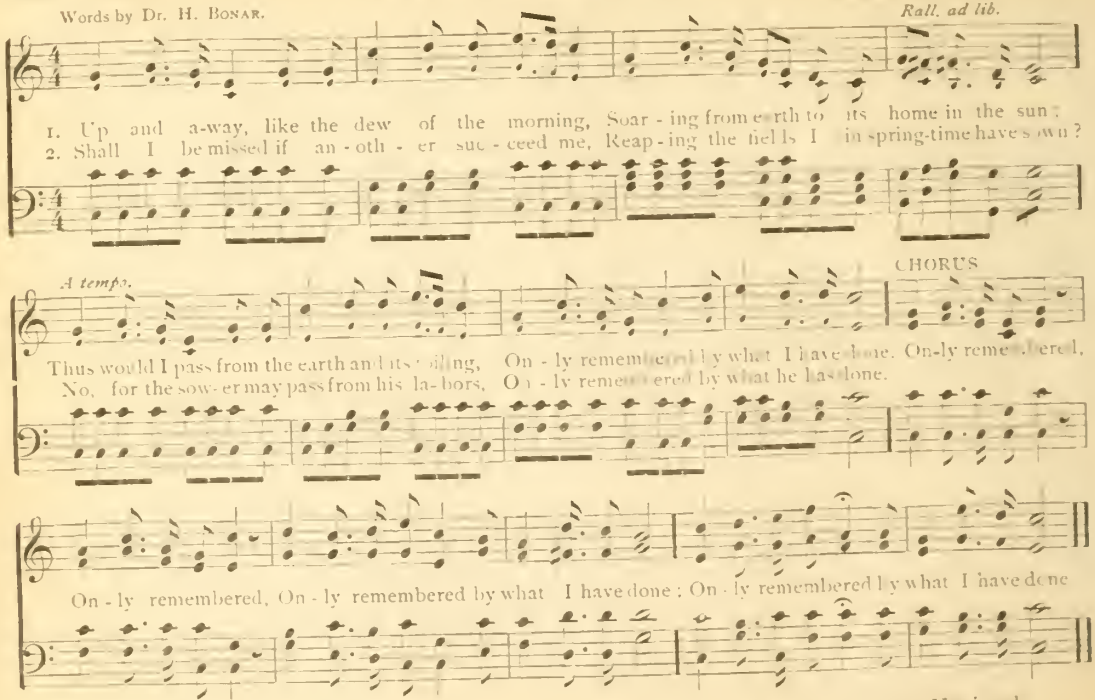
ONLY REMEMBERED.

Words by Dr. H. Bonar.

Music by ASA HULL.



3 Only the truth that in life I have spoken,
Only the seed that on earth I have sown,
These shall pass onward when I am forgotten,
Fruits of the harvest and what I have done.—*Cho.*

4 O, when the Saviour shall make up His jewels,
When the bright crowns of rejoicings are won,
Then will His faithful and weary disciples
All be remembered for what they have done.—*Cho.*

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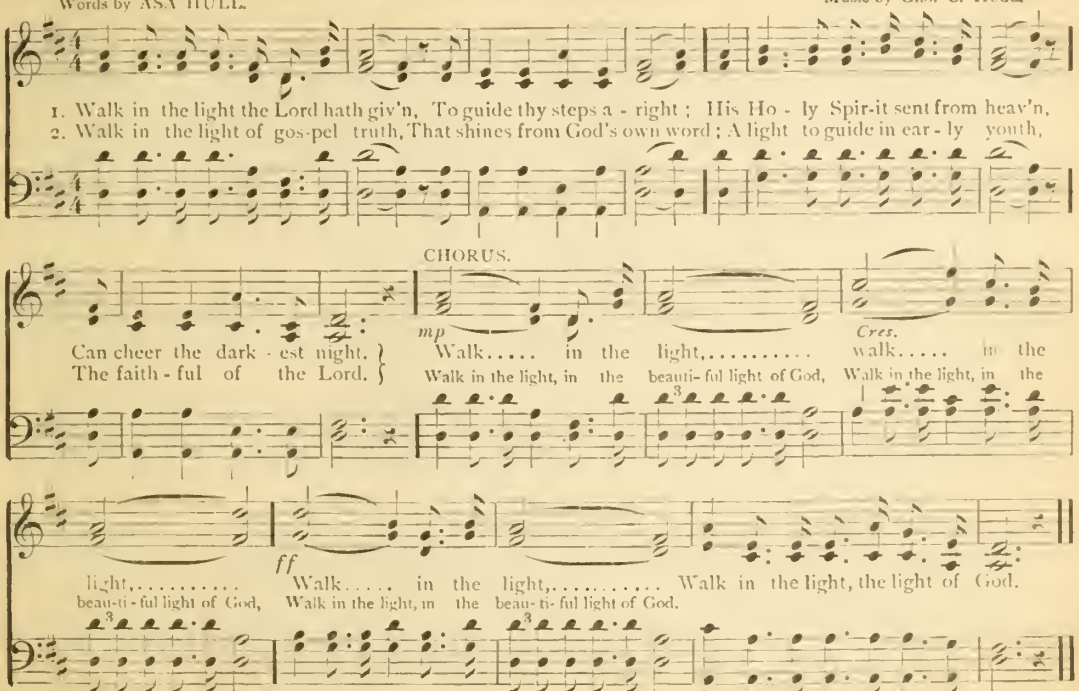
WALK IN THE LIGHT.

Words by ASA HULL.

Music by Geo. C. Hugg.



3 Walk in the light ! though shadows dark,
Like spectres cross thy way ;
Darkness will flee before the light
Of God's eternal day.—*Chorus.*

4 Walk in the light ! and thou shalt know
The love of God to thee ;
The fellowship so sweet below,
In heav'n will sweeter be.—*Chorus*

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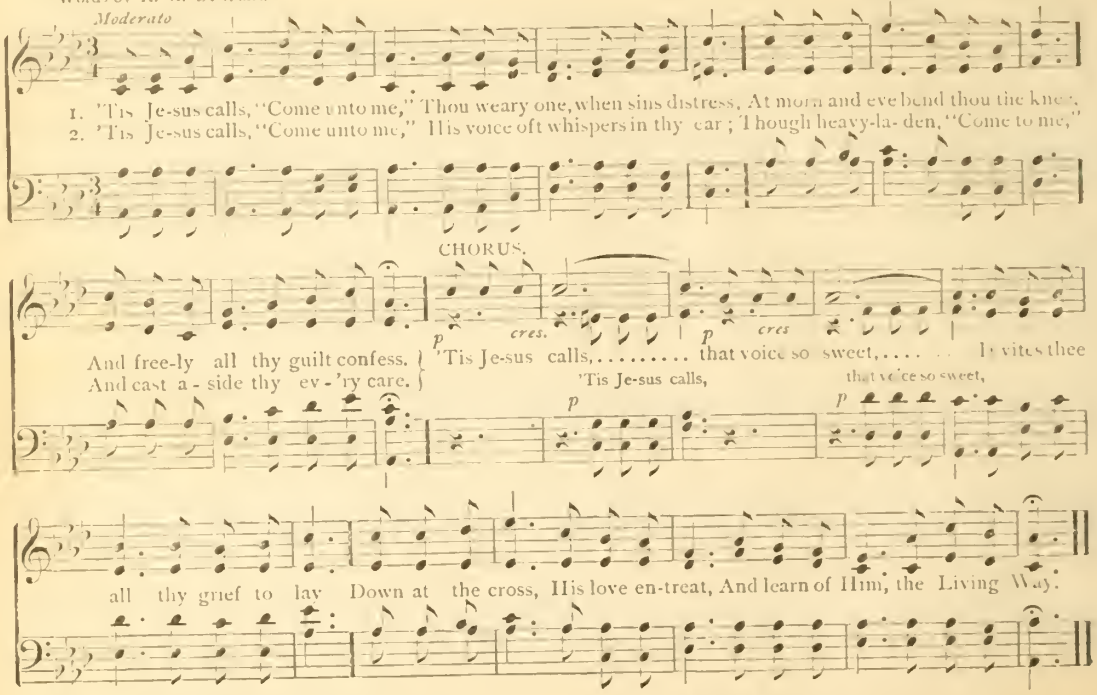
THE SAVIOUR'S CALL.

Words by R. G. Staples.

Music by ASA HULL.

Moderato



3 'Tis Jesus calls; Though racked with pain,
He'll soothe thy anguish, give thee peace;
Thou'lt seek all other helps in vain;
The gospel only can release.—*Chorus.*

4 'Tis Jesus calls! O, now be wise,
Relent, O heart of stone, relent!
Accept the offered sacrifice,
And of thy sins at once repent.—*Chorus.*

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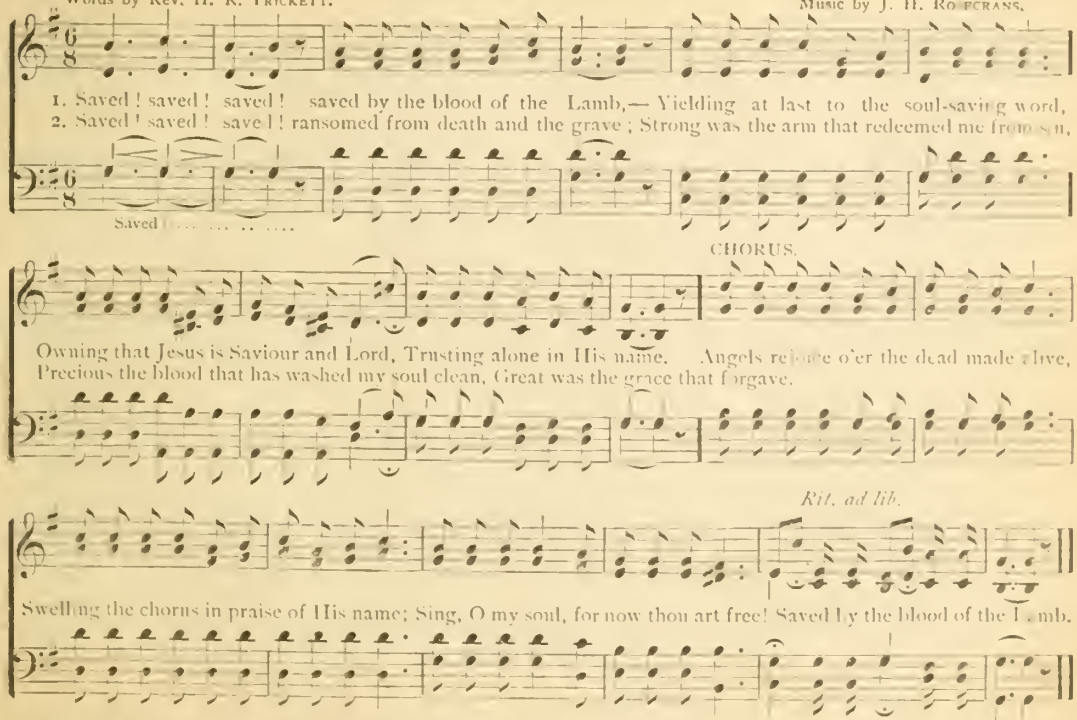
SAVED, FULLY SAVED.

Words by Rev. H. R. Trickett.

Music by J. H. Rosecrans.



3 Saved! saved! saved! numbered with those who believe;
Written my name in the Lamb's book of life;
Armed and equipped for the war and the strife,
Daily His grace I receive.—*Chorus.*

4 Saved! saved! saved! never from Christ will I roam;
Death with its fetters cannot bind me fast,
Mansions of glory await me at last,
Angels will welcome me home.—*Chorus.*

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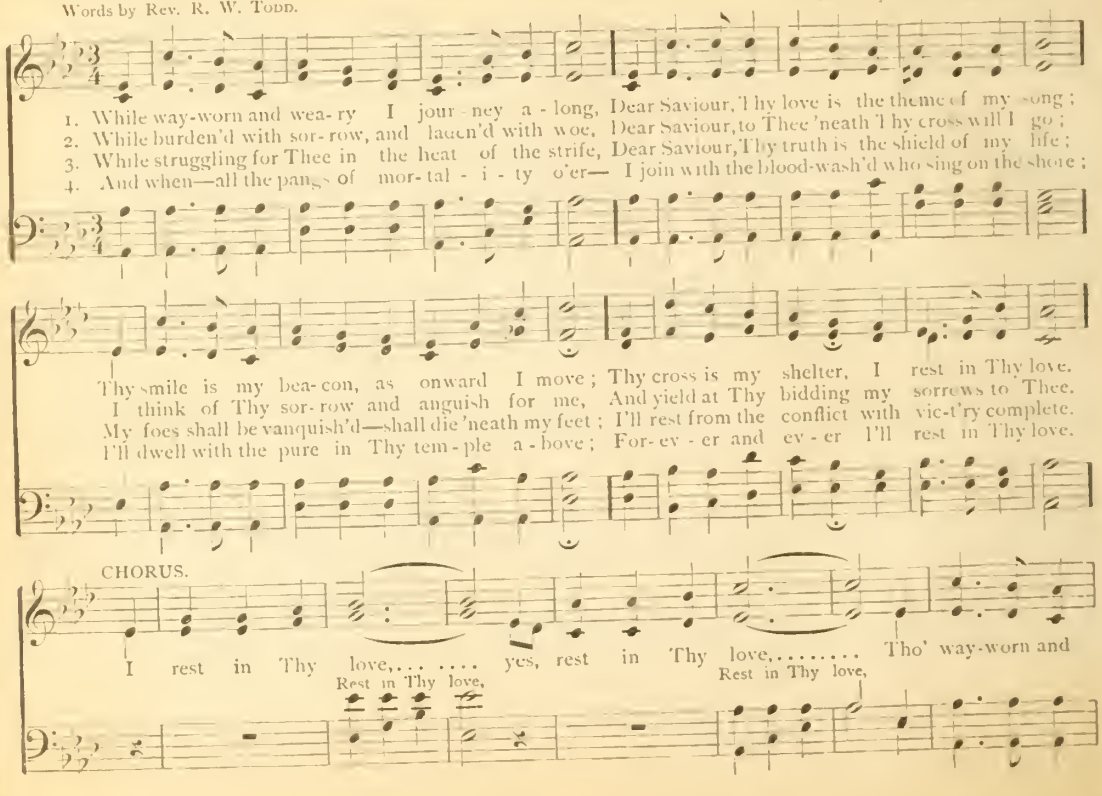
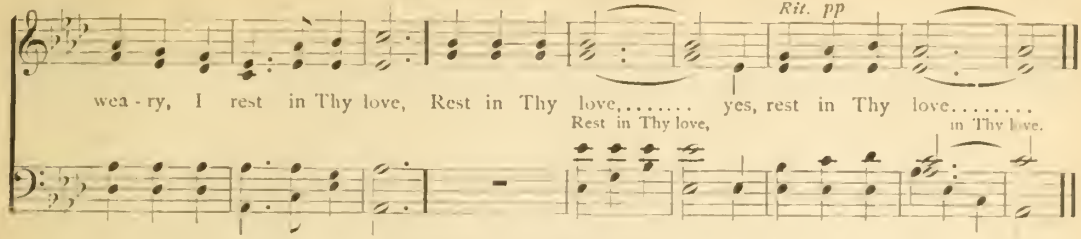
I REST IN THY LOVE.

Words by Rev. R. W. Todd.

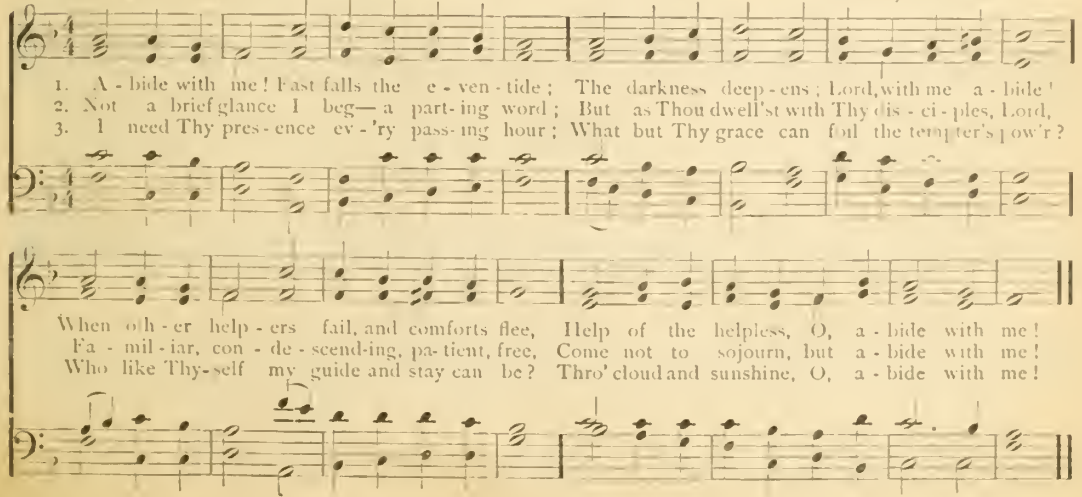
Music by Harry Sanders.





THE EVENTIDE.

Words by Rev. Henry F. Lyte. Music by W. H. Monk.



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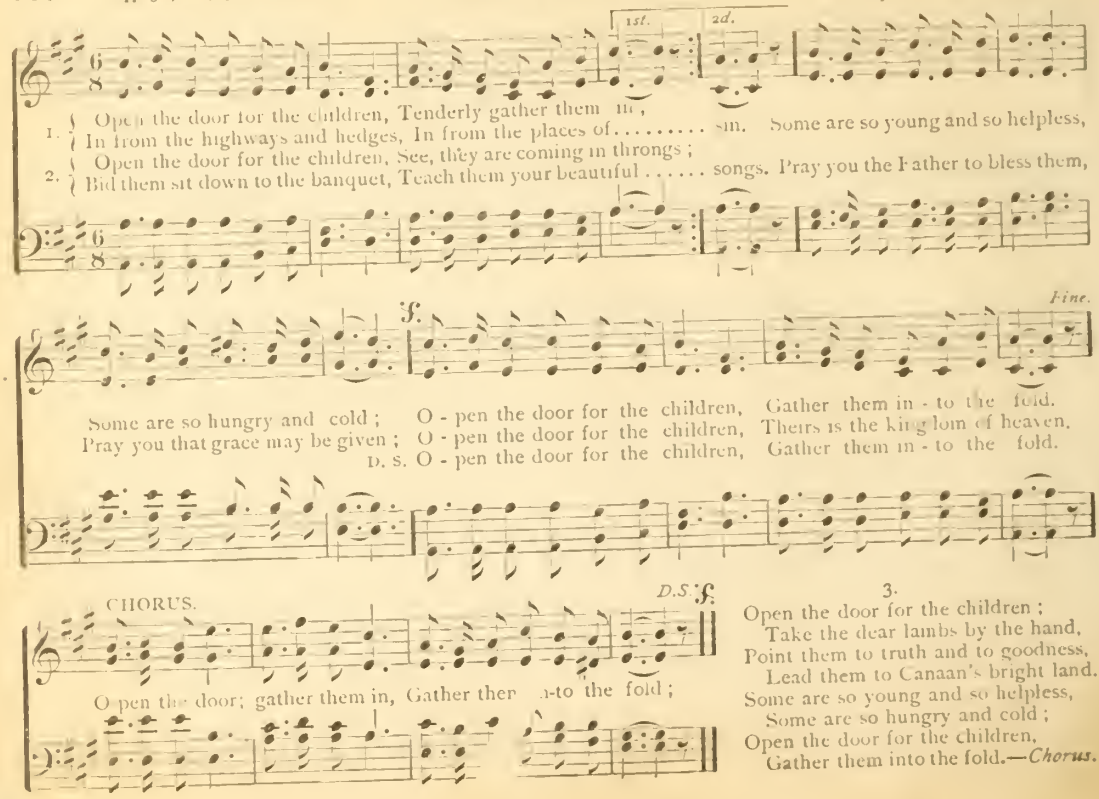
OPEN THE DOOR.

Music by Dr. J. R. Herbert.



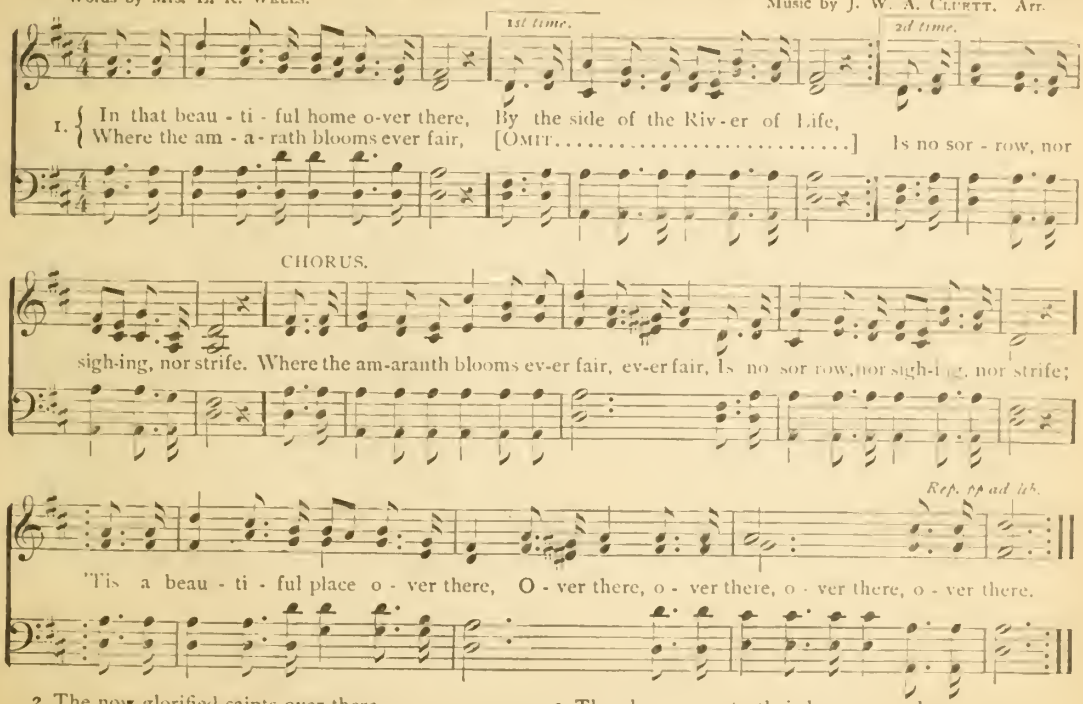
3.

Open the door for the children;
Take the dear lambs by the hand,
Point them to truth and to goodness,
Lead them to Canaan's bright land.
Some are so young and so helpless,
Some are so hungry and cold;
Open the door for the children,
Gather them into the fold.—*Chorus.*

OUR HOME OVER THERE.

Words by Mrs. E. R. Wells.

Music by J. W. A. Clebett. Arr.

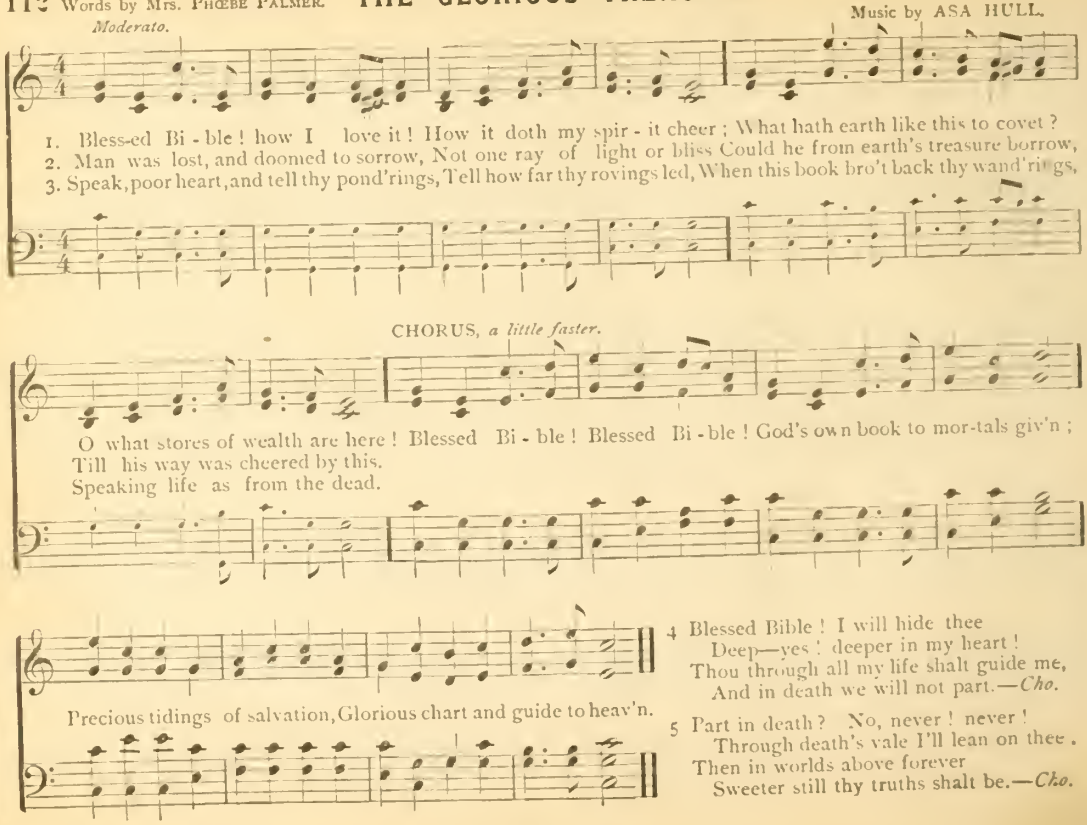


2 The now glorified saints over there,
They onee suffered and toil'd here below;
Now exalted, Christ's triumph they share,
Sin, nor anguish, nor death ever know.—*Cho.*

3 They have gone to their home over there,
Where the city is glorious and bright,
And the crowns of the victor they wear,
And our God and the Lamb are the light.—*Cho.*

112 Words by Mrs. PHŒBE PALMER. **THE GLORIOUS TREASURE.** Music by ASA HULL.

Moderato.



4 Blessed Bible! I will hide thee
Deep—yes! deeper in my heart!
Thou through all my life shalt guide me,
And in death we will not part.—*Cho.*

5 Part in death? No, never! never!
Through death's vale I'll lean on thee.
Then in worlds above forever
Sweeter still thy truths shalt be.—*Cho.*

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NO BOOK IS LIKE THE BIBLE.

Words by Fanny J. Crosby.

Music by ASA HULL.

Duet.

1. No book is like the Bi - ble, For chil-lhood, youth and age; Our du - ty, plain and sim - ple, We
2. It tells of man's cre - a - tion, His sad, pri-me-val fall; It tells of man's re-demption, Thro'
3. O, let us love the Bi - ble, And praise it more and more; Our life is like a shad - ow, Our

Semi-chorus.

find on ev - 'ry page: It came by in - spi - ra - tion: A light to guide our way, A voice from Him who
Christ, who died for all; In sa - cred words of wisdom It bids us watch and pray, And ear ly come to
days will soon be o'er; But if we close - ly fol - low The counsel God has giv-en, We then may hope with

D. S. The pilgrim's chart of

Fine. CHORUS.

gave it, Re - prov - ing when we stray. No book is like the Bi - ble, The bless - ed book we love,
Je - sus, The Life, the Truth, the Way.
an - gels To sing His praise in heaven.

glo - ry, It leads to God a - bove.

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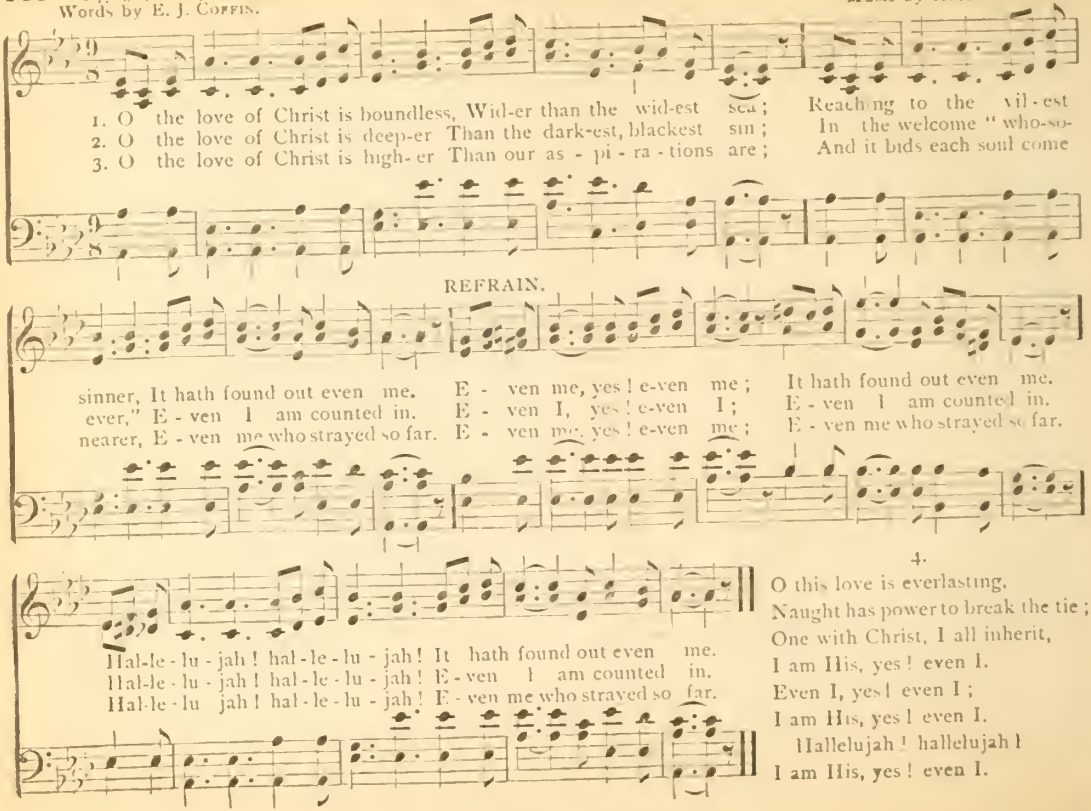
Words by E. J. Coffin.

BOUNDLESS LOVE.

Music by ASA HULL.



4.

O this love is everlasting,
Naught has power to break the tie;
One with Christ, I all inherit,
I am His, yes! even I.
Even I, yes! even I;
I am His, yes! even I.
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
I am His, yes! even I.

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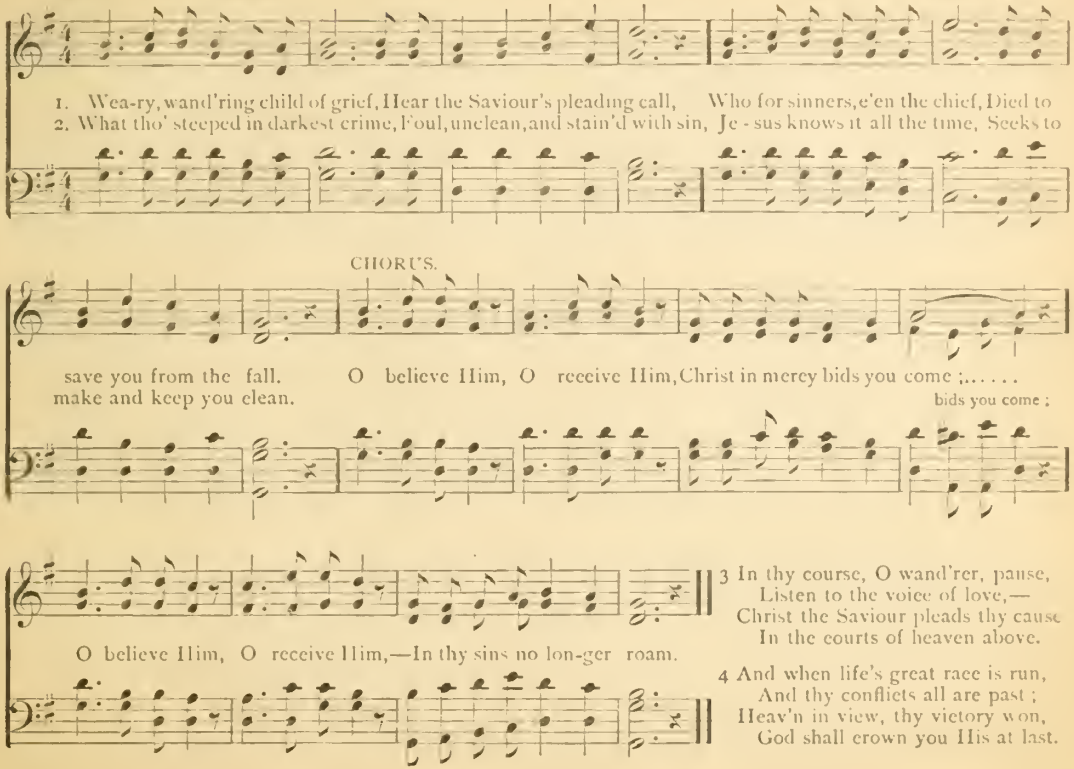
THE VOICE OF LOVE.

Words by J. L. Louderback.

Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.



3 In thy course, O wand'rer, pause,
Listen to the voice of love,—
Christ the Saviour pleads thy cause
In the courts of heaven above.

4 And when life's great race is run,
And thy conflicts all are past ;
Heav'n in view, thy victory won,
God shall crown you His at last.

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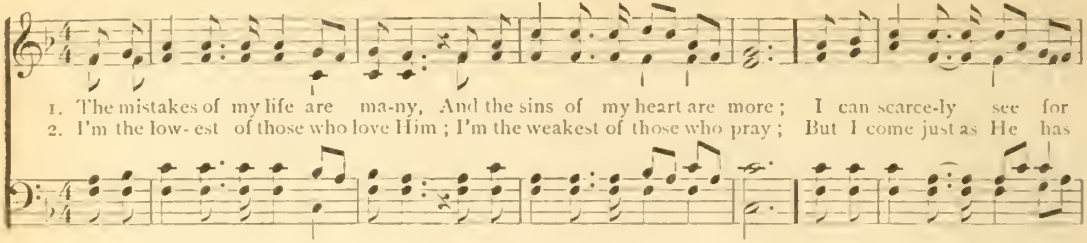
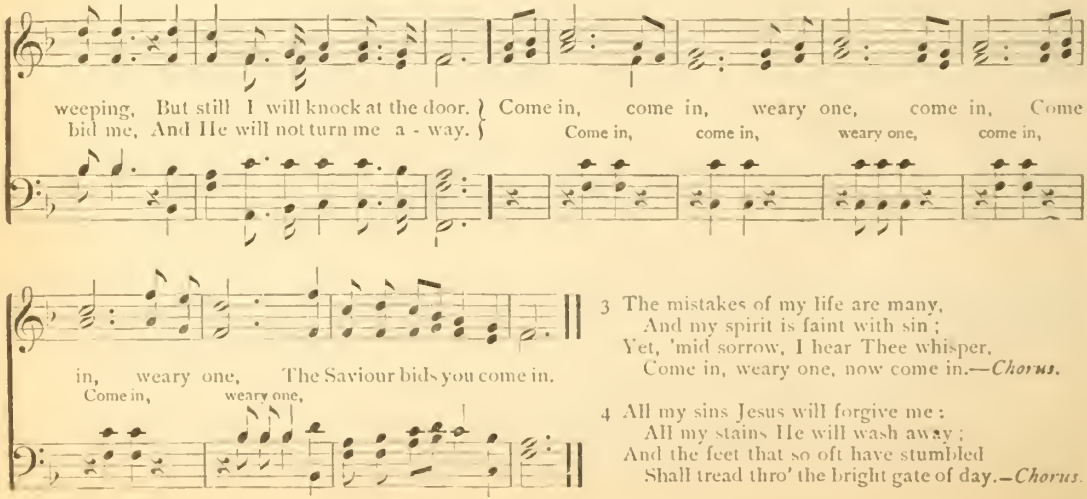
I WILL KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

Music by Rev. D. C. John.



CHORUS.



3 The mistakes of my life are many,
And my spirit is faint with sin;
Yet, 'mid sorrow, I hear Thee whisper,
Come in, weary one, now come in.—*Chorus.*

4 All my sins Jesus will forgive me:
All my stains He will wash away;
And the feet that so oft have stumbled
Shall tread thro' the bright gate of day.—*Chorus.*

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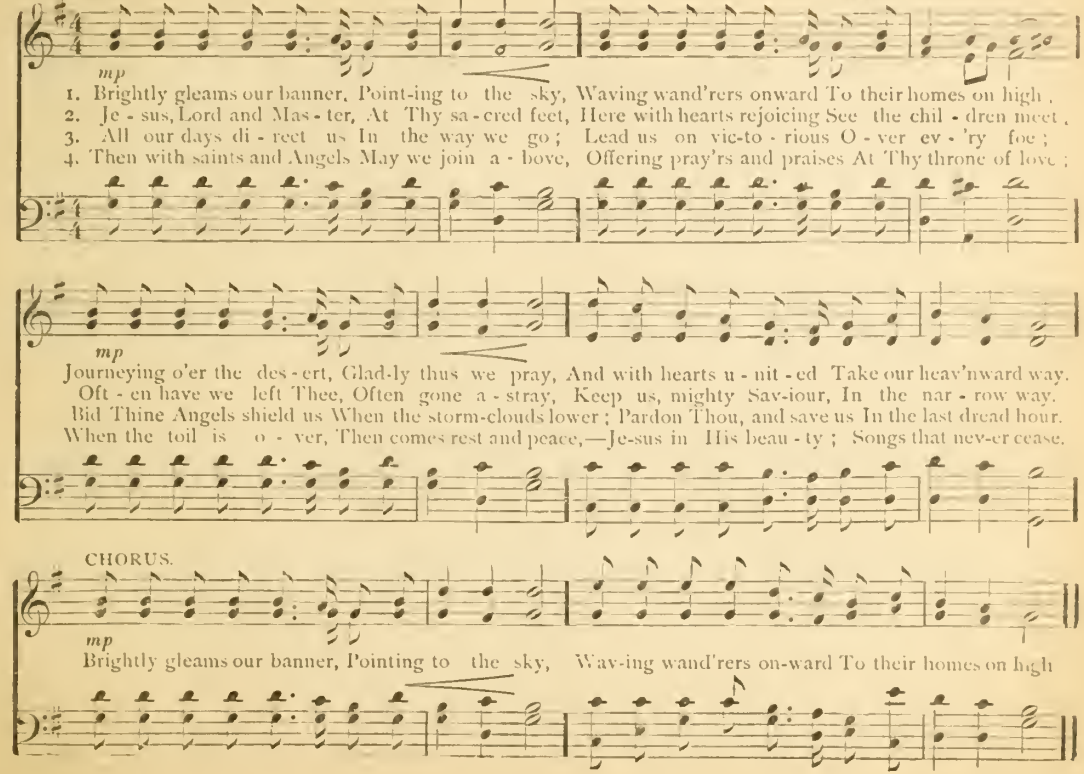
Words by T. J. Potter. Music by ASA HULL.



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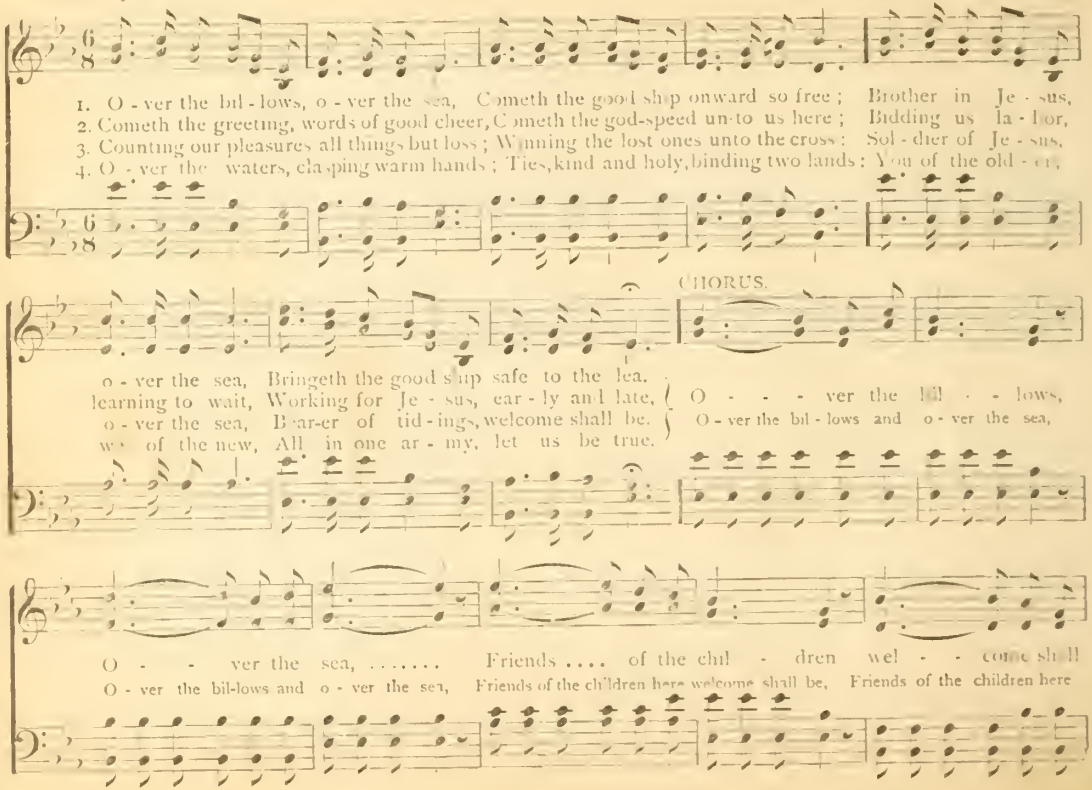
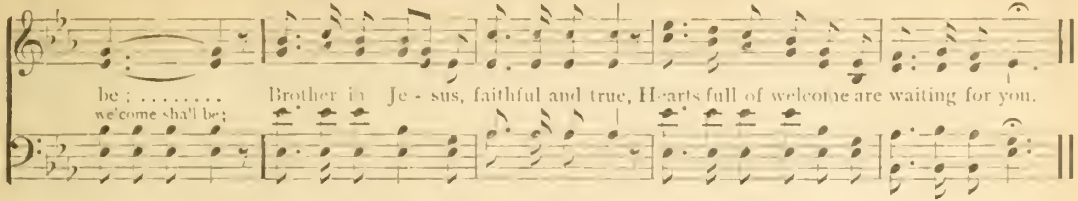
THE MESSENGER OF PEACE.

Arr'd by ASA HULL.

Music by L. L. Mentzer.

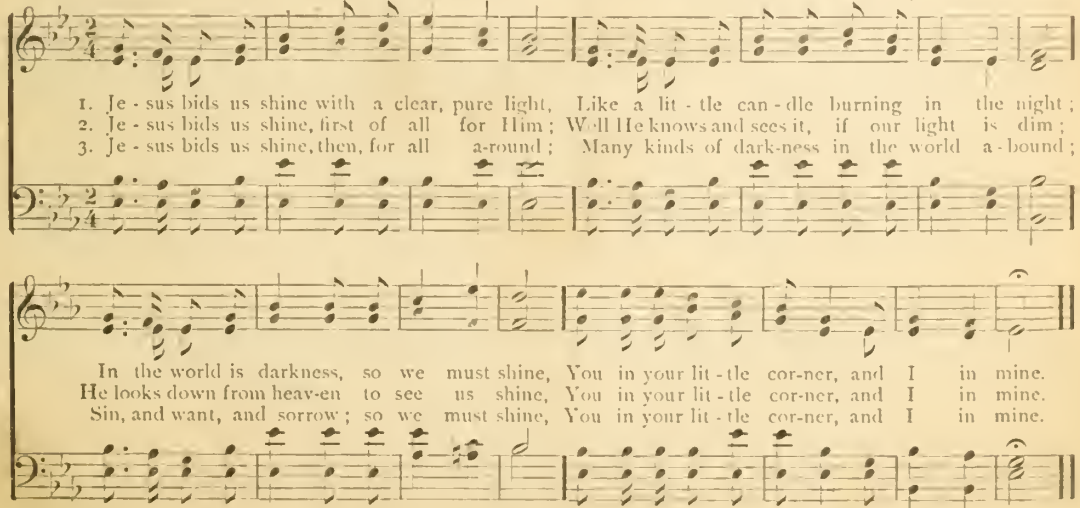




LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

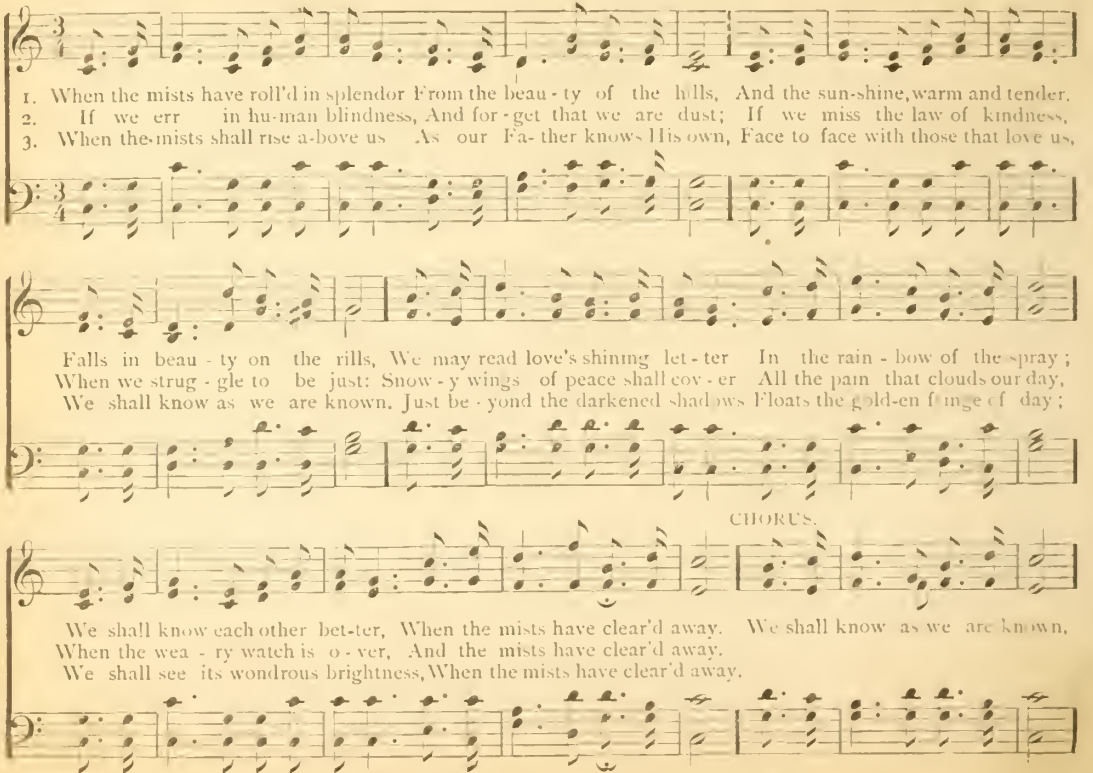
Sprightly.

Music by ASA HULL.



WHEN THE MISTS HAVE CLEARED AWAY.

Words arranged for this work. Music by S. J. VAIL.



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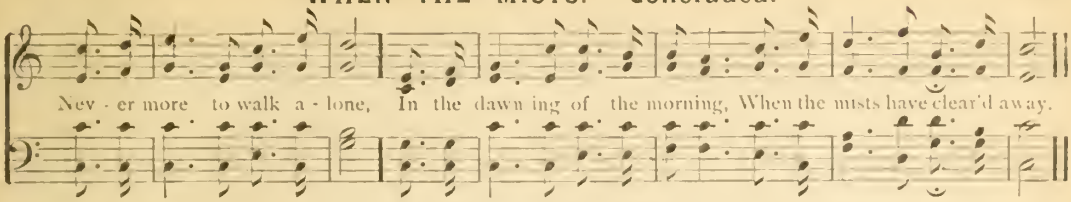
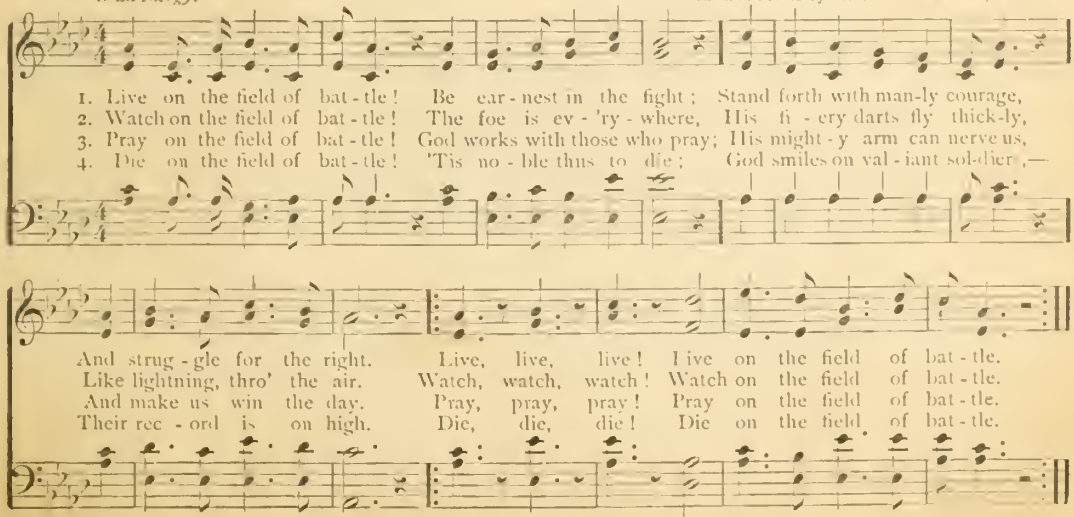
WHEN THE MISTS. Concluded.



THE CHRISTIAN HERO.

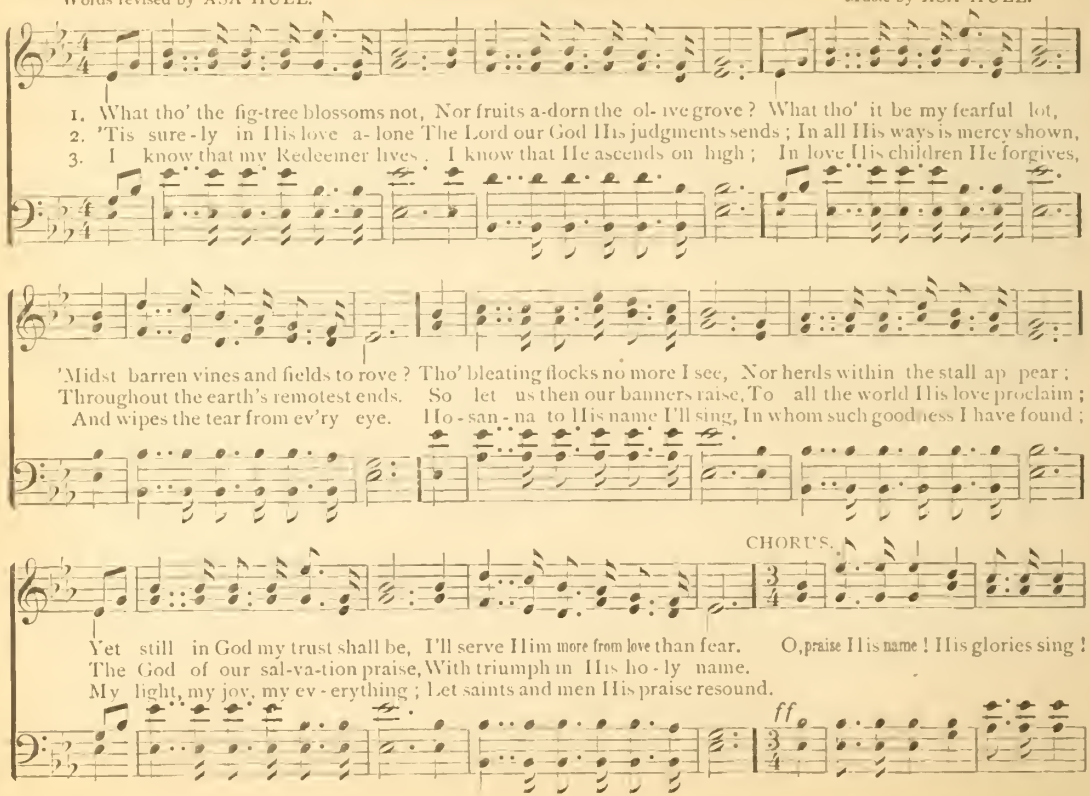
With energy.

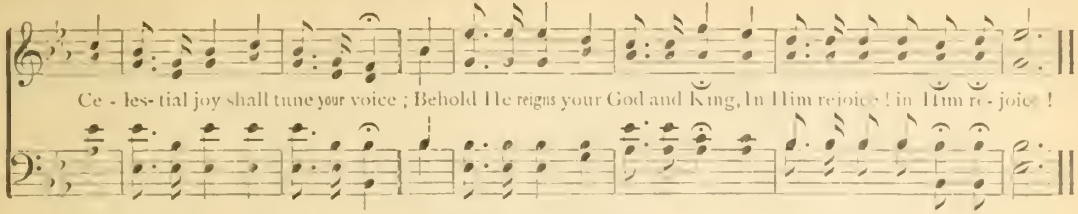
Words and Music by Rev. E. H. Nevin, D.D.



TRUST IN GOD.

Words revised by ASA HULL. Music by ASA HULL.





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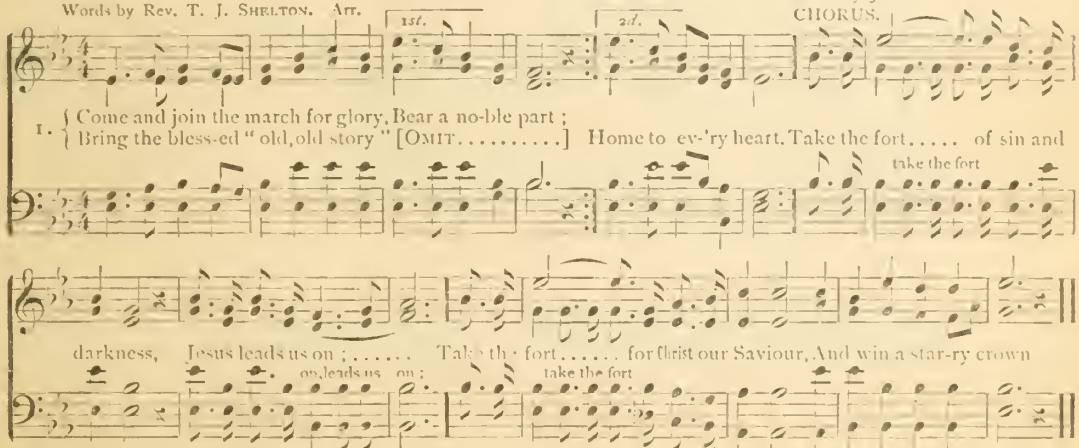
TAKE THE FORT.

Words by Rev. T. J. Shelton. Arr. Music by J. H. Rosencrans.



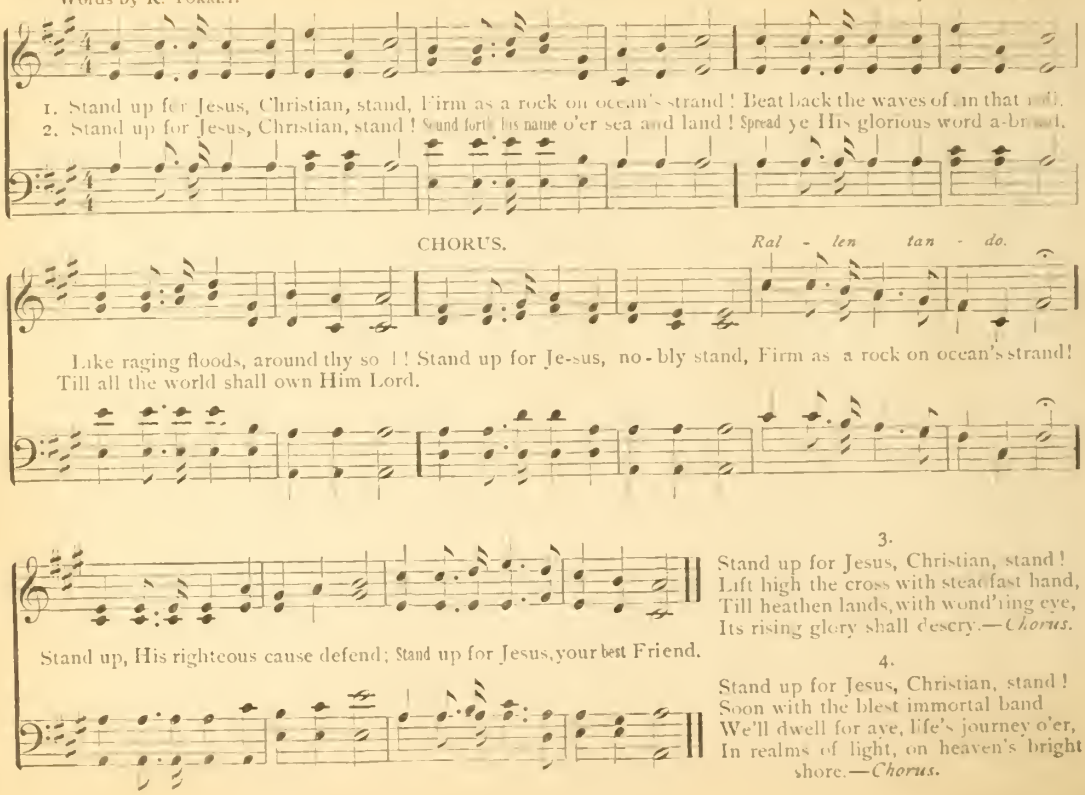
2 Take the Bible, precious treasure,
Faith shall be our shield ;
Follow Jesus, do His pleasure,
Never, never yield.—*Chorus.*

3 Take the helmet of Salvation,
And the Spirit's sword ;
Bear the truth to ev'ry nation,—
Battle for the Lord.—*Chorus.*

4 God of battles will defend us,
To our help will come ;
Angel guards will ere attend us,
And conduct us home.—*Chorus.*

STAND UP FOR JESUS.

Words by R. TORREY. Music by ASA HULL.



3.

Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Lift high the cross with steadfast hand,
Till heathen lands, with wond'ring eye,
Its rising glory shall descry.—*Chorus.*

4.

Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Soon with the blest immortal band
We'll dwell for aye, life's journey o'er,
In realms of light, on heaven's bright shore.—*Chorus.*

FOR YOU AND ME.

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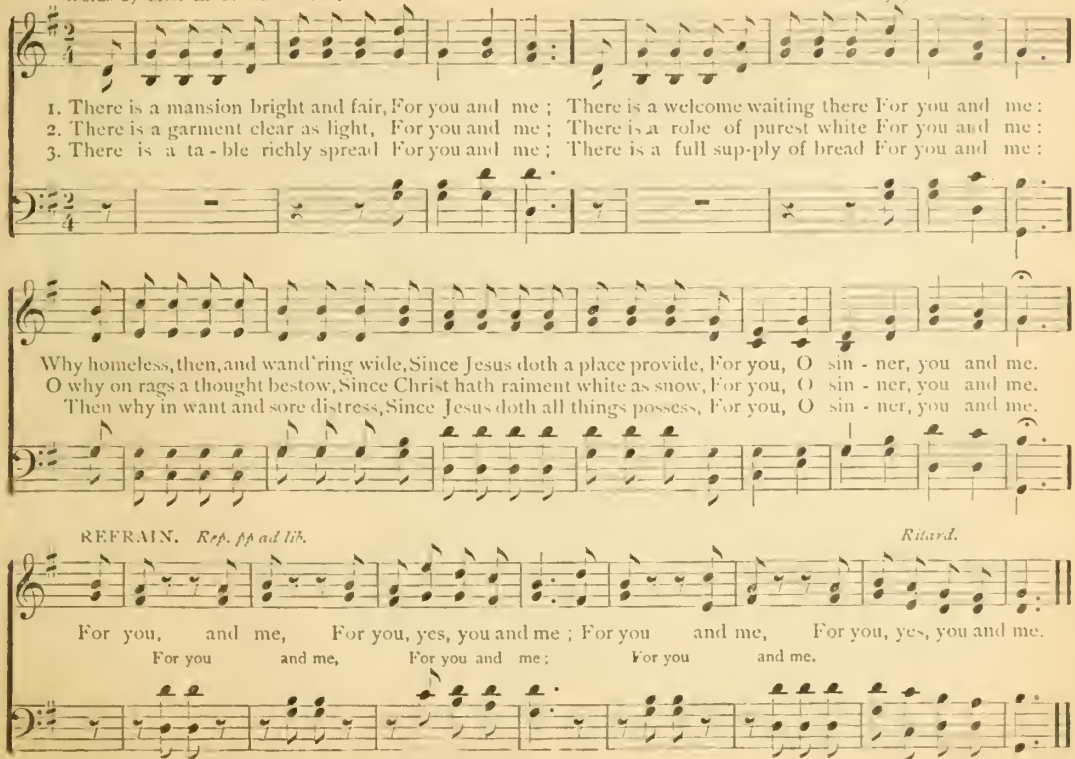
Words by Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth.

Music by J. H. Tenney.



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THERE IS WORK FOR ALL.

Words by J. J. Maxfield.

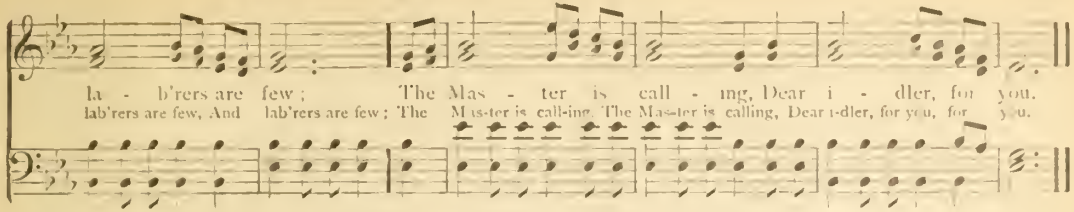
Music by J. H. Tenney.

1. As long as we live in the world We all can find something to do; For Jesus, who bids us "go work,"
2. The words which the Master once spake, To those who would follow Him then, Are binding upon us to-day
3. When Naaman, the leper, went down To Is-ra-el's seer to be healed, A little maid told him the way,

Has told us the lab'rers are few; We need not stand idle and wait, Nor sin-ful-ly cov-et de-lay,
As when He was here among men. And children can publish the truth, That ev-er and ev-er shall last;
Who straight to the prophet appeal'd. For God has declared in His Word, And now is fulfilled in these days,

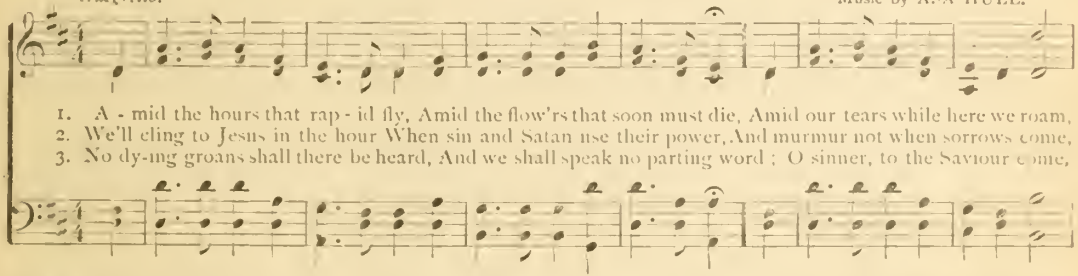
CHORUS.

The vineyards where we are to toil Spread out all about us to-day. { The har-vest is wait-ing, And
Or go where the harvest is white, And glean where the reapers have passed. { The harvest is wait-ing, The harvest is waiting, And
That out of the mouth of the babes The Lord shall have perfected praise.

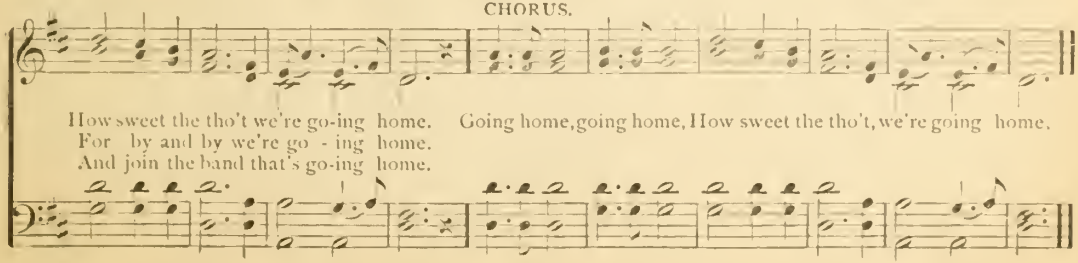


THE GLORIOUS PROSPECT.

Allegretto. Music by ASA HULL.



CHORUS.



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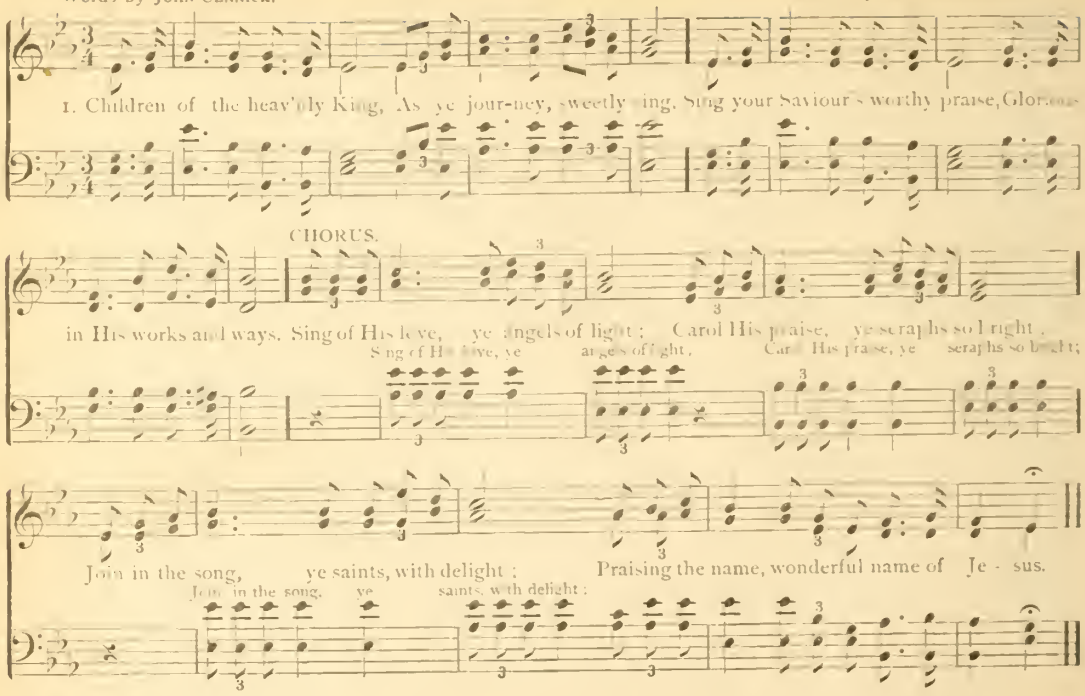
SING OF HIS LOVE.

Words by John Cennick.

Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.



2 We are trav'ling home to God.
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.—*Cho.*

3 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.—*Cho.*

4 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.—*Cho.*

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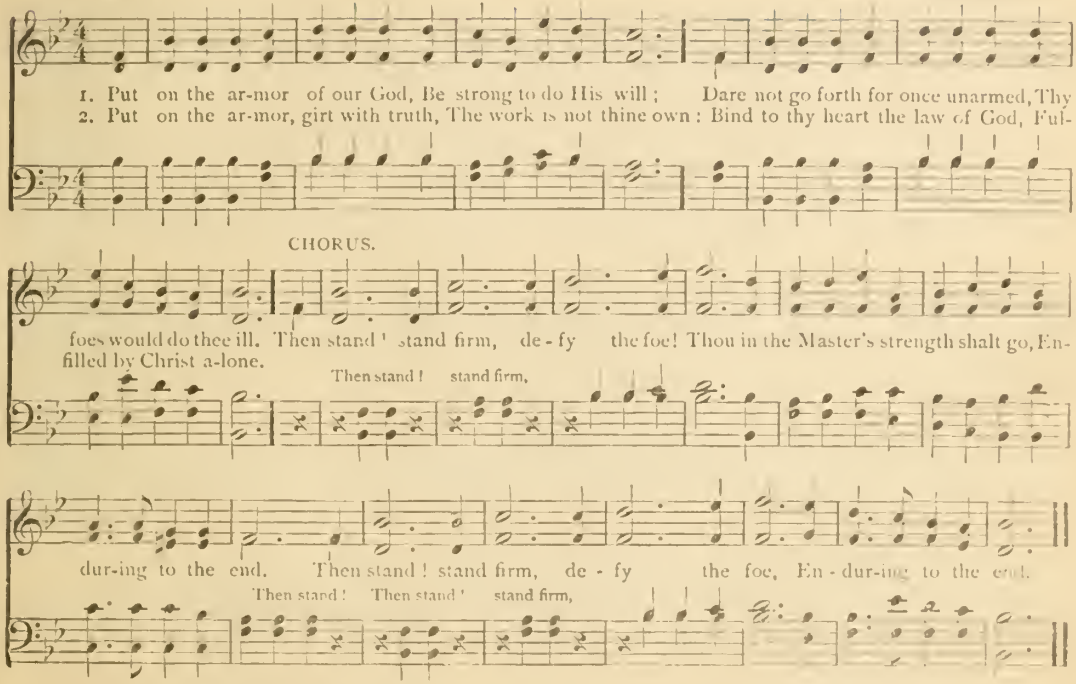
PUT ON THE ARMOR.

Words by Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth.

Music by J. H. Tenney.



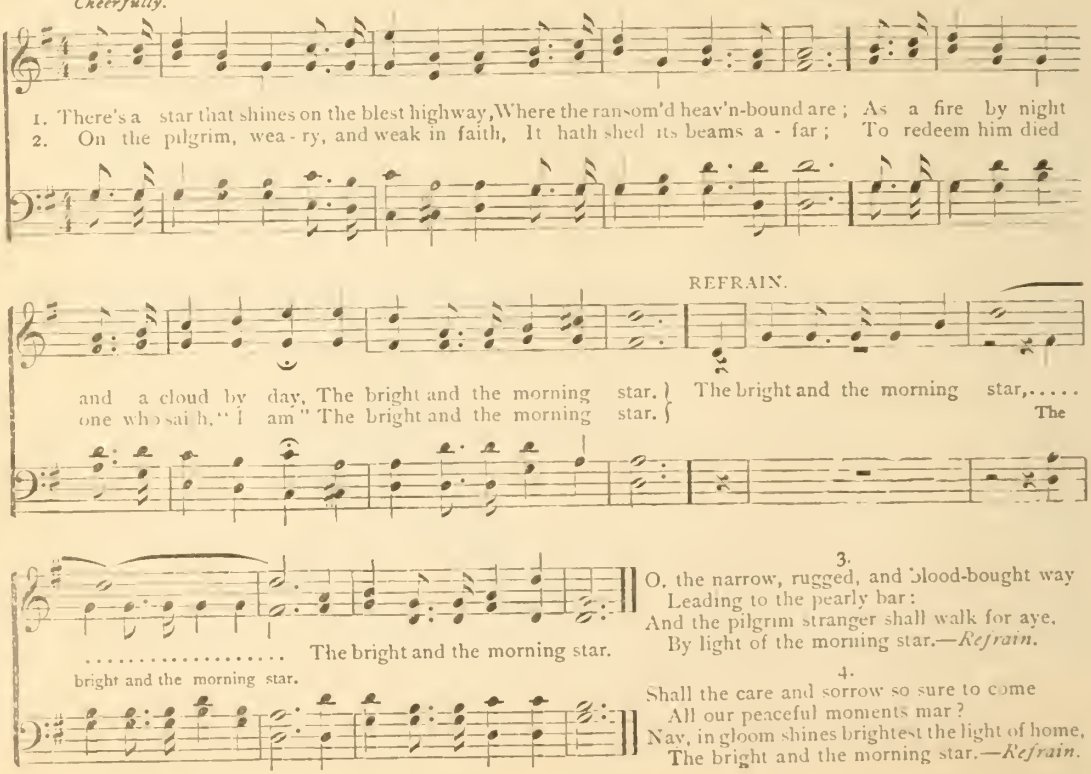
3 Put on the armor; shod with peace
Thy feet shall firm endure;
Though snares beset and thorns shall pierce,
He makes thy footsteps sure.—*Chorus.*

4 Put on the armor; take thy shield,
Faith in the risen Lord,
One pierced with darts still aimed at thee,
He conquers with a word.—*Chorus.*

THE MORNING STAR.

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

Cheerfully.



3.

O, the narrow, rugged, and blood-bought way
Leading to the pearly bar:
And the pilgrim stranger shall walk for aye,
By light of the morning star.—*Refrain.*

4.

Shall the care and sorrow so sure to come
All our peaceful moments mar?
Nay, in gloom shines brightest the light of home,
The bright and the morning star.—*Refrain.*

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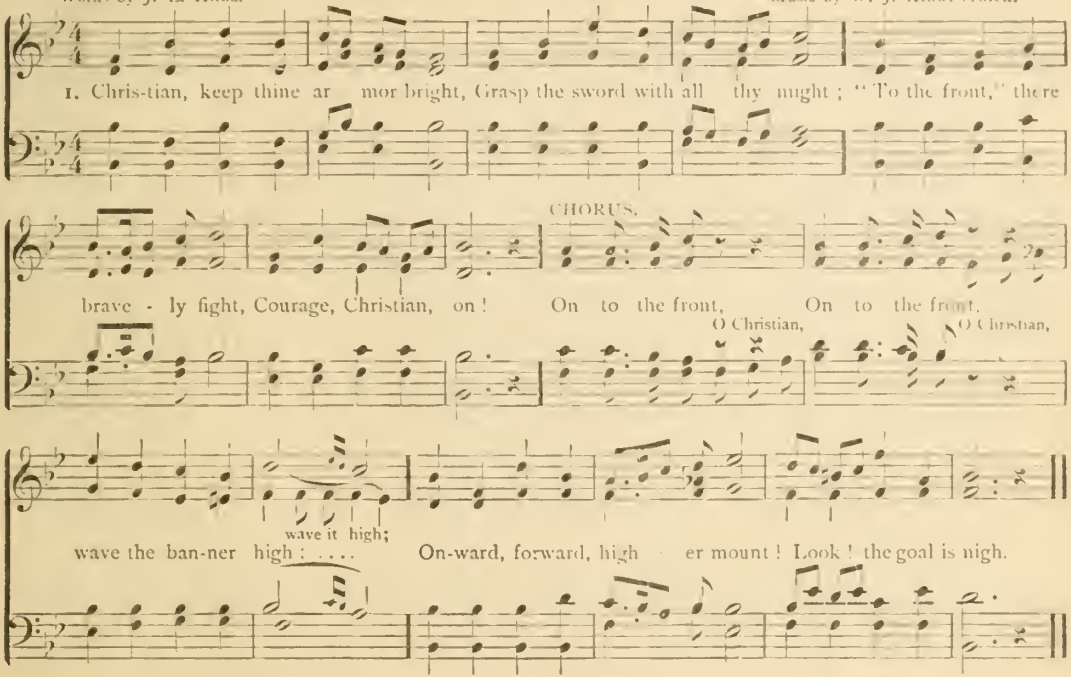
ON TO THE FRONT.

Words by J. E. Hall. Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.



2.

Christian, heed not doubts and fears,
Tremble not at laughs and jeers;
Heav'n will greet you soon with cheers,
Onward, Christian, on!

3.

Christian, why at ease sit down?
Mind not hater's scorn or frown;
Decked with stars shalt be thy crown,
Onward, Christian, on!

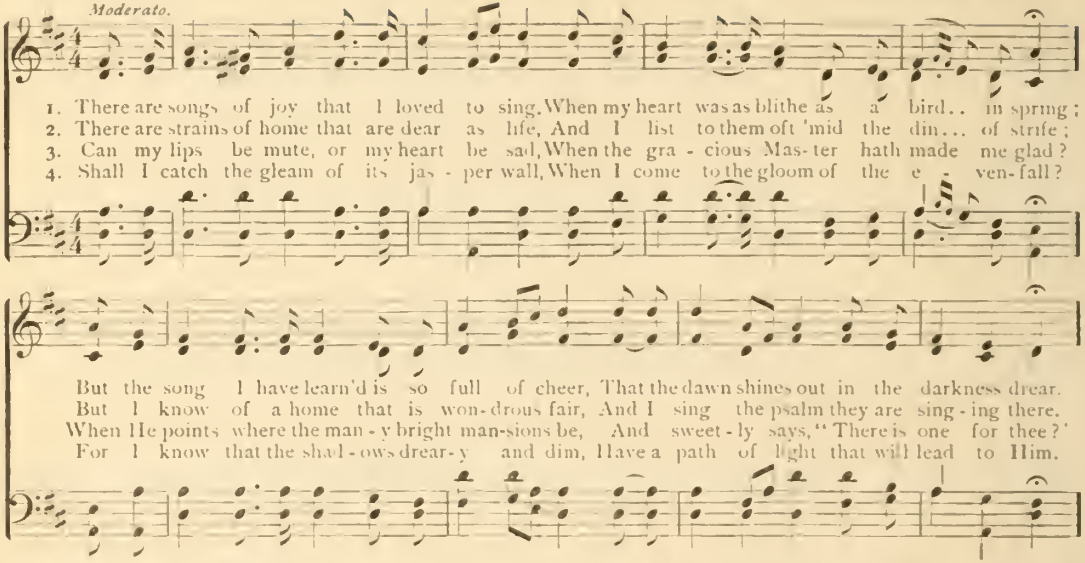
4.

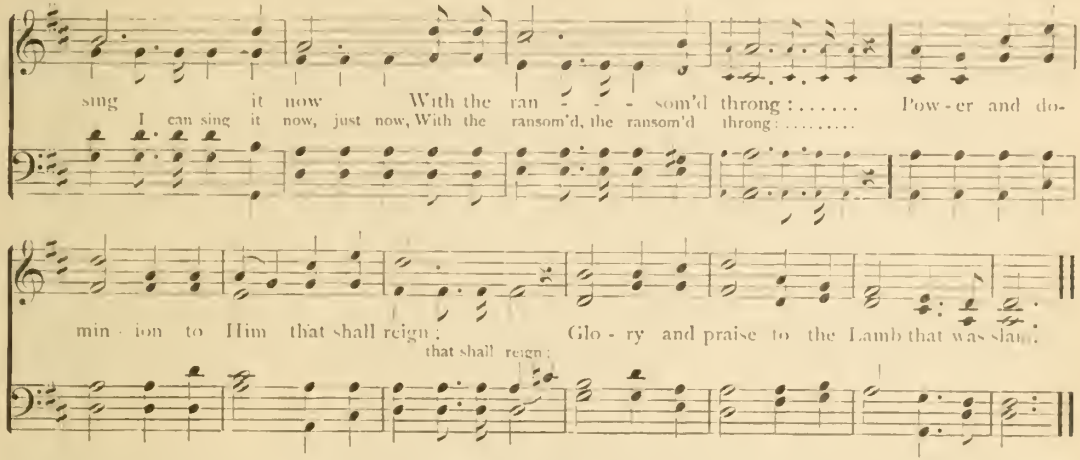
Christian, keep the goal in view,
Eyes on Jesus, His on you;
He, thy strength, will lead you thro
Heav'n thine own reward.

THE NEW SONG.

Words by Flora L. Best. Music by Jno. R. Sweeney. By per.

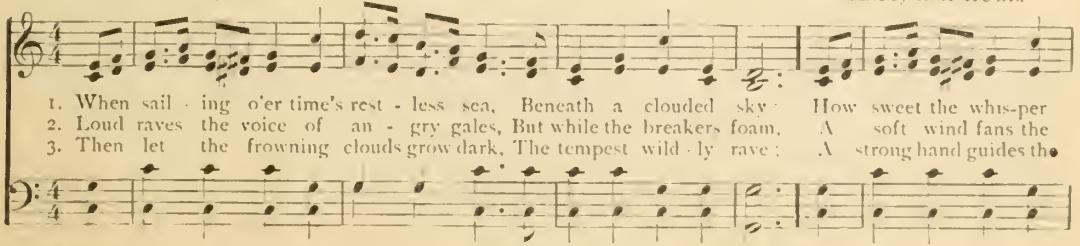
Moderato.





BREEZES FROM LAND.

Words by Miss P. J. Owens. Music by ASA HULL.



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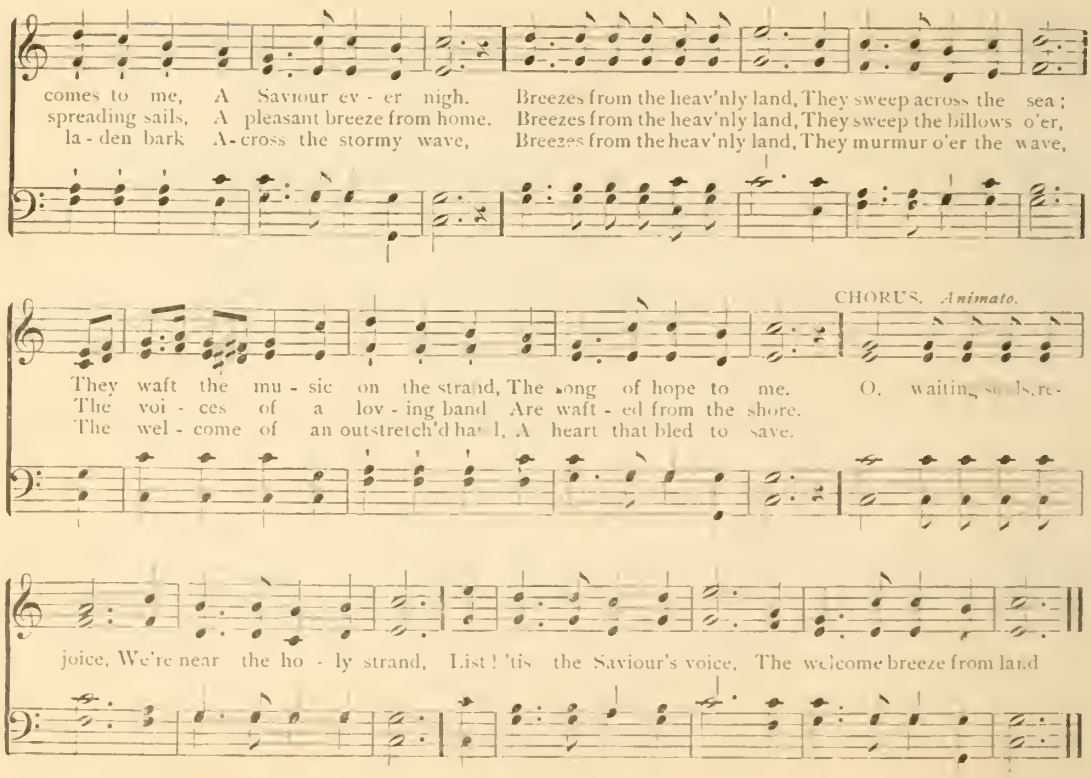

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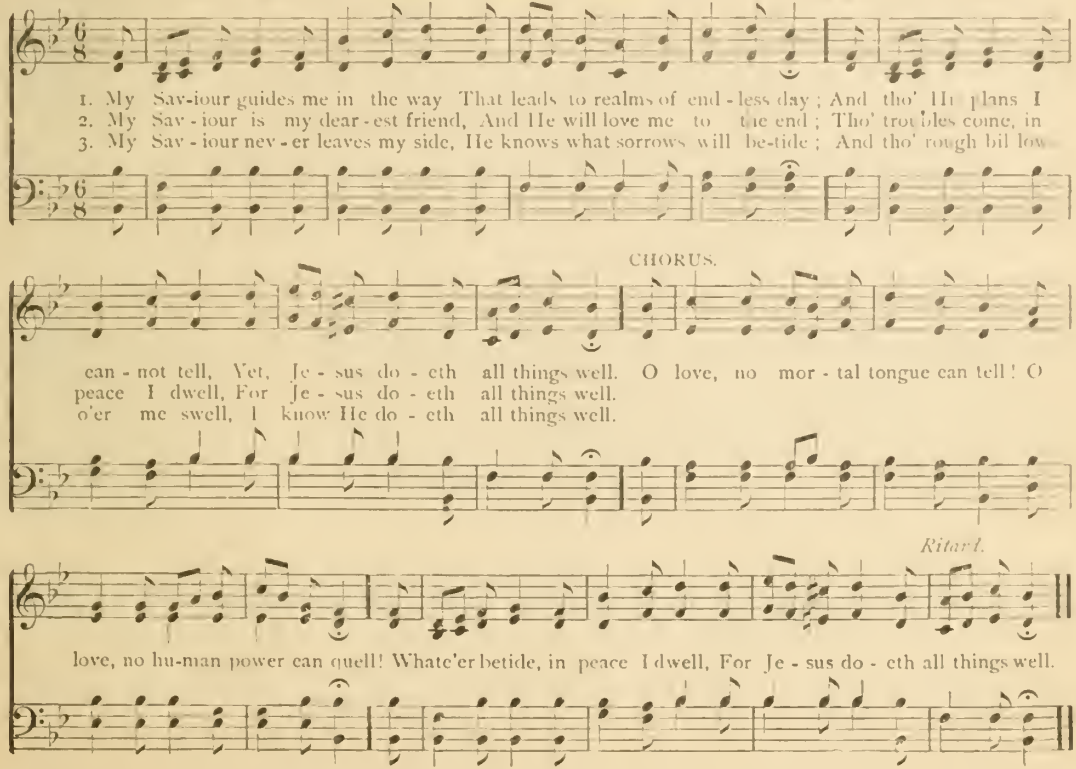
HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL.

Words by Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

Music by J. H. Tenney.



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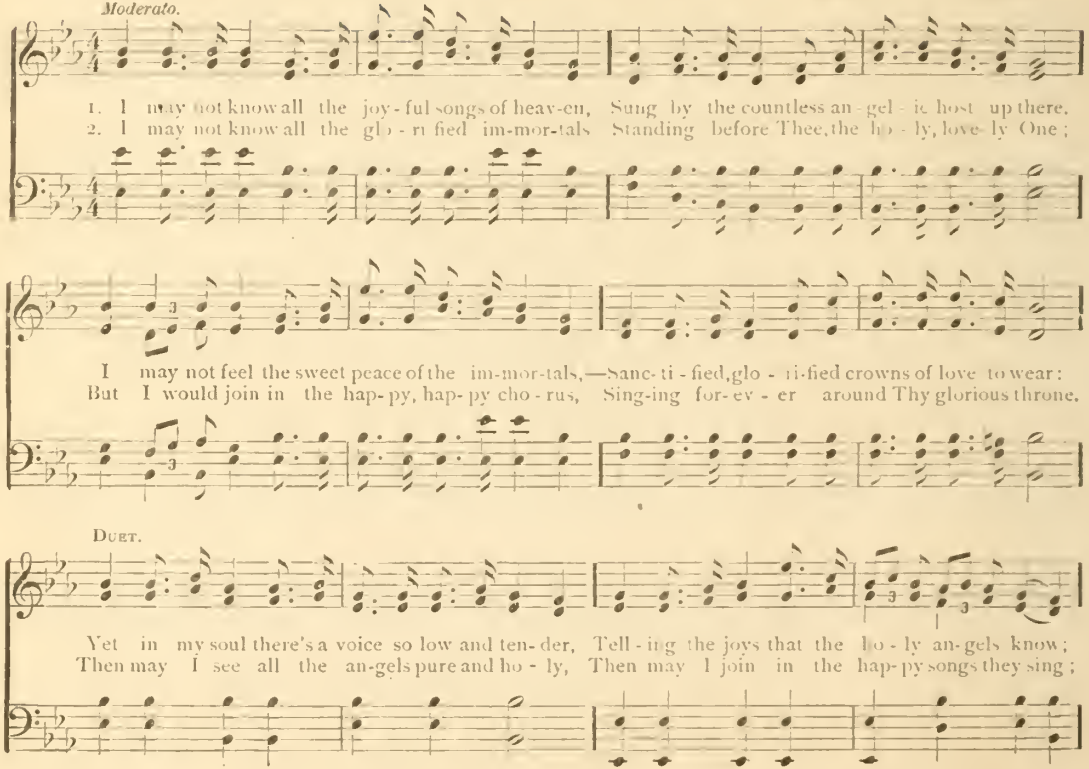
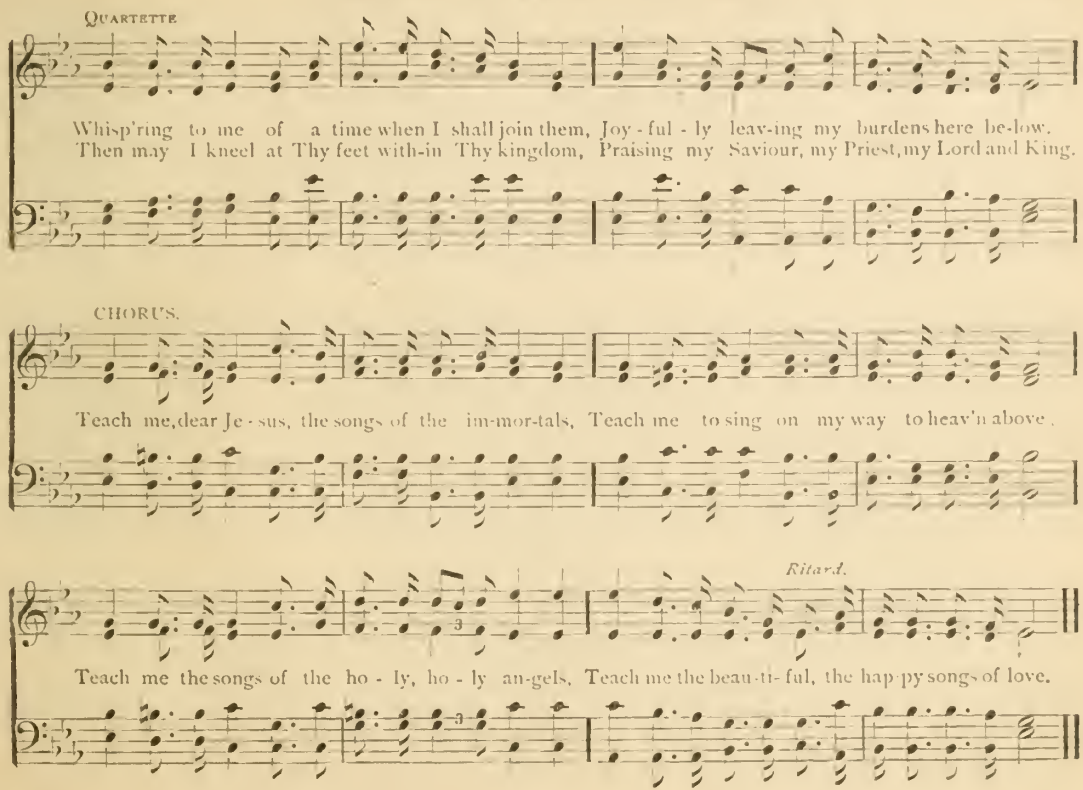
SONGS OF HEAVEN.

Words by Chas. H. Gabriel. Music by J. H. Anderson.

Moderato.




QUARTETTE
Whisp'ring to me of a time when I shall join them, Joy-ful-ly leav-ing my burdens here be-low.
Then may I kneel at Thy feet with-in Thy kingdom, Praising my Saviour, my Priest, my Lord and King.
CHORUS.
Teach me, dear Je-sus, the songs of the im-mor-tals, Teach me to sing on my way to heav'n above.
Ritard.
Teach me the songs of the ho-ly, ho-ly an-gels, Teach me the beau-ti-ful, the hap-py songs of love.

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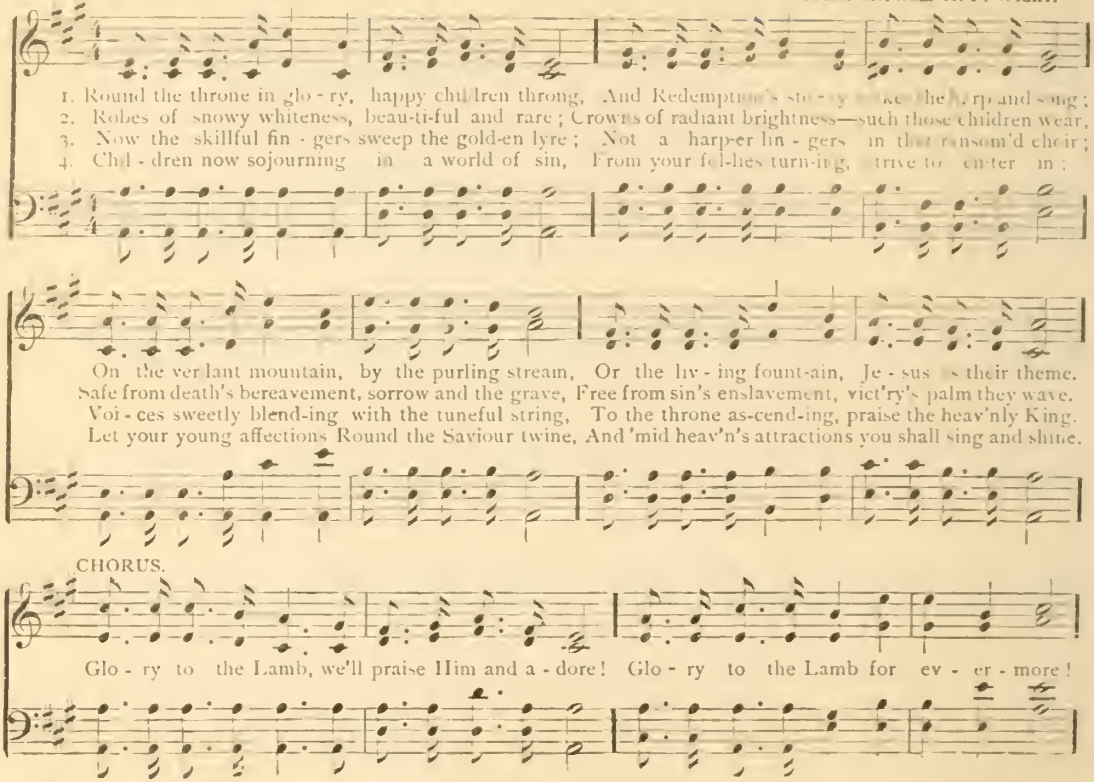
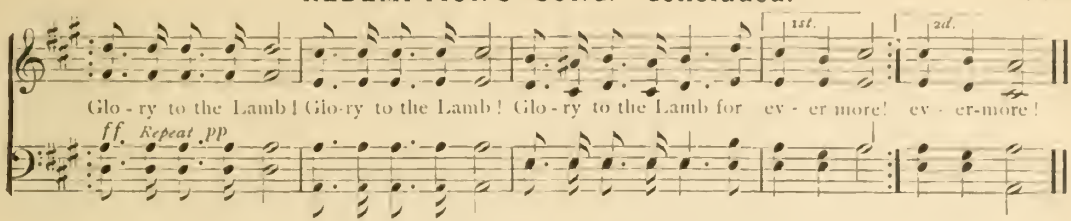
REDEMPTION'S SONG.

Words arr. from A. A. Graley

Music arr. from H. F. Wight.





WORK, WORK FOR GOD.

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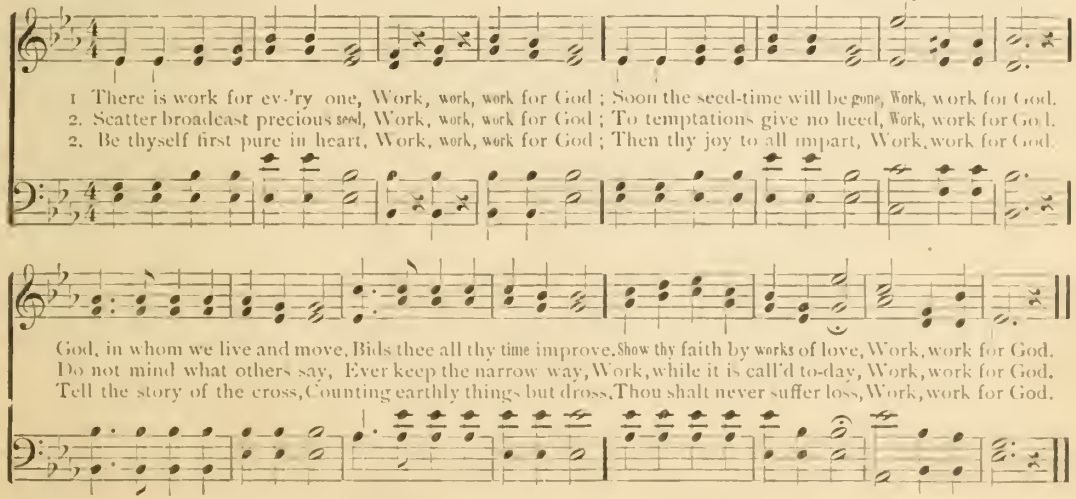
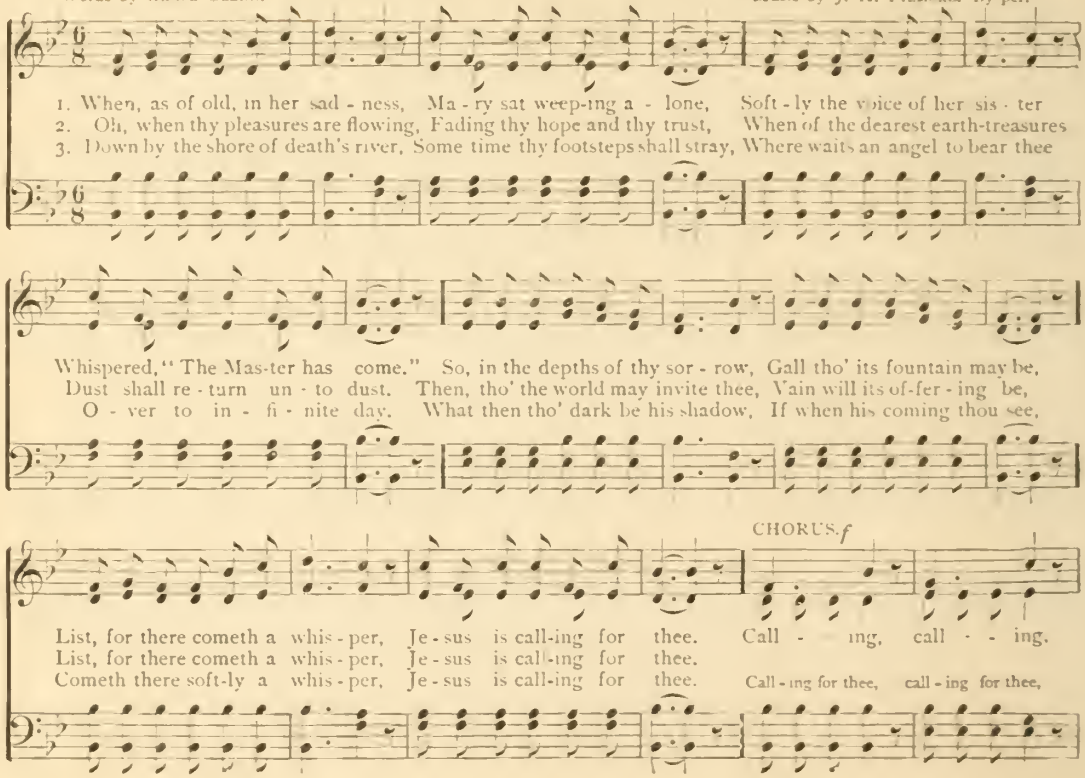
Words by Eliza J. Coffin.

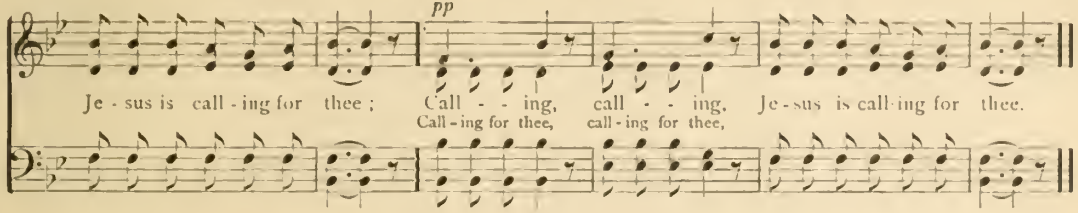
Music by ASA HULL.



JESUS IS CALLING FOR THEE.

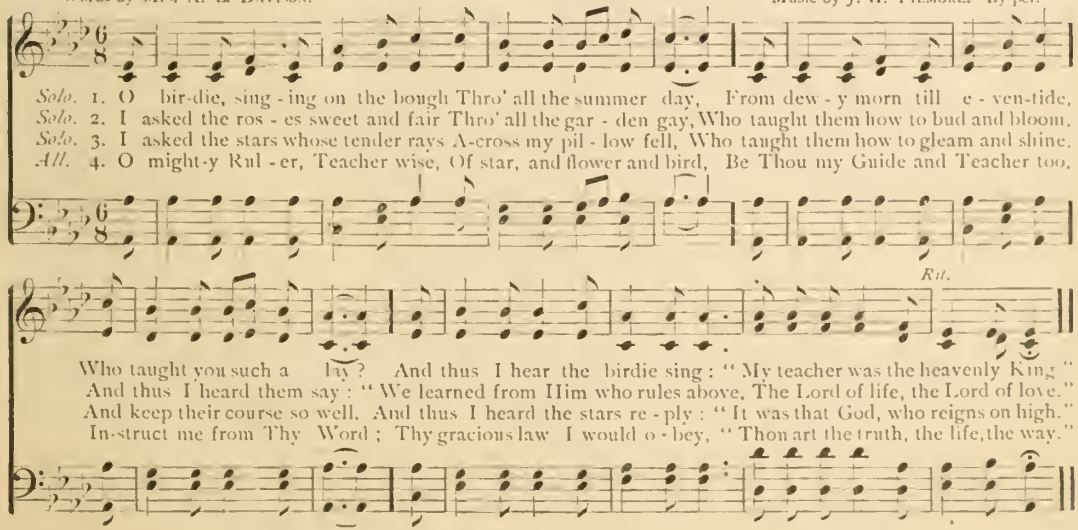
Words by GRACE GLENN. Music by J. H. FILMORE. By per.





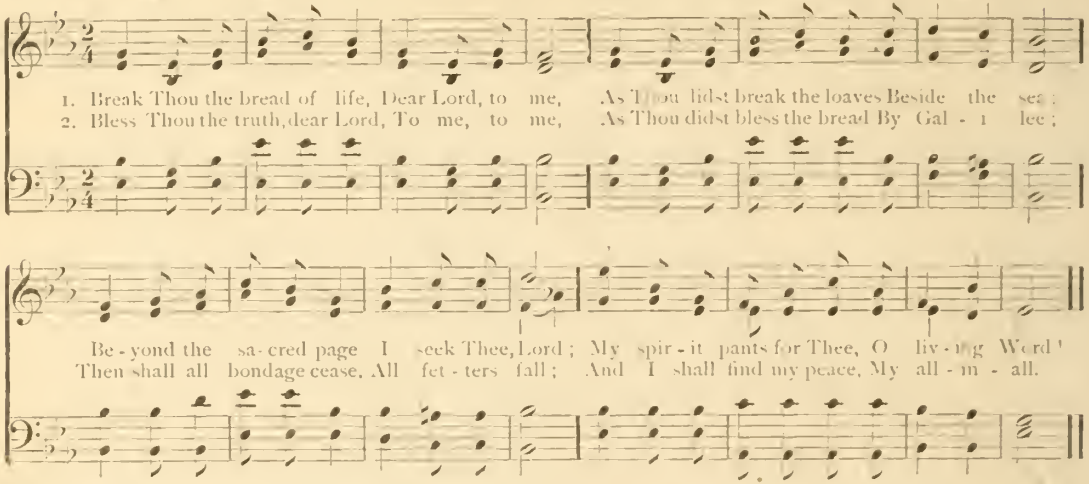
THE GREAT TEACHER.

Words by Mrs. A. L. Davison. Music by J. H. Fillmore. By per.



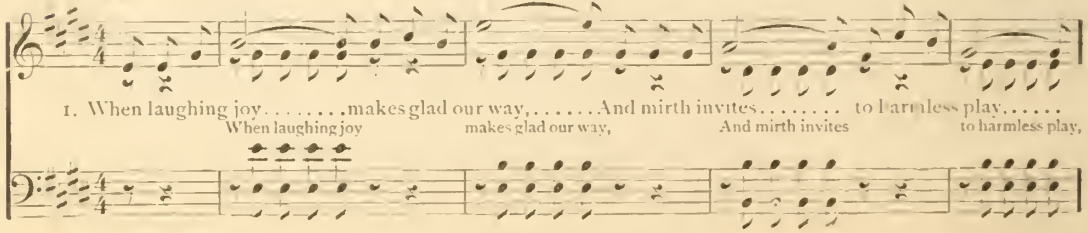
THE BREAD OF LIFE.

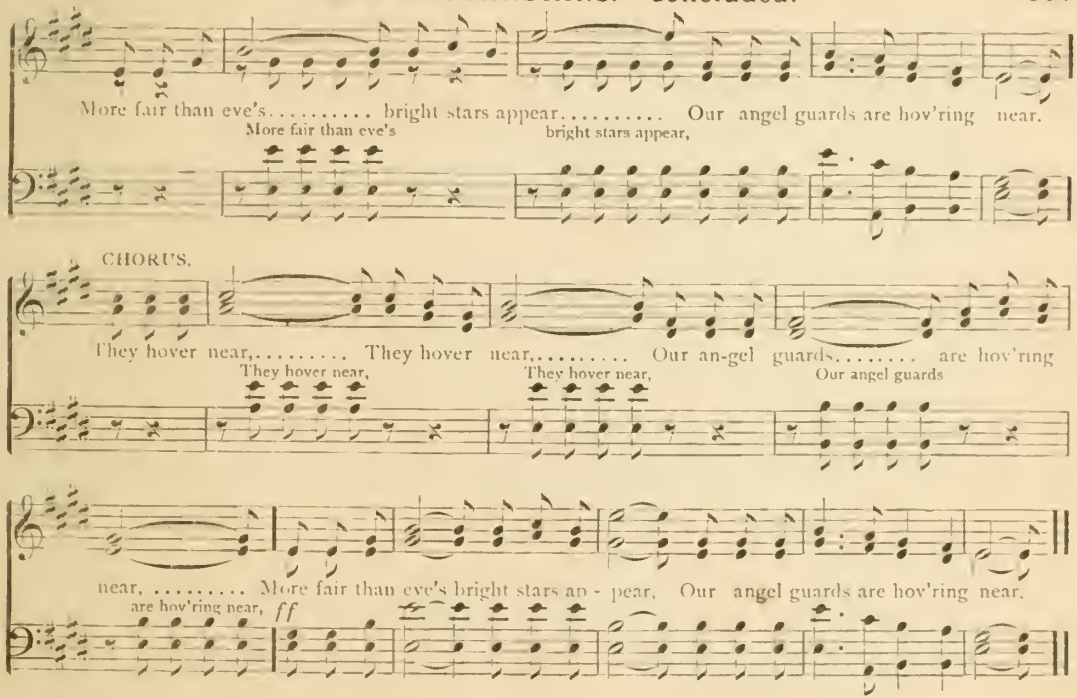
Words by M. A. LATHBURY. Music by WM. F. SHERWIN.



ANGEL GUARDIANS.

Arranged by ASA HULL. Music by E. H. BAILEY.





2 When dark despair doth rule the hour,
And make us feel its gloomy power,
Our guardians come in sympathy,
To set us from our bondage free.—*Chorus.*

3 With blessings to each earthly home,
These messengers of heaven come,
Inspiring thoughts of higher life,
Free from all sorrow, fear, and strife.—*Chorus.*

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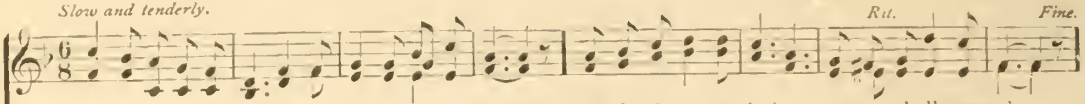
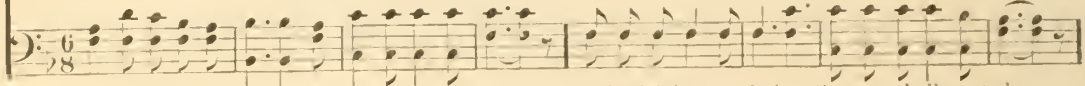
SAD THE SILENCE.

Words and Music by R. G. Staples.

Slow and tenderly. *Rit.* *Fine.*



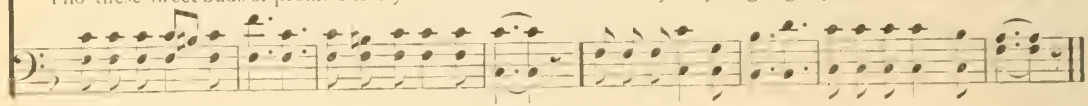
1. Sad the silence at parting From those we dearly love; Blissful the con-so lation, Soon we shall meet above.
2. Silent, silently sleeping, Pulseless, and still, and cold; Still, there's no cause for weeping For lambs of Jesus' fold.



Chorus.—Sad the silence at parting From those we dearly love; Blissful the consolation, Soon we shall meet above.

D. C.

Partings on earth should bring us Nearer, still nearer God; Bowing in sweet submission, Kissing the chast'ning rod.
Tho' these sweet buds of promise Early are called from time, Sweetly they sing in glory, Safe in that blissful clime.



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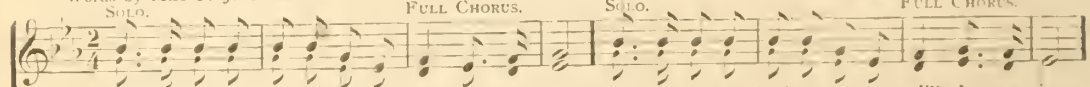
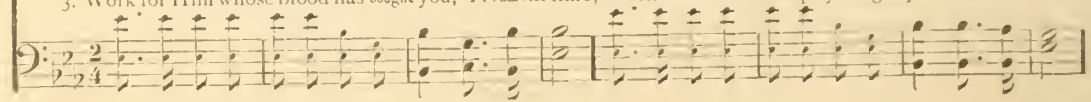
'TIS HARVEST TIME.

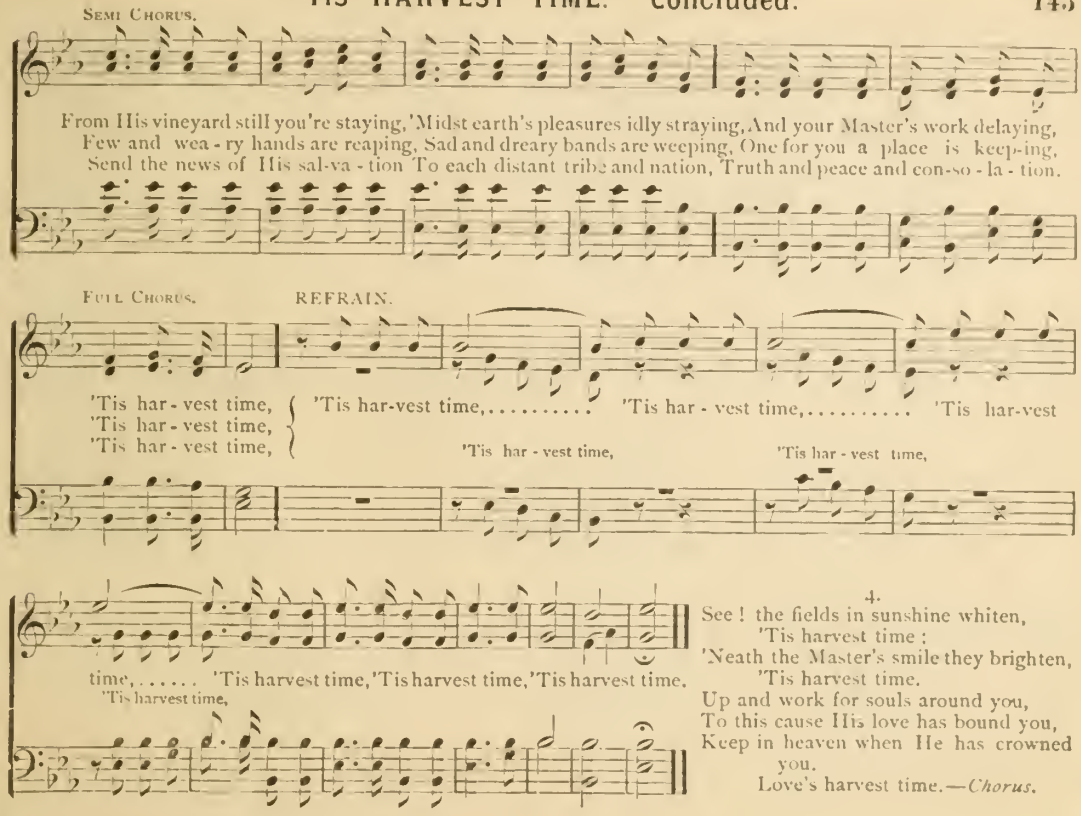
Words by Miss P. J. Owens. Music by ASA HULL.

Solo. Full Chorus. Solo. Full Chorus.



1. See! the sun is high in heaven, 'Tis har - vest time; Hark! your Master's charge is given, 'Tis harvest time
2. See! the fields are white already, 'Tis har - vest time; Come and la-bor, earnest, stea-dy, 'Tis harvest time
3. Work for Him whose blood has bought you, 'Tis harvest time; Work for Him whose pity sought you, 'Tis harvest time.





4.

See! the fields in sunshine whiten,
'Tis harvest time;
'Neath the Master's smile they brighten,
'Tis harvest time.
Up and work for souls around you,
To this cause His love has bound you,
Keep in heaven when He has crowned you.
Love's harvest time.—*Chorus.*

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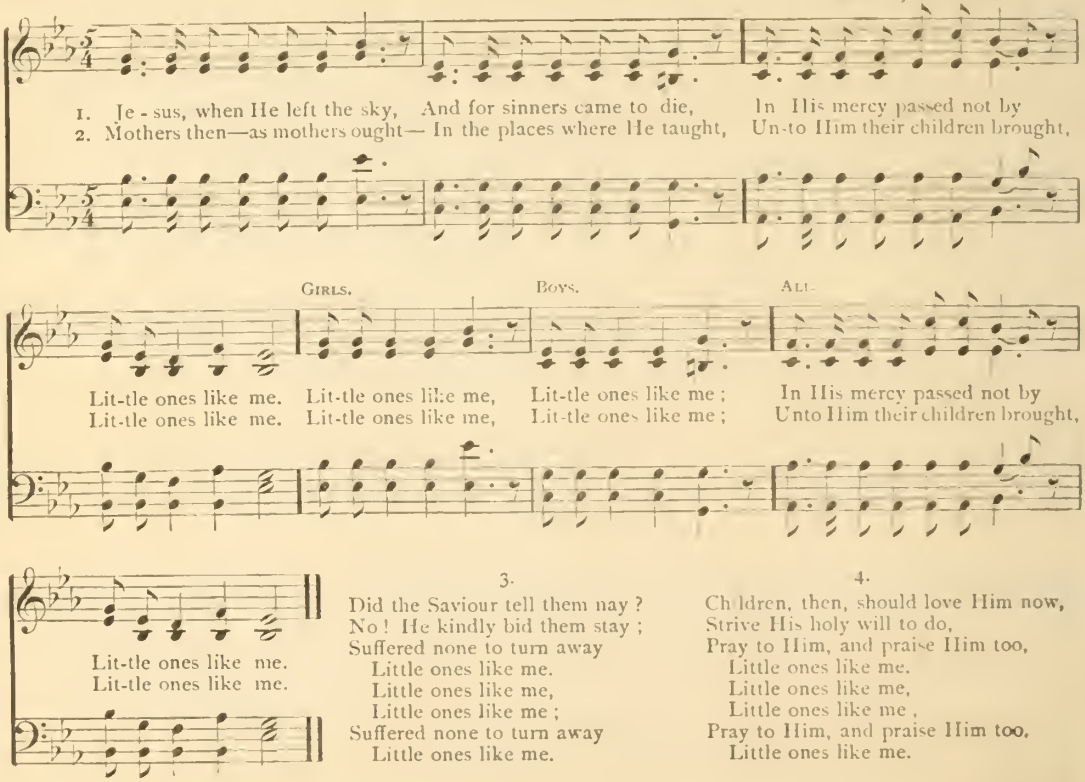
JESUS, SAVIOUR OF ALL.

Music by ASA HULL.



3.

Did the Saviour tell them nay ?
No ! He kindly bid them stay ;
Suffered none to turn away
Little ones like me.
Little ones like me,
Little ones like me ;
Suffered none to turn away
Little ones like me.

4.

Children, then, should love Him now,
Strive His holy will to do,
Pray to Him, and praise Him too,
Little ones like me.
Little ones like me,
Little ones like me ,
Pray to Him, and praise Him too,
Little ones like me.

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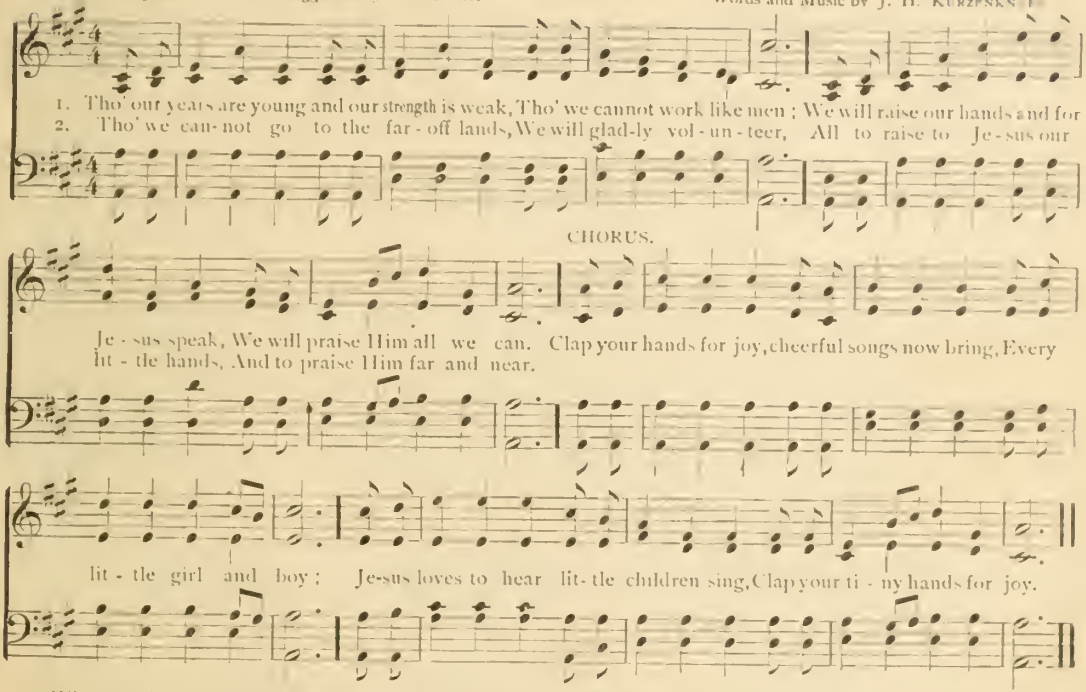
CLAP YOUR HANDS FOR JOY.

May be sung with action, as suggested by the Chorus.

Words and Music by J. H. Kurzenknabe.



3 When our lives were bought, He the ransom paid,
And He made us white as snow;
So then raise all hands, for the Saviour said,
We should praise Him here below.—*Chorus.*

4 We shall sing at last with the blood-wash'd throng
On the bright celestial shore;
Then we'll raise our hands till in sweeter song
We shall praise Him for evermore.—*Chorus.*

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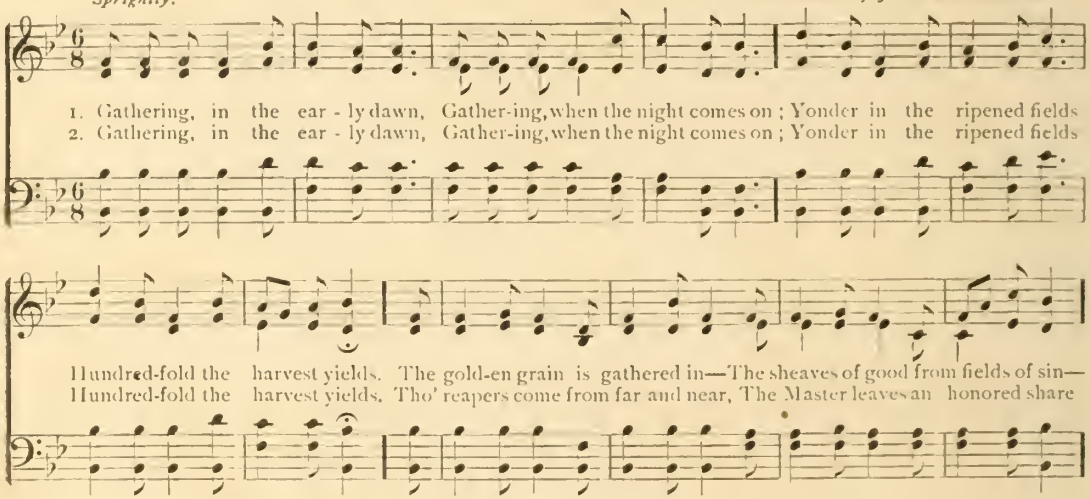
BUSY LITTLE GLEANERS.

Sprightly.

Words and Music by J. H. Kurzenknabe.



3.

Gathering, in the early dawn, etc.,
Out in the highway where you go,
To plant or reap, there's work to do ;
‖: For busy little gleaners. :‖

4.

Gathering, in the early dawn, etc.,
Amid the glow of autumn leaves,
We carry home our golden sheaves,
‖: Such happy little gleaners. :‖

** Echo may be sung by eight or ten girls, in an adjoining room.*

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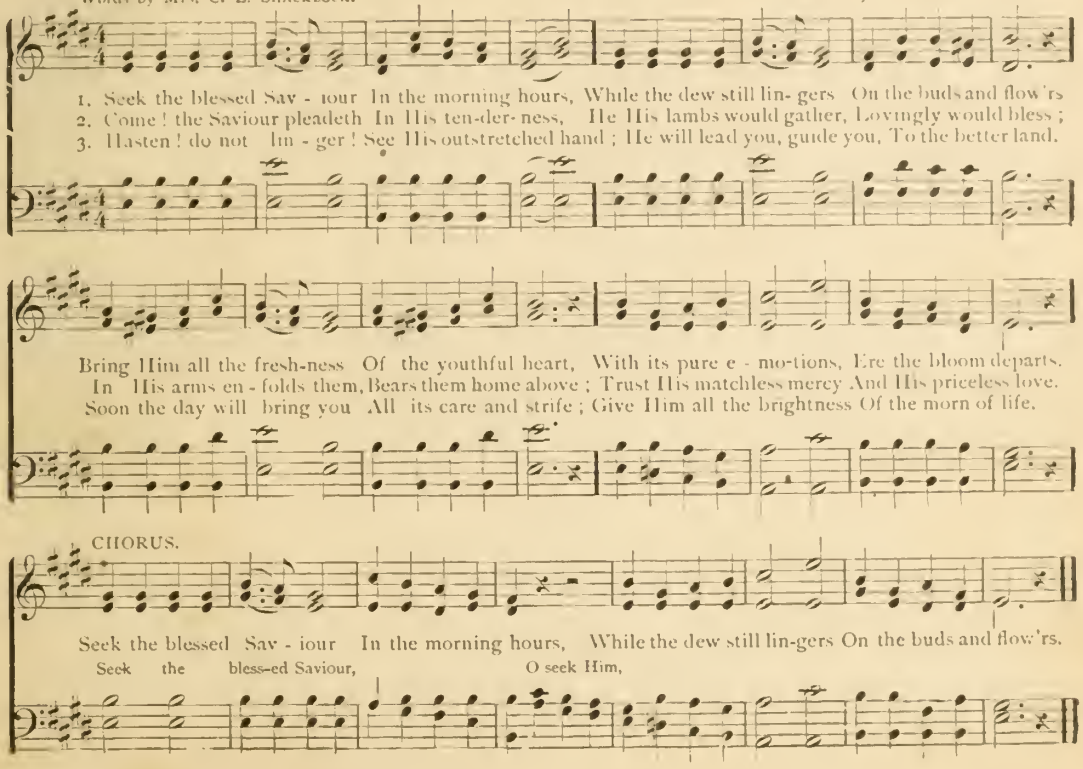
IN THE MORN OF LIFE.

Words by Mrs. C. L. Shacklock.

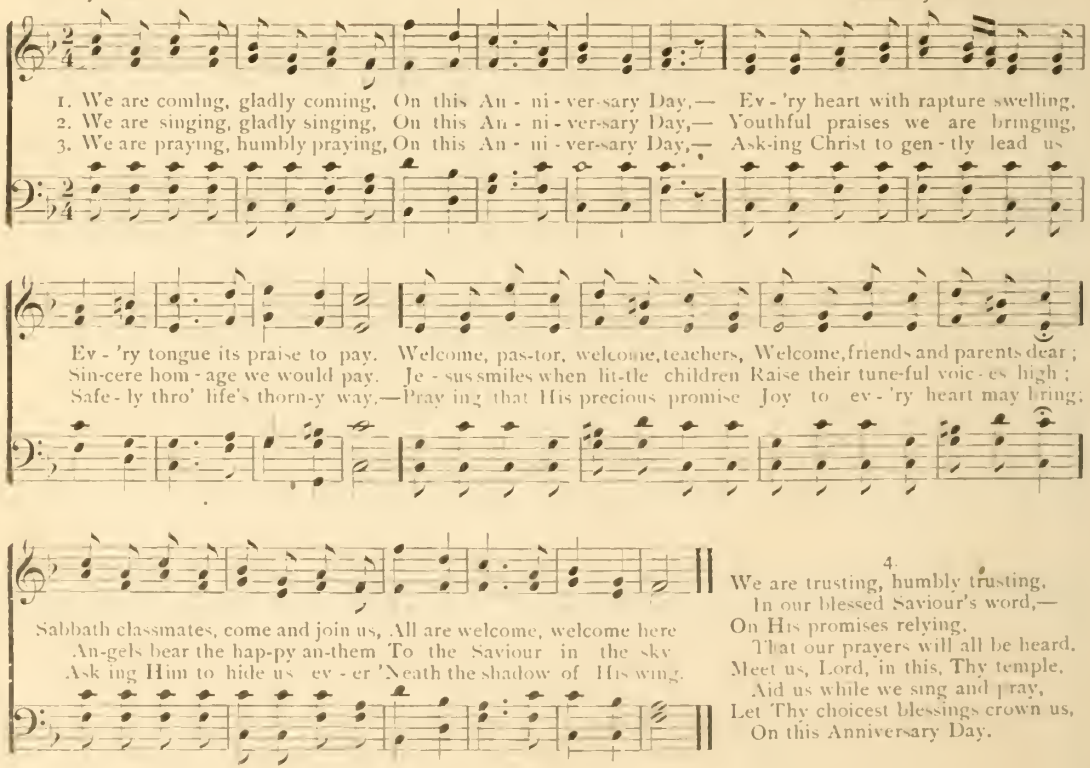
Music by T. Frank Allen.



COMING, GLADLY COMING.

Spirited.

Music by A ALLMUTH.



4.

We are trusting, humbly trusting,
In our blessed Saviour's word,—
On His promises relying,
That our prayers will all be heard.
Meet us, Lord, in this, Thy temple,
Aid us while we sing and pray,
Let Thy choicest blessings crown us,
On this Anniversary Day.

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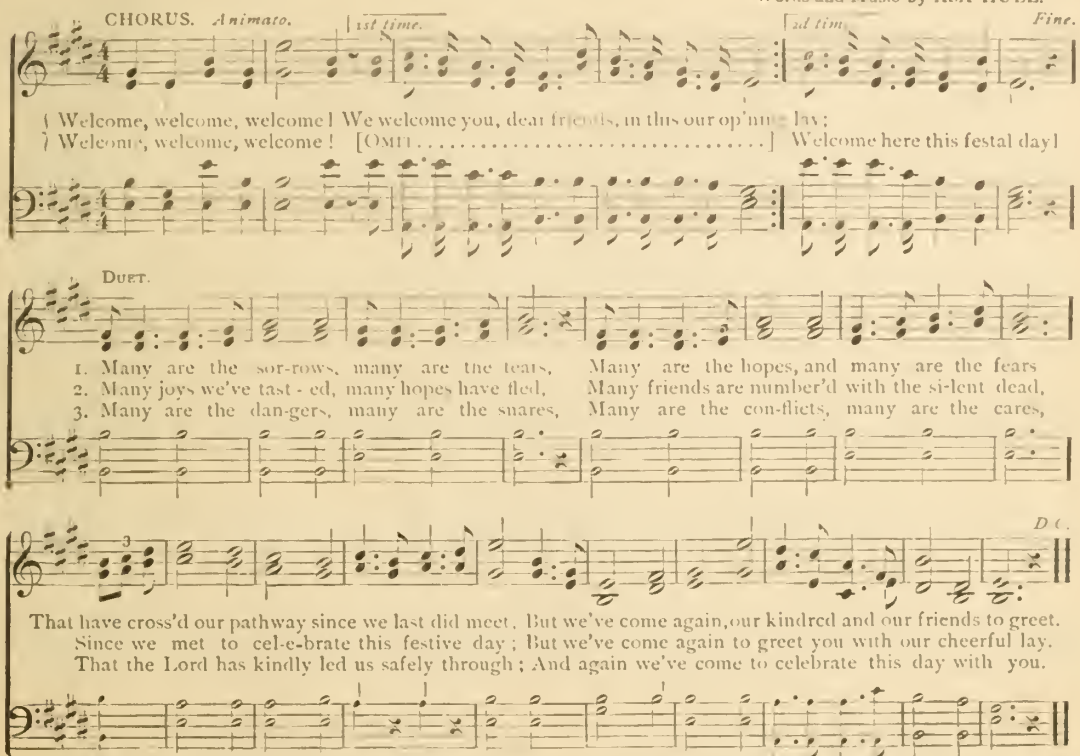
OPENING LAY.

Words and Music by ASA HULL.



Sing entirely through, without Interlude, commencing and ending with the Chorus.

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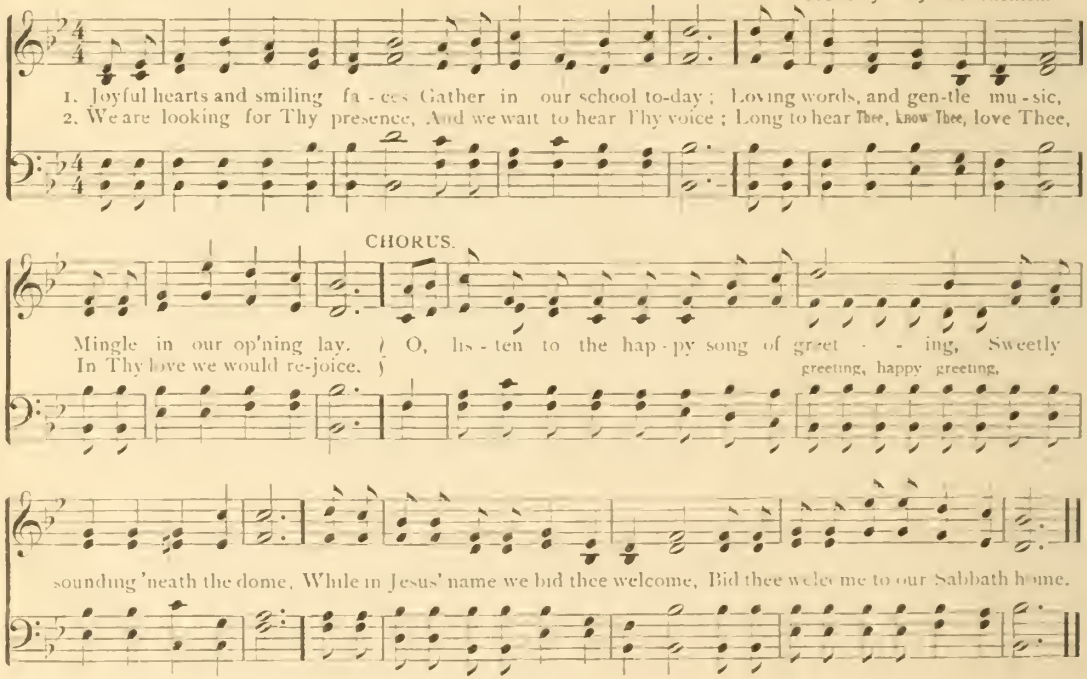
GREETING SONG.

Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.



3 Gently lead our hearts, O Jesus!
Help us, lest we go astray;
Teach us always to obey Thee,
Guide us in the narrow way.—*Chorus.*

4 May the grace of God the Father,
And the Saviour's tender love;
With the blessed Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.—*Chorus.*

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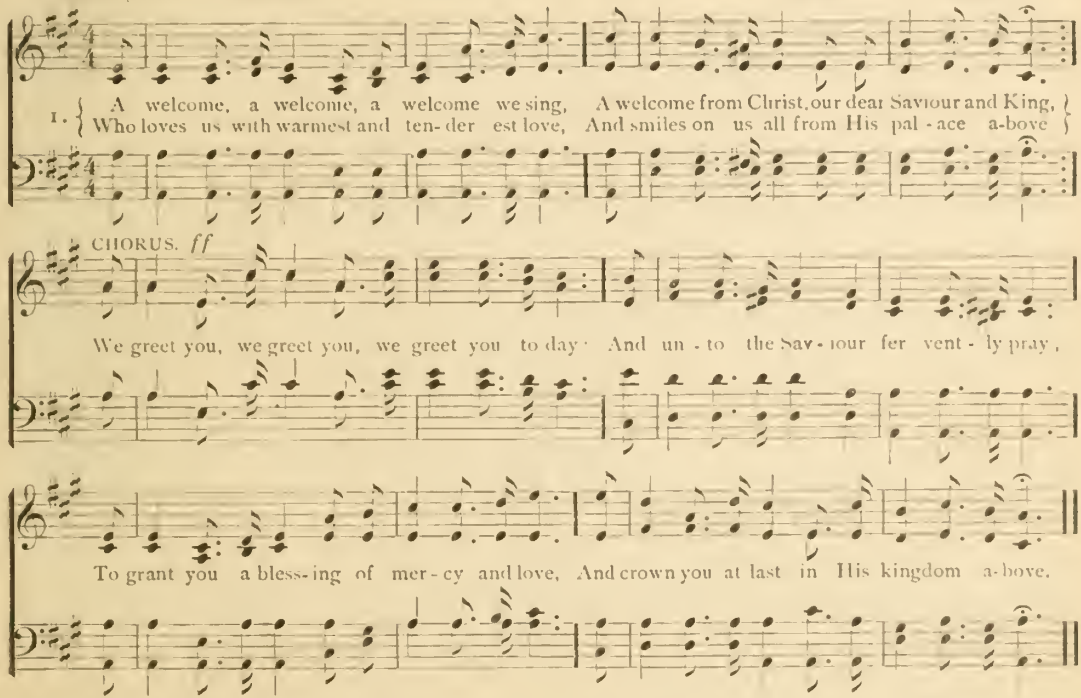
A WELCOME TO ALL

Words by Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

Music by Chas. H. Gabriel.



2 A welcome, a welcome, a welcome to all,
To parents, and friends, to the great and the small,
Unite in the songs that we joyfully raise,
The blessed Redeemer of sinners to praise.—*Chorus.*

3 A welcome, a welcome, a welcome to-day
We gather from home and our earth-cares away,
And send up our thoughts to the kingdom on high,
The home we are seeking beyond the blue sky.—*Cho.*

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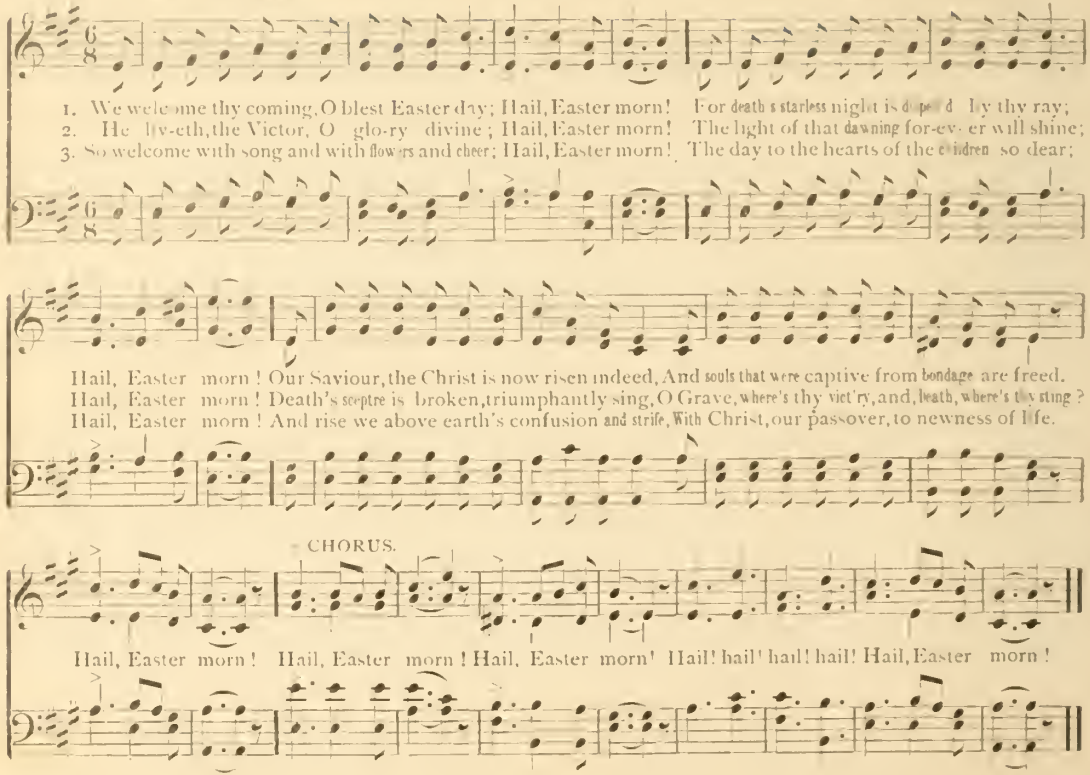
HAIL, EASTER MORN!

Words by Marian Froelich. Music by G. Froelich.



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OUR RISEN LORD.

Words by Mary D. James.

Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Our glo-rious ris-en Lord— By earth and heav'n ador'd— Vic - to-rious King! Who vanquish'd death and hell, Whose love no tongue can tell, His praise we sing! Hal - le - lu - jah sing! hal - le - lu-jah! Let the joy - ful tidings ring! Christ the Lord is ris-en, hal - le - lu-jah! He is ris - en, vic-to-rious King! Hallelujah!

2. The tomb could not re - tain The Lamb for sinners slain, God's bless-ed Son; Vic - to-rious o'er the grave, The might-y One to save, Our tri - umph won!

3. "The Lord is ris'n in-deed!" And now to in - ter - cede For us He stands Be-fore His Father's throne, Delights our names to own, Grav'n on His hands!

4. O wondrous, glorious plan To save re-bel-lious man! O matchless grace! We would His love pro claim, And mag - ni - fy His name In cease - less praise.

CHORUS.

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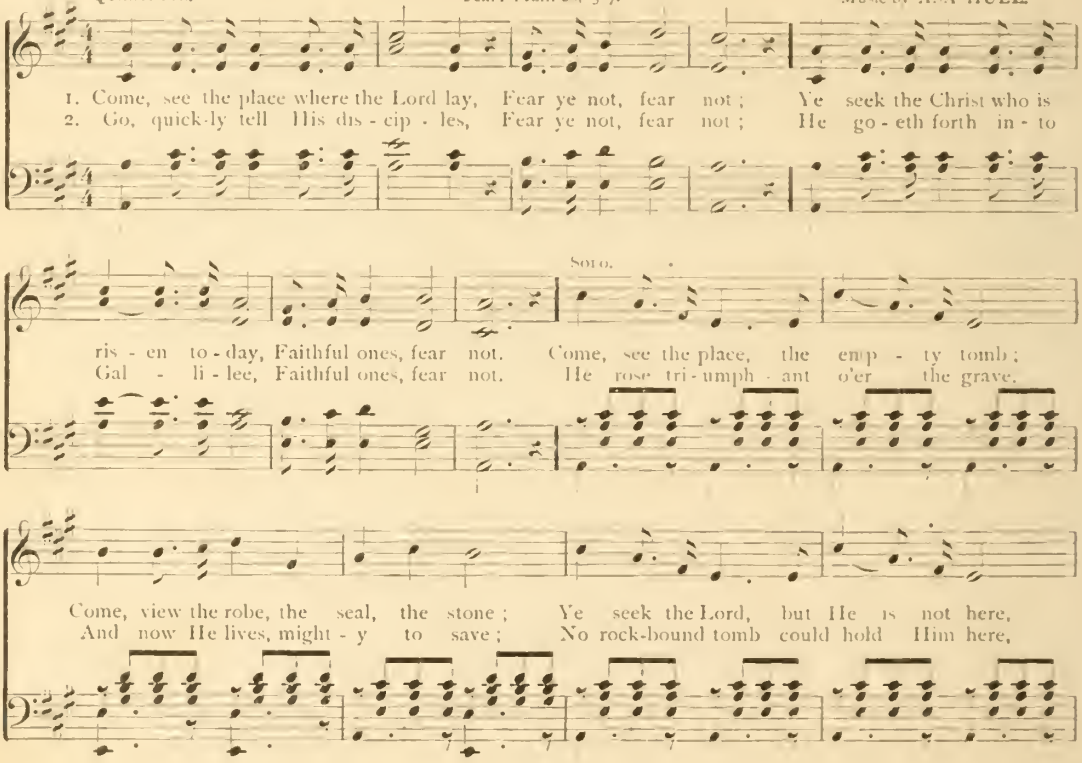
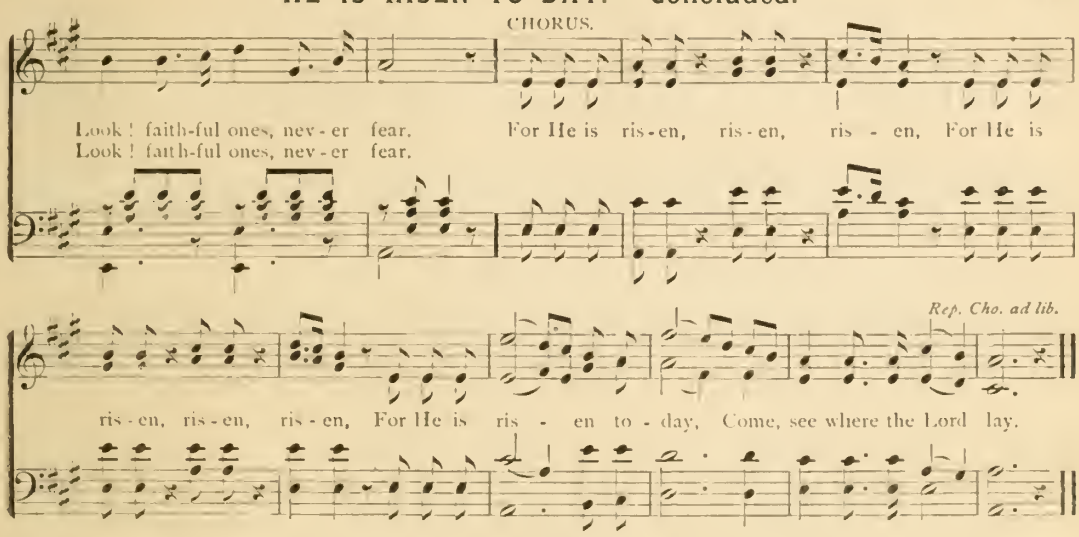
HE IS RISEN TO-DAY.

QUARTETTE. Text: Matt. 28, 5-7. Music by ASA HULL.



HE IS RISEN TO-DAY. Concluded.



CHRIST IS RISEN TO-DAY.

TUNE —"*Gospel Praise Book*," p. 229.

1 CHRIST, the Lord, is ris'n to-day,
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heav'ns,—and earth, reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,—
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er:
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save;
Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?

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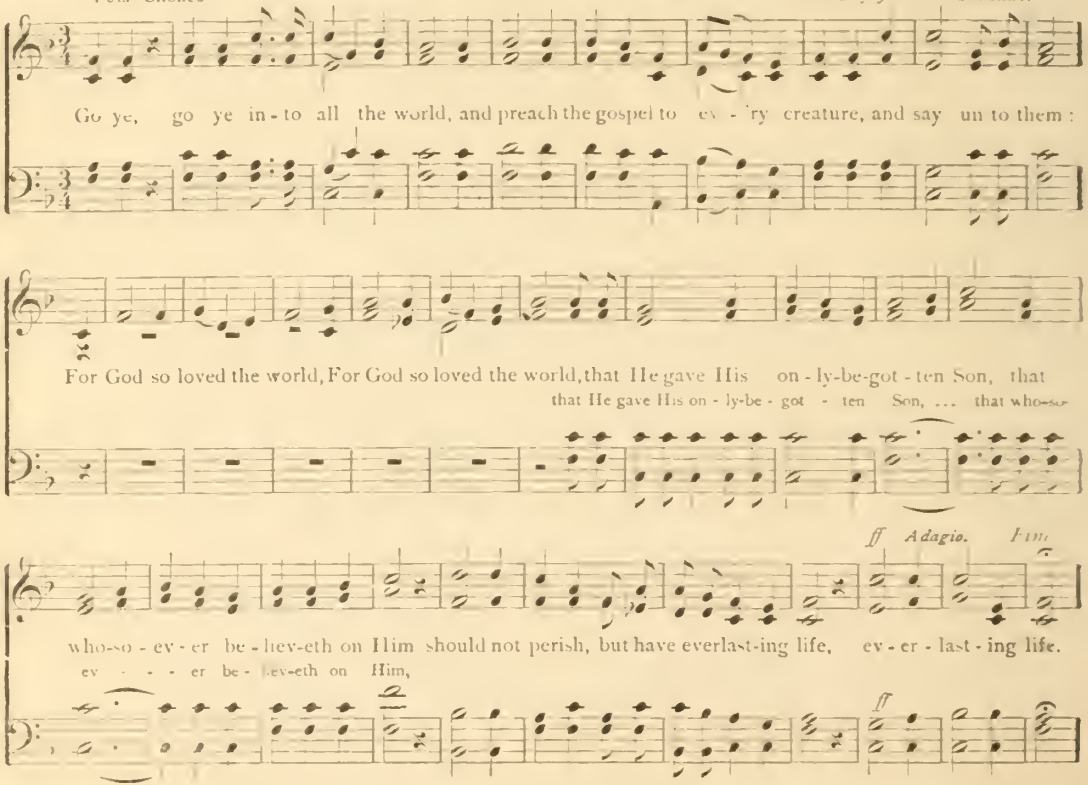
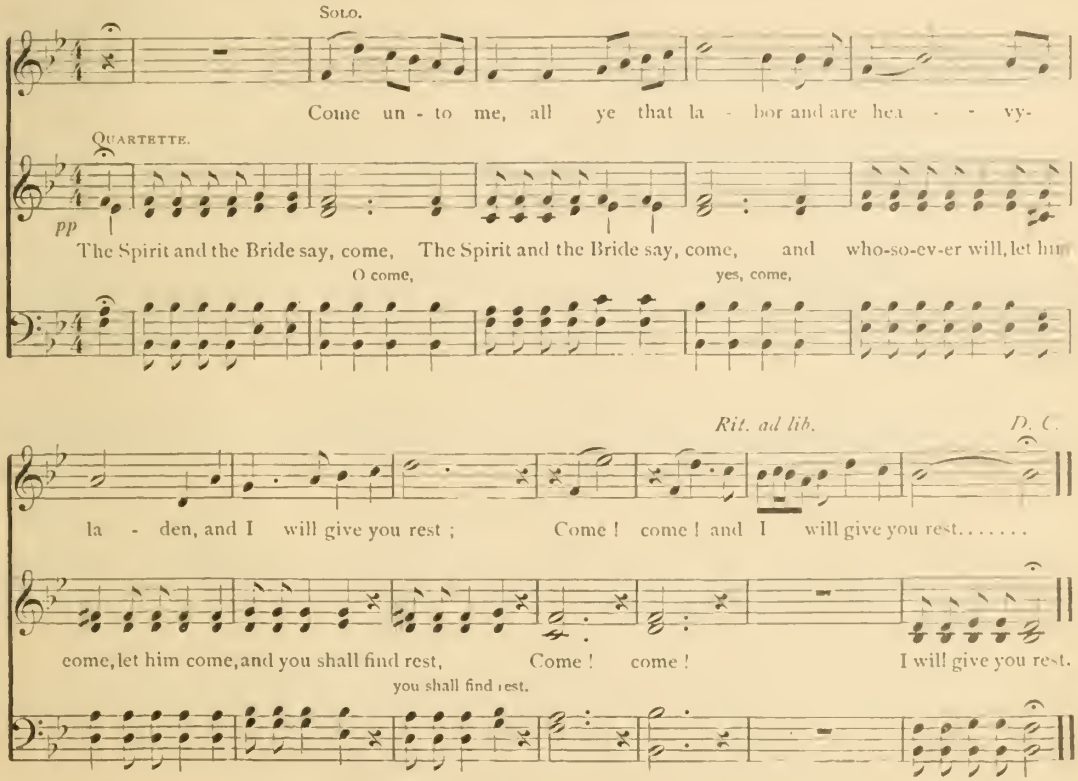
GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD.

FULL CHORUS

Music by JOHN H. SARCHET.




Solo.
Come un - to me, all ye that la - bor and are hea - - vy-
Quartette.
pp
The Spirit and the Bride say, come, The Spirit and the Bride say, come, and who-so-ev-er will, let him
O come, yes, come,
Rit. ad lib.
D. C.
la - den, and I will give you rest ; Come ! come ! and I will give you rest.....
come, let him come, and you shall find rest, Come ! come ! I will give you rest.
you shall find rest.

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WAKE THE SONG OF JUBILEE.

Music by ASA HULL.

QUARTETTE.

1. Wake the song of ju - bi - lee, Let it ech - o o'er the sea; Now is come the promised hour, Je-sus

REFRAIN *for each verse.*

mp *Cres.*

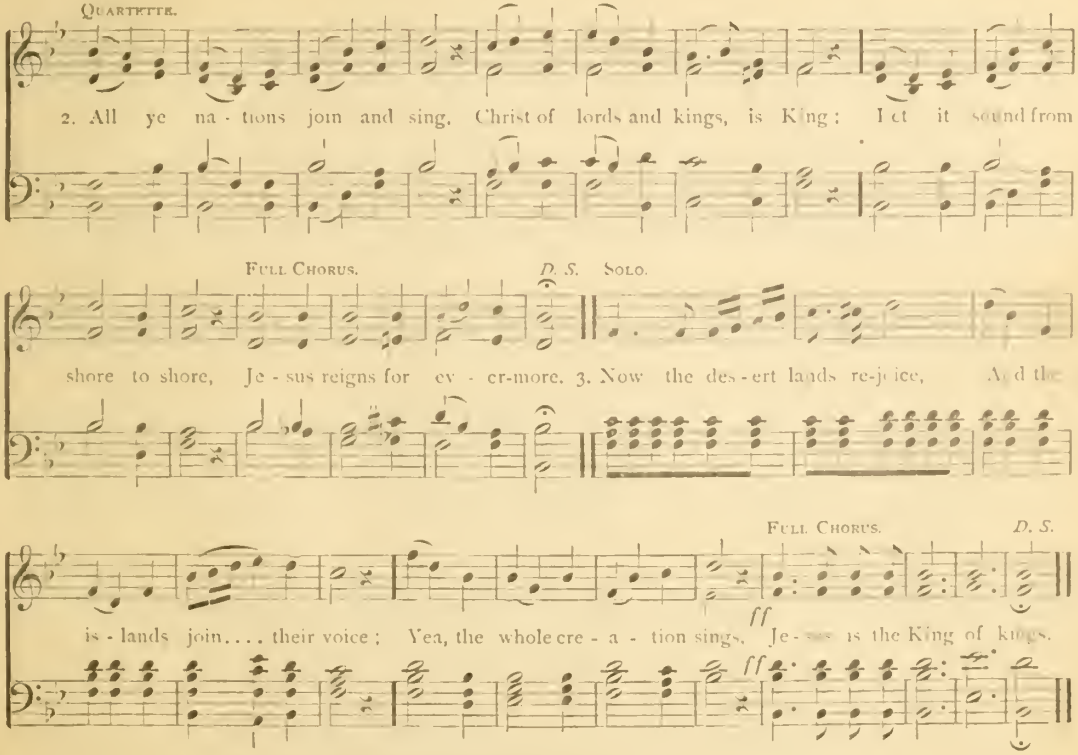
reigns with sov' - reign pow'r. Wake the song of ju - bi - lee, Let it ech - o o'er the

Wake the song, the song of ju - bi-lee, Let it ech - o, ech - o

Rit. *Fine.*

sea; Now is come the promis'd hour, Je - sus reigns with sov' reign pow'r.

o'er the sea; Now is come, is come the promis'd hour, Je-sus reigns with sov' - reign pow'r.



NOTE.—*Return to Refrain after singing the 2d verse, also after 3d verse.*

ANTHEM—"Praise the Lord."

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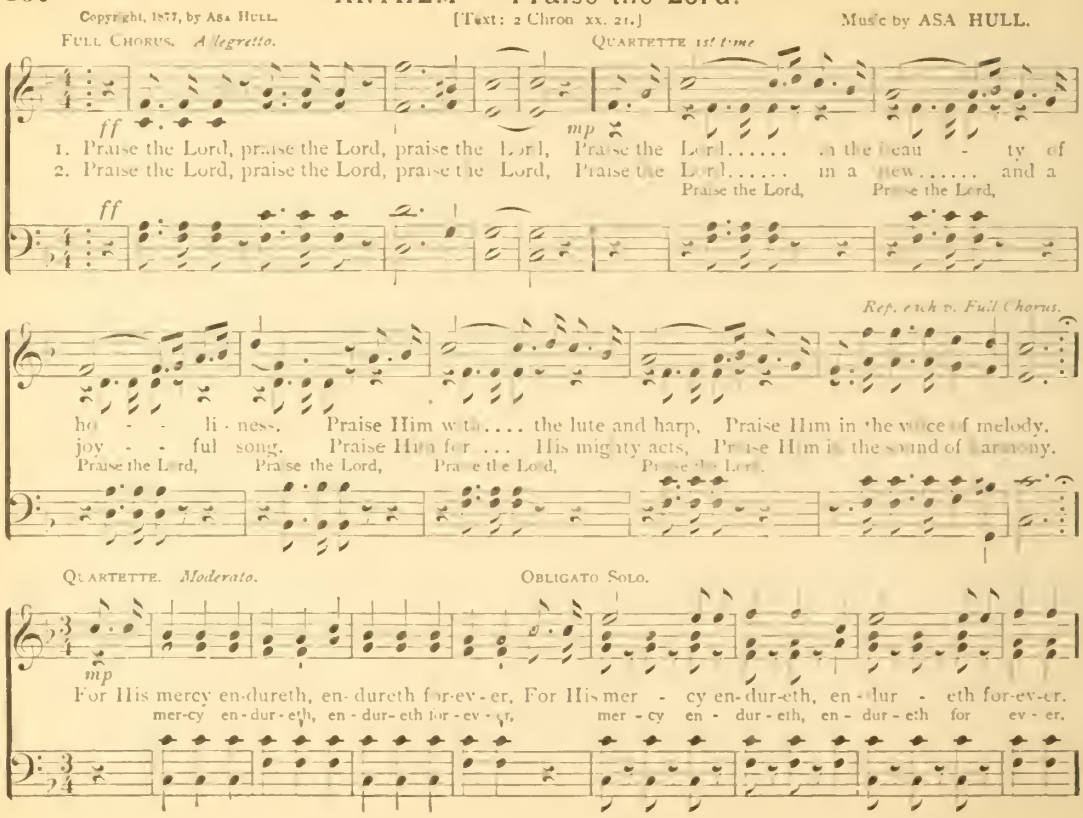
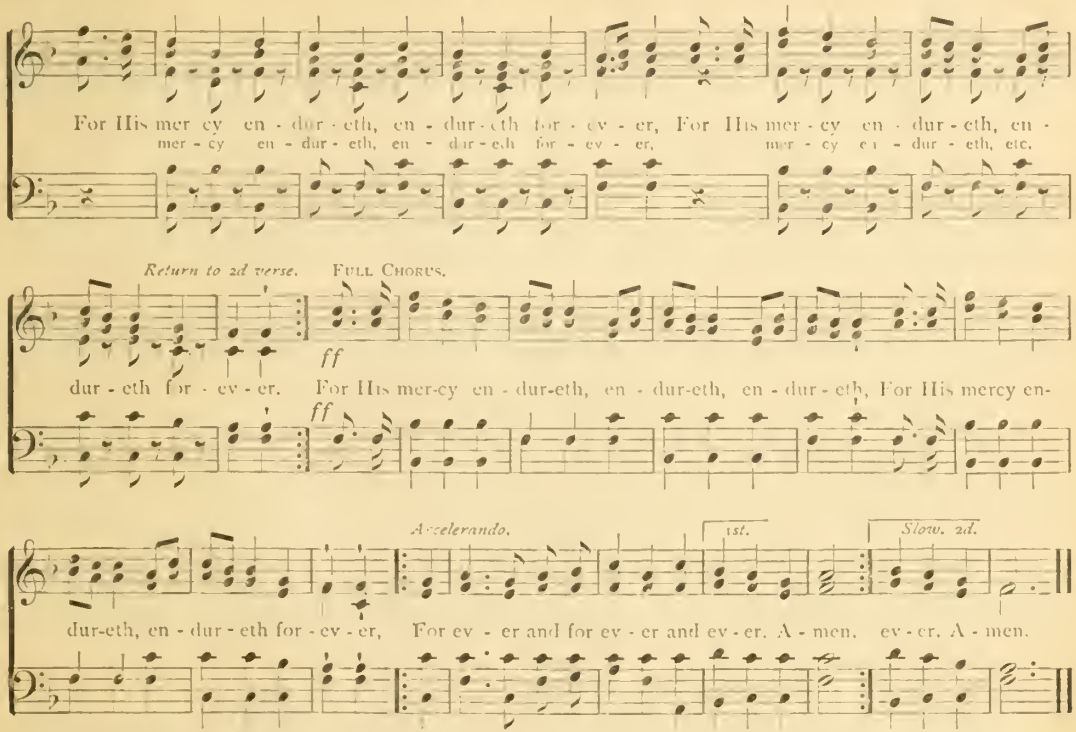
[Text: 2 Chron xx. 21.]

Music by ASA HULL.





Note.—*This piece may be sung through as Full Chorus, omitting the first repeat, singing the second Quartette very softly, Sopranos taking the Obligato Solo, leaving the harmony parts to the Altos. The movement in triple measure should be sung in slow and exact time until the last strain is reached, which should be accelerated as indicated. It will be found more interesting, if possible to sing it as marked.*

PRAISE HIS HOLY NAME.

Copyright, 1880, by D. W. Knowles.

Words and Music by ASA HULL.

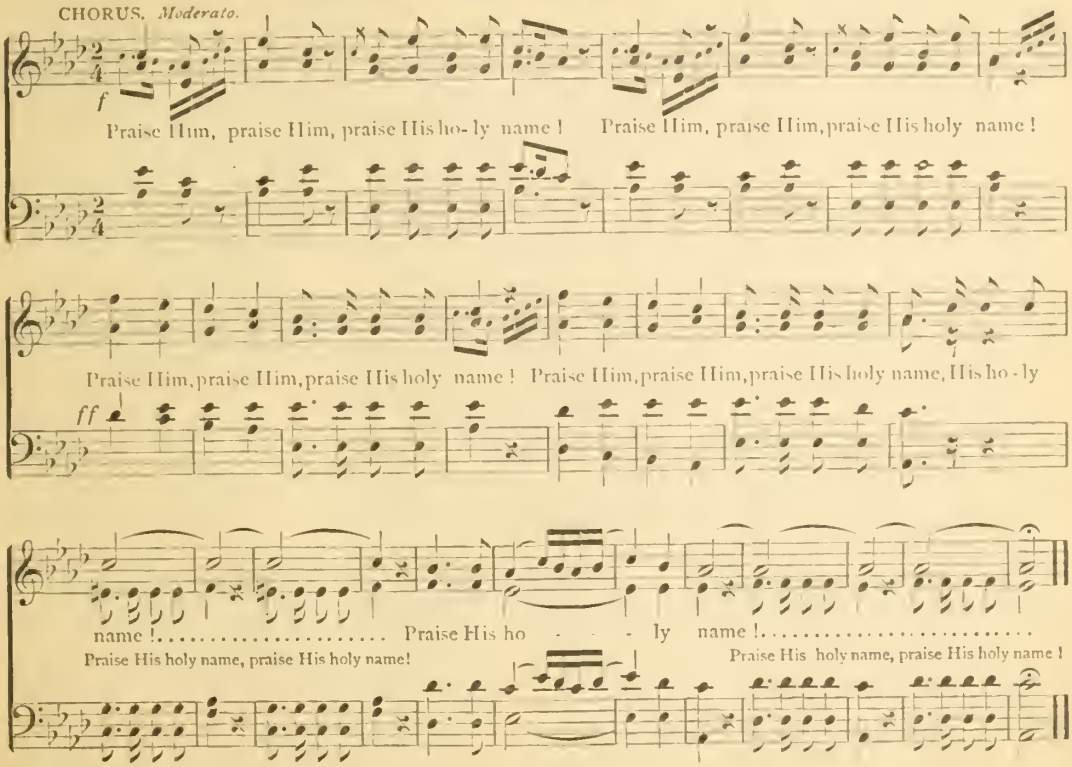
Allegretto.

1. Un - to the God of the sea - sons, Let Earth her tribute raise; And un - to the Lord of the
2. Glo - ry and hon - or, do - min - ion, Be un - to Him a - lone; For He is the Rul - er of

QUARTETTE.

har - vest, We would of - fer grateful praise. His goodness sends the early rain, And gives the summer
na - tions, And the u - niverse, His throne. The cat - tle on a thousand hills Are fed by His al -

sun to shine; Its warmth matures the gold - en grain, Revives the earth, and cheers the vine.
might - y hand; He slakes their thirst from sparkling rills, And laves with streams the thirsty land.


CHORUS. Moderato.
f
Praise Him, praise Him, praise His ho- ly name ! Praise Him, praise Him, praise His holy name !
Praise Him, praise Him, praise His holy name ! Praise Him, praise Him, praise His holy name, His ho - ly
ff
name !..... Praise His ho - - - - ly name !.....
Praise His holy name, praise His holy name!
Praise His holy name, praise His holy name !

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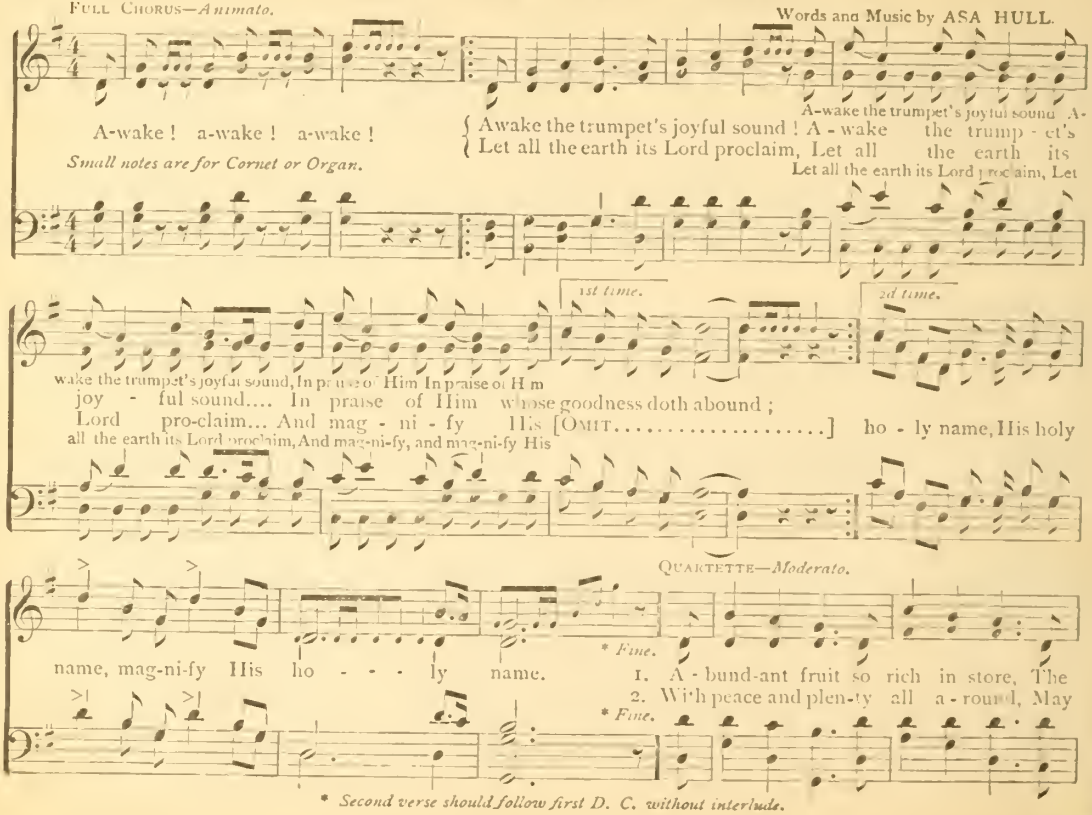
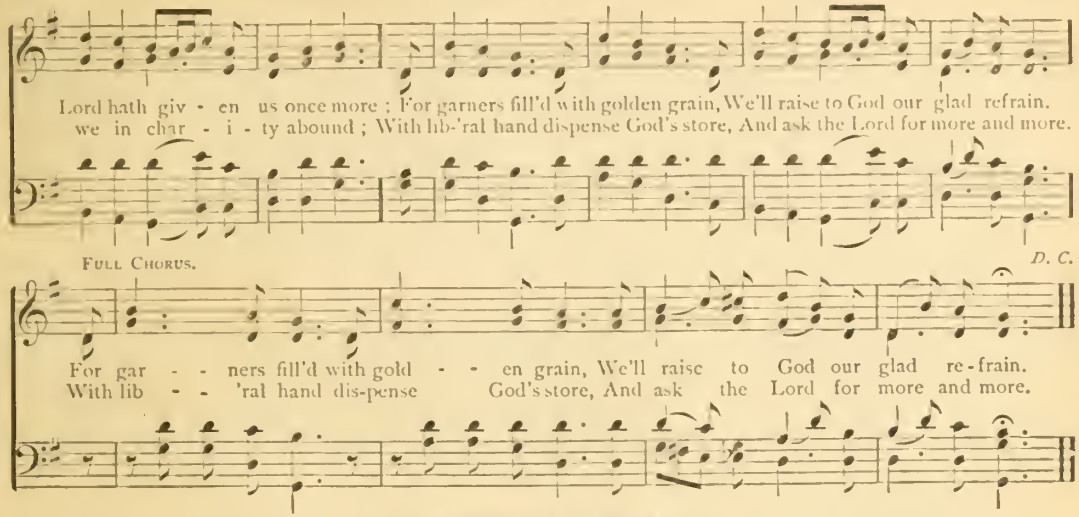
THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

Words and Music by ASA HULL.

FULL CHORUS—*Animato.*



* *Second verse should follow first D. C. without interlude.*



ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

Tune.—"*Thanksgiving and Praise.*"

Full Cho. Awake! Awake! awake! etc.
Quartette. We come again with right good cheer,
To greet our friends and kindred here ;
With joyousness our voices raise
In a triumphant song of praise.
Full Cho. With joyousness our voices raise
In a triumphant song of praise.

2.

Full Cho. Awake! awake! awake! etc.
Quartette. Another year its tale hath told
Of joy and sorrow, as of old :
As borne on time's resistless wing
We'll praise the Lord our heav'nly King.
Full Cho. As borne on time's resistless wing, etc.

3.

Full Cho. Awake! awake! awake! etc.
Quartette. Our days are passing as a dream,
So sweetly gliding down life's stream ;
No darksome clouds o'ercast our sky,
For joy now beams from ev'ry eye.
Full Cho. No darksome clouds o'ercast our sky, etc.
Da Capo. Awake! awake! awake! etc.

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TRIBUTE OF PRAISE.

Words and Music by F. U. Edel.

Solo. Semi-chorus.

1. Un - to our fa - ther's God we raise; Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
2. Born to re-deem the world thro' love; Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!

Chorus. An - gels and men now join to sing; Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry hal - le lu - jah!

Solo. Semi-chorus. *Fine.* Solo.

Our grateful song of love and praise; Glory halle-lu - jah ev - ermore! When the world was tempest-tost;
Je - sus our Saviour reigns above; Glo-ry hal- le-lu - jah ev - er-more! Joy-ful- ly your anthems raise;

Praises to Christ our heav'nly King; Glo-ry hal- le-lu - jah ev - er-more!

Semi-chorus. Solo. *D. C.*

Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry hal le-lu-jah! Jesus came to save the lost, And guide to heav'n's bright shore.
Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! Fill the earth with gladsome praise Till time shall be no more.

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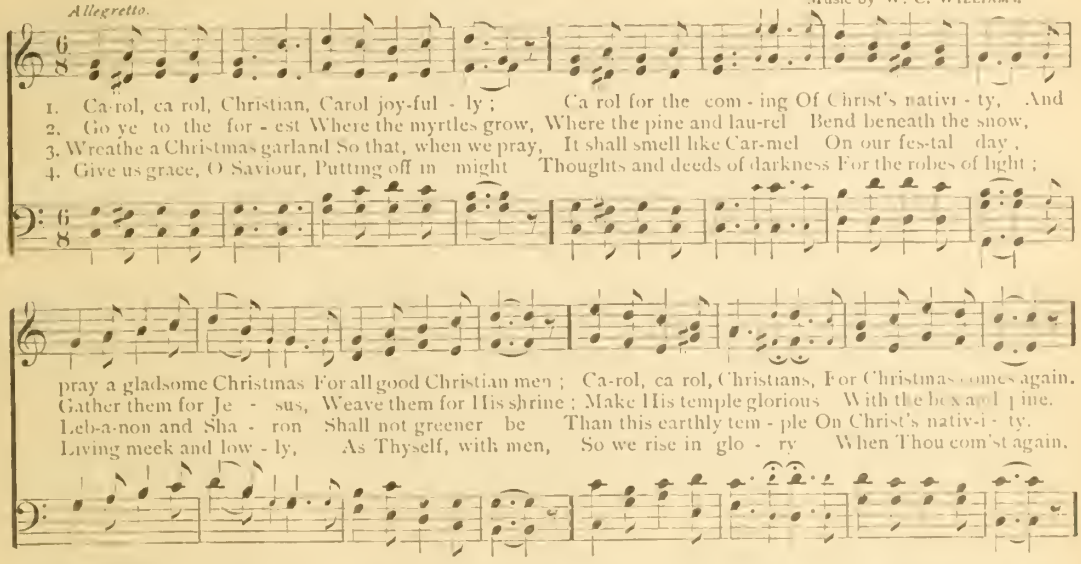
CAROL JOYFULLY.

Music by W. C. Williams.

Allegretto.



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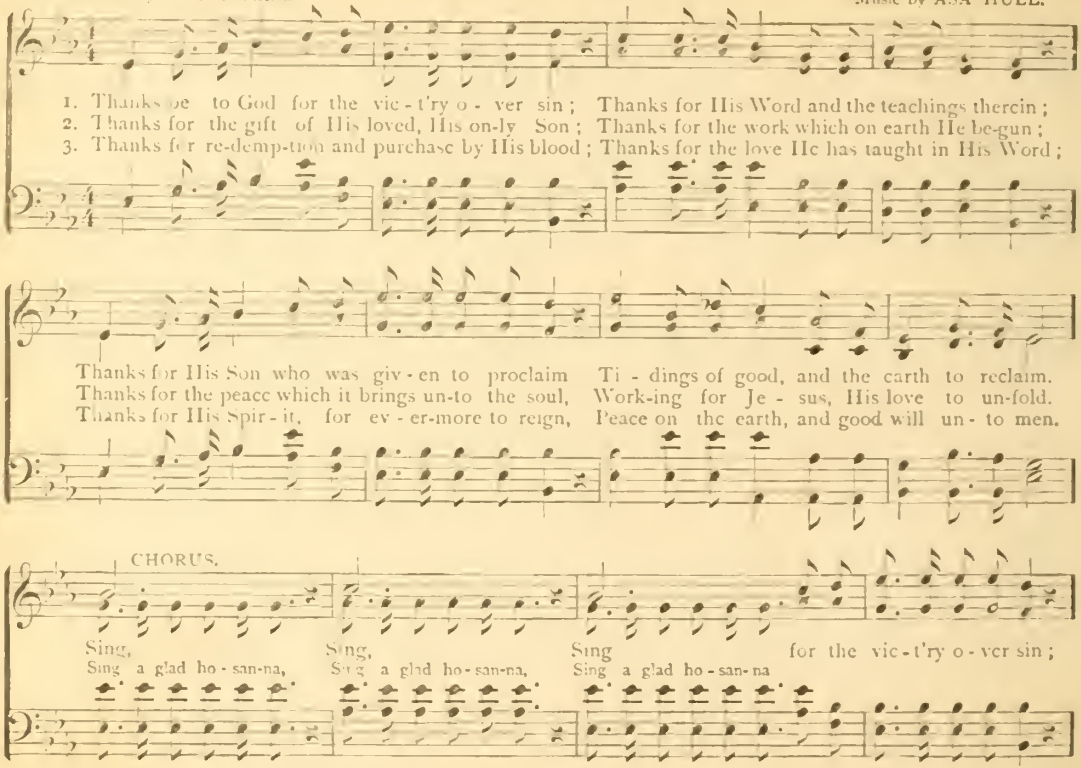
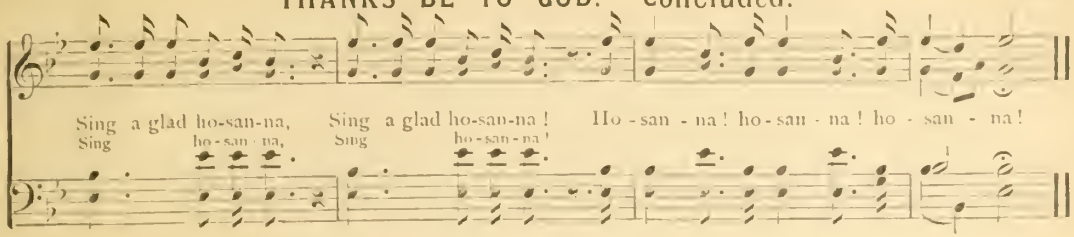
THANKS BE TO GOD.

Words by H. S. Perkins.

Music by ASA HULL.



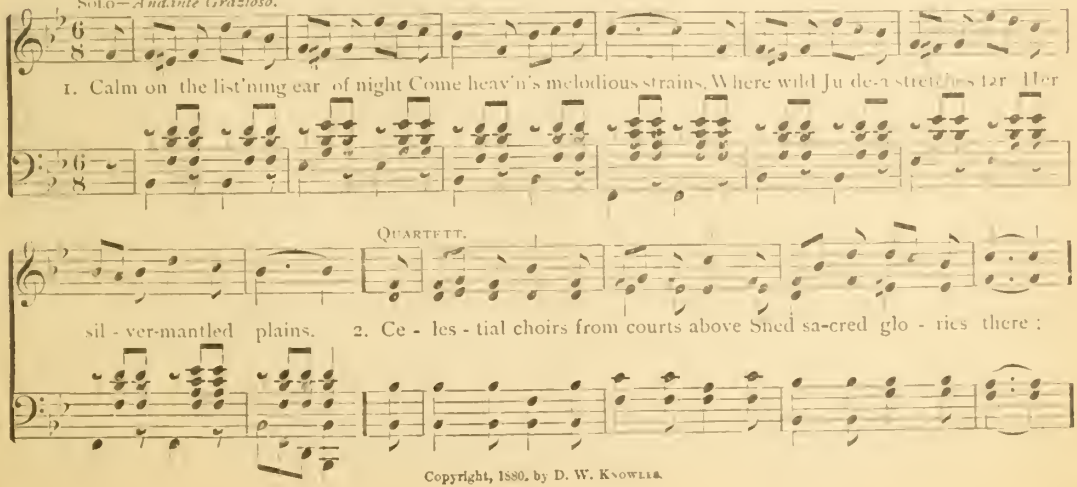
THANKS BE TO GOD. Concluded.



CALM ON THE LIST'NING EAR OF NIGHT.

Words by EDMUND H. SEARS. Music by J. H. TENNEY.

SOLO—*Andante Grazioso.*



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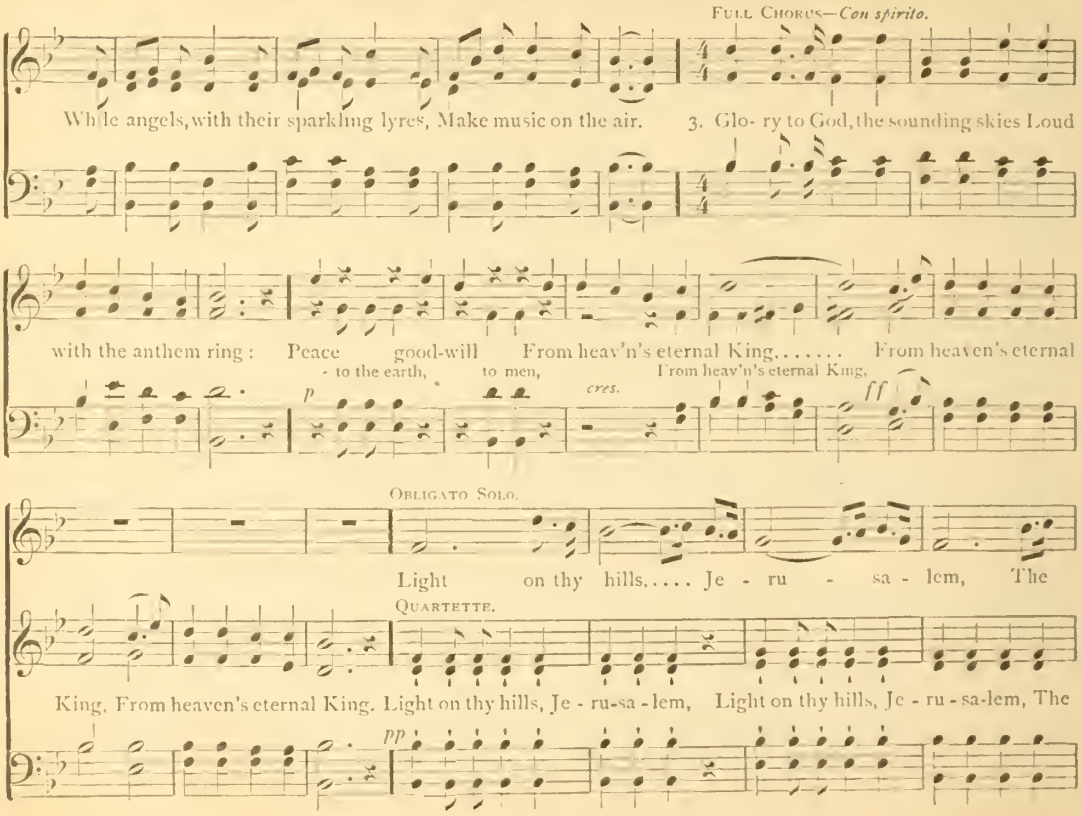
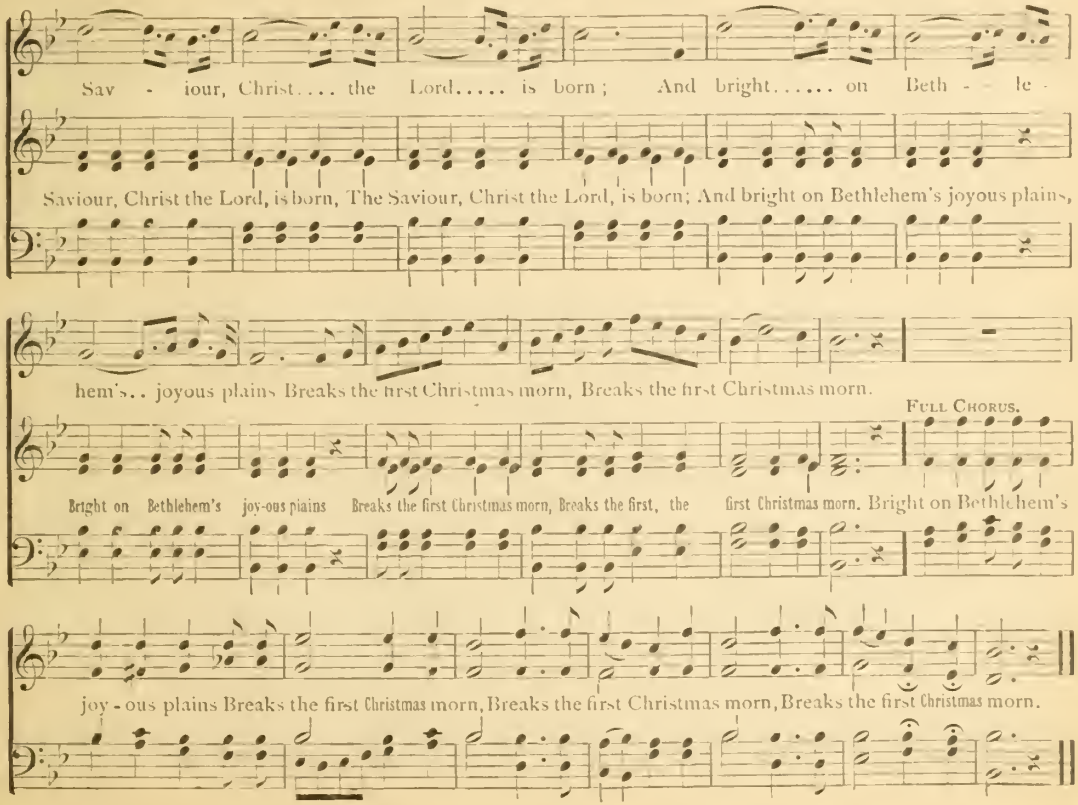
CALM ON THE LIST'NING EAR. Continued.




Sav - iour, Christ.... the Lord..... is born; And bright..... on Beth - le -
Saviour, Christ the Lord, is born, The Saviour, Christ the Lord, is born; And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains,
hem's.. joyous plains Breaks the first Christmas morn, Breaks the first Christmas morn.
Full Chorus.
Bright on Bethlehem's joy-ous plains Breaks the first Christmas morn, Breaks the first, the first Christmas morn. Bright on Bethlehem's
joy - ous plains Breaks the first Christmas morn, Breaks the first Christmas morn, Breaks the first Christmas morn.

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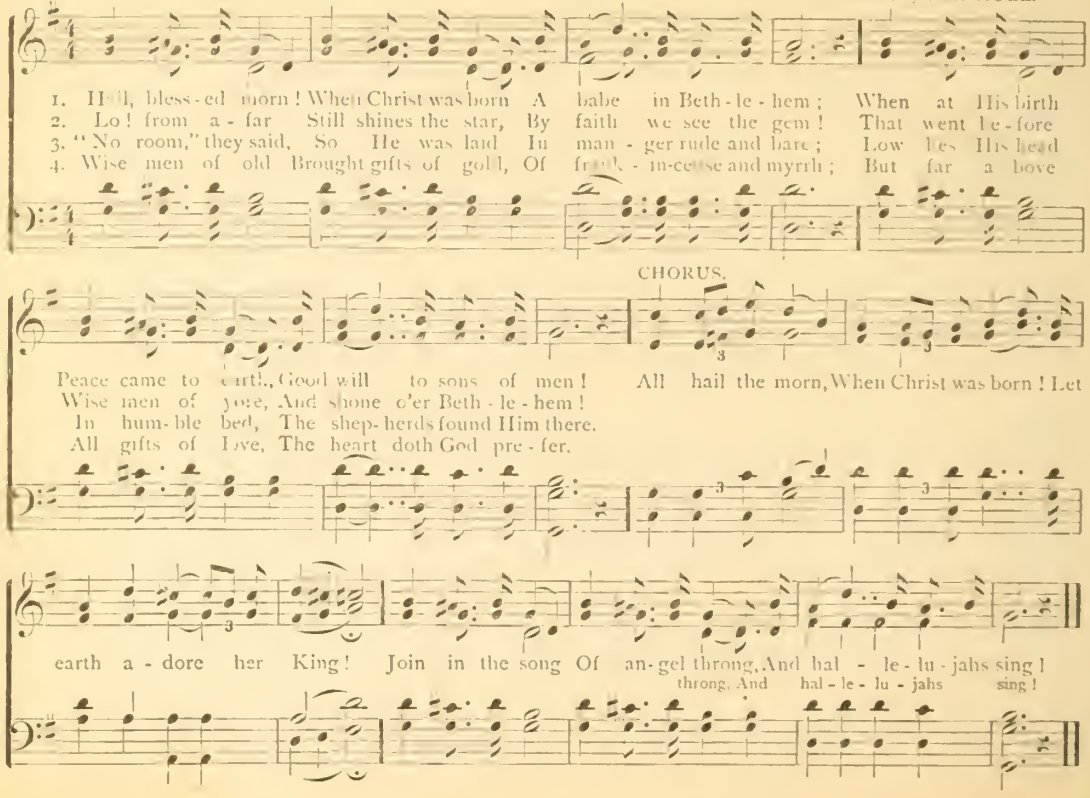
HAIL, BLESSED MORN!

Words by Samuel Callen. Music by ASA HULL.



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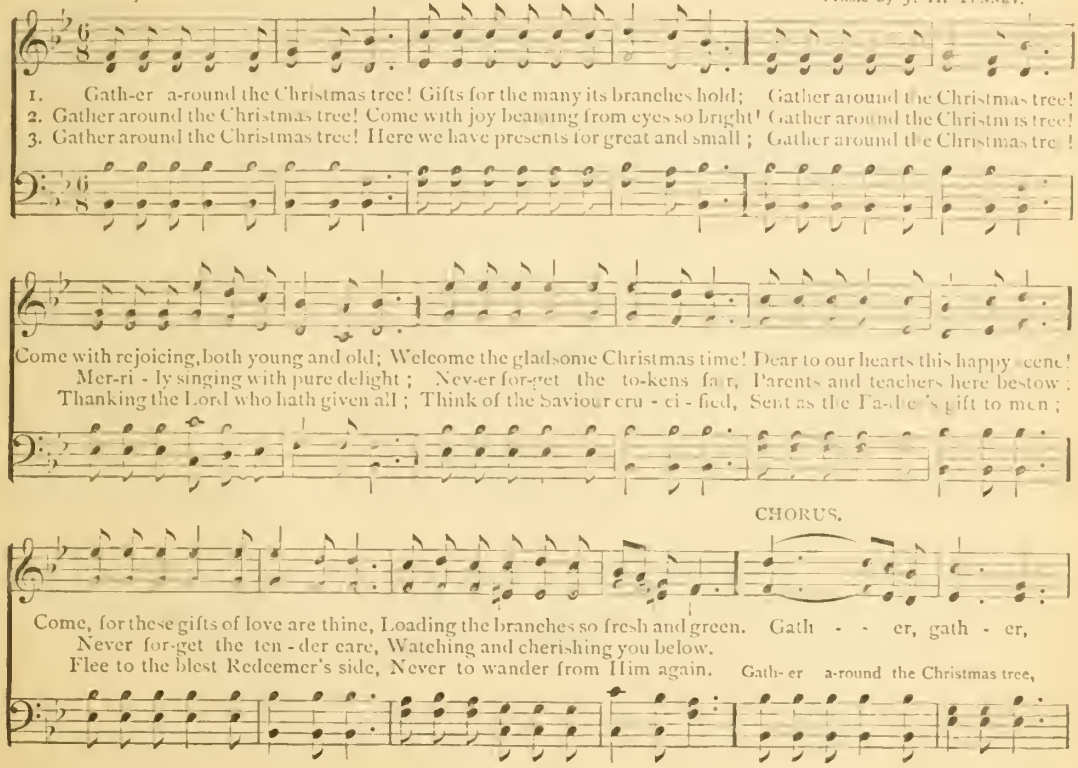
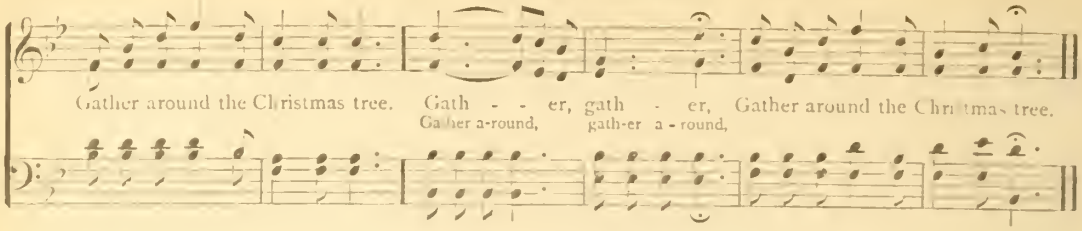
AROUND THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

Words by E. R. Latta. Music by J. H. Tenney.



AROUND THE CHRISTMAS TREE. Concluded.

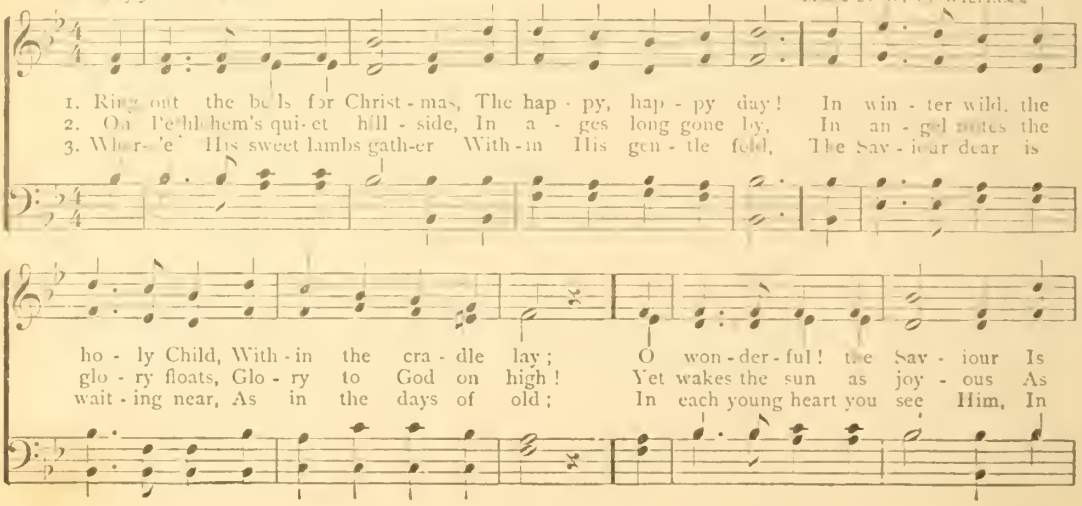


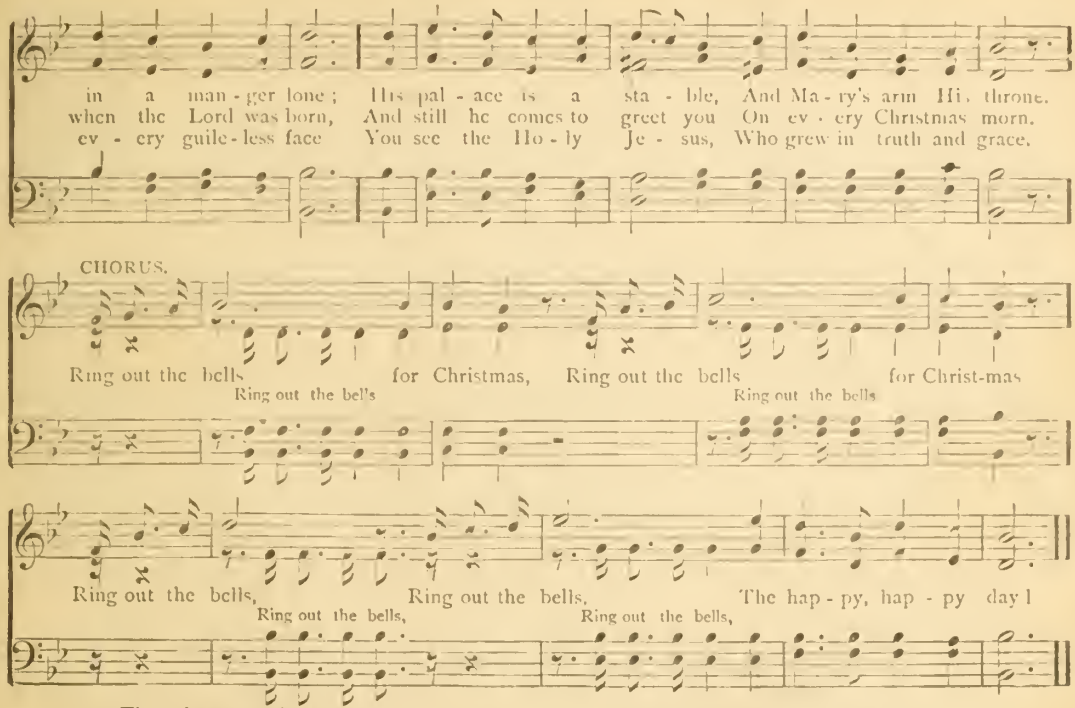
RING OUT THE BELLS.

Copyright, 1879, by Asa Hull.

Words by J. S. B. Hodges.

Music by W. C. Williams.





4 Then sing your gladsome carols,
And hail the new-born Sun,
For Christmas light is passing bright,
It smiles on ev'ry one ;—
And feast Christ's little children,
His poor, His orphans call ;
For He who chose the manger,
He loveth one and all. *Chorus.*

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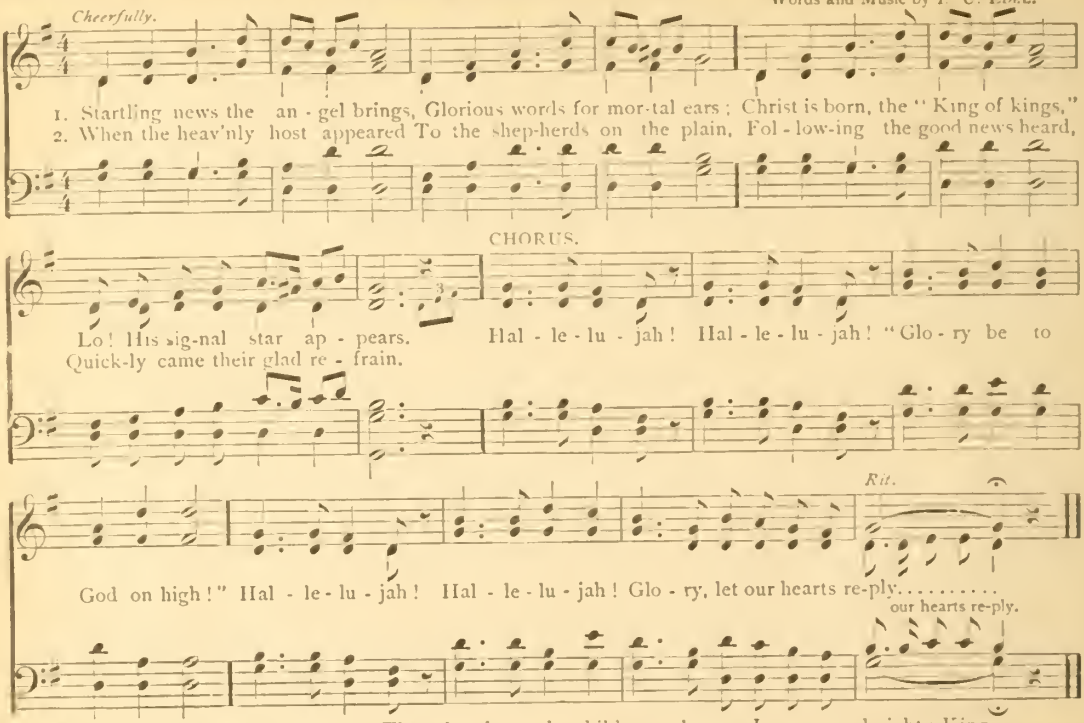
THE WONDROUS BIRTH.

Words and Music by F. U. Edel.



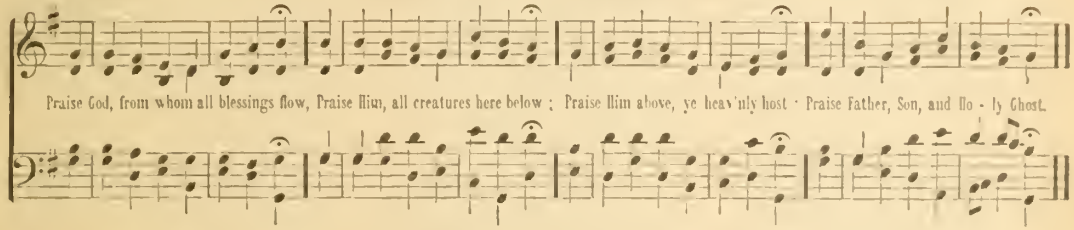
3 Peace on earth, good-will to men,
Jesus comes to save and bless;
Go and find in Bethlehem
Christ the Lord, and Him confess.

4 Then they haste the child to seek,
Trusting in the angel's word;
Worshiping the Saviour meek,
Wise men found in Him their Lord.

5 Jesus, our almighty King,
Lives and reigns in heav'n above;
We adore and gladly sing
Praises for His boundless love.

DEVOTIONAL HYMNS.

No. 1. DOXOLOGY.—Old Hundred.



No. 2. **Tune,* G. P. B., p. 73.

1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name !
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all !

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all !

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all !

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all !

5 O, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall !
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all !

No. 3. *Tune,* G. P. B., p. 59.

1 I HEAR the Saviour say,
Thy strength indeed is small,
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in Me thy all in all.

Cho.—Jesus paid it all ;
All to Him I owe ;
Sin had left a crimson stain,
He washed it white as snow.

2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy blood, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I,
Whereby Thy grace to claim,
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

4 And then complete in Him,
My robe His righteousness,
Close shelter'd 'neath His side,
I am divinely blest.

5 When from my dying bed
My ransom'd soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all !"
Shall fill the vaulted skies.

6 And when before the throne
I stand, in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.

* "*G. P. B.*" *refers to* "*Gospel Praise Book*," *by* ASA HULL.

No. 4. *Tune*, G.P.B., p. 203.

1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour;
Each cry to heaven going
Abundant answers brings;
And heavenly gales are blowing
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above.
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel-call obey.
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

No. 5. *Tune*, G.P.B., p. 77.

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

2 Though like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, etc.

3 There let the way appear
Steps up to heaven:
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given:
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee, etc.

4 Then, with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee, etc.

5 Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,—
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, etc.

No. 6. *Tune*, G.P.B., p. 89.

1 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours,
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flow'rs;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,—
Rest comes sure and soon:
Give ev'ry flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for the day-light flies;
Work, for the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

4 Work, for the night is coming,
Work, while the fields are white;
Work, for thy sands are running,
Work, while hopes are bright;
Gather thy sheaves of morning;
Rest not thy hand at noon;
Labor and strive till evening;
Rest when daylight's gone.

No. 7. *Tune*, G.P.B., p. 154.

1 LORD, I hear of show'rs of blessing
Thou art scatt'ring full and free;
Show'rs the thirsty land refreshing;—
Let some droppings fall on me,—
Even me, even me,
Let some droppings fall on me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to Thee;
Fain I'm longing for Thy favor;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, call for me;
Even me, even me,
Whilst Thou'rt calling, call for me.

3 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see,—
Witnesses of Jesus' merit;
Speak some word of pow'r to me;
Even me, even me,
Speak some word of pow'r to me.

4 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ, so rich and free,
Grace of God, so rich and boundless,
Magnify it all in me;
Even me, even me,
Magnify it all in me.

5 Pass me not, the lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, O bless me;
Even me, even me,
Blessing others, O bless me.

No. 8. *Tune*, G.P.B., p. 168.

1 FADE, fade, each earthly joy,
Jesus is mine!
Break every tender tie,
Jesus is mine!
Dark is the wilderness;
Earth has no resting-place;
Jesus alone can bless;
Jesus is mine!

2 Tempt not my soul away;
Jesus is mine!
Here would I ever stay;
Jesus is mine!
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away;
Jesus is mine!

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine!
Lost in this dawning bright,
Jesus is mine!
All that my soul has tried
Left but a dismal void;
Jesus has satisfied;
Jesus is mine!

4 Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest;
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest;
Welcome, my Saviour's breast;
Jesus is mine.

No. 9. *Tune*, G.P.B., pp. 105, 119.

1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stay'd;
All my hope from Thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want:
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False, and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

No. 10. *Tune*, G.P.B., p. 91.

1 I HEAR Thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to Thee;
For cleansing in Thy precious blood,
That flow'd on Calvary.
Cho.—I am coming, Lord!
Coming now to Thee!
Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood
That flow'd on Calvary.

2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heav'n above.

4 And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

5 All hail! atoning blood!
All hail! redeeming grace!
All hail! the gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness.

No. 11. *Tune*, G.P.B., p. 75.

1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 12. *Tune*, G.P.B., p. 122.

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

No. 13. *Tune*, G.P.B., p. 124.

1 MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O, let me, from this day,
Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire!
As Thou hast died for me,
O, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O, bear me save above—
A ransomed soul!

No. 14. *Tune*, G.P.B., p. 52.

1 I LOVE to tell the story:
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else would do.

Cho.—I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and His love.

2 I love to tell the story:
More wonderful it seems,
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story:
It did so much for me!
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the story:
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story:
For some have never heard
The Message of salvation
From God's own holy word.

4 I love to tell the story:
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
'Twill be—the OLD, OLD STORY
That I have loved so long.

No. 15. *Tune*, G.P.B., p. 245.

1 MY country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From ev'ry mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song!
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break;
The sound prolong!

4 Our fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

No. 16. *Tune*, G.P.B., p. 145.

1 TO-DAY the Saviour calls!
Ye wand'rers, come;
O, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls!
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

3 To-day the Saviour calls!
O, hear Him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to His power;
O, grieve Him not away,—
'Tis mercy's hour.

No. 17. *Tune*, G.P.B., p. 245.

1 GOD bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

2 For her our pray'r shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On Him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

No. 18.

Tune, G.P.B., p. 180.

1 I HAVE a Saviour, He's pleading in glory,
A dear, loving Saviour, tho' earth-friends be few;
And now He is watching in tenderness o'er me;
And O, that my Saviour were your Saviour too!

Chorus.—For you I am praying, for you I am praying,
For you I am praying, I'm praying for you.

2 I have a Father; to me He has given
A hope for eternity, blessed and true;
And soon will He call me to meet Him in heaven,
But O, that He'd let me bring you with me too!

3 I have a robe; 'tis resplendent in whiteness,
Awaiting in glory my wondering view;
O, when I receive it, all shining in brightness,
Dear friend, could I see you receiving one too!

4 I have a peace; it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of this world never knew;
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver,
And O, could I know it is given to you.

5 When Jesus has found you, tell others the story,
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour too;
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to glory,
And pray'r will be answered—'twas answer'd for you!

No. 19.

Tune, G.P.B., p. 179.

1 "ALMOST persuaded" now to believe;
"Almost persuaded" Christ to receive.
Seems now some soul to say,
"Go, Spirit, go Thy way,
Some more convenient day
On Thee I'll call."

2 "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day;
"Almost persuaded," turn not away.
Jesus invites you here,
Angels are ling'ring near,
Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear,
O wand'rer, come!

3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past!
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!
"Almost" cannot avail,
"Almost" is but to fail,
Sad, sad that bitter wail—
"Almost, *but lost!*"

No. 20.

Tune, G.P.B., p. 117.

1 HE leadeth me! O blessed thought,
O, words of heav'nly comfort fraught;
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Chorus.—He leadeth me! He leadeth me!
By His own hand He leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes when Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

No. 21. *Tune*, G.P.B., p. 224.

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be!
Perish, every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known.
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heav'n are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
O, while Thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast,
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest!
O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
O, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

4 Go then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come disaster, scorn, and pain!
In Thy service pain is pleasure,
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, Abba, Father!
I have stayed my heart on Thee!
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

5 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by pray'r!
Heav'n's eternal day before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there:
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

No. 22. *Tune*, G.P.B., p. 118.

1 WHAT a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to Him in prayer.
O, what peace we often forfeit,
O, what needless pain we bear;
All because we do not carry
Everything to Him in pray'r.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

No. 23.

Tune, G.P.B., p. 190.

1 SWEET hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known.
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escap'd the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my ev'ry care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share,
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize,
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 24.

Tune, G.P.B., p. 207.

1 WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Nevermore to meet us here;
Fix'd in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little, none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts and leaves no trace behind,—
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view:
Bless Thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we reign with Thee above.

No. 25.

Tune, G.P.B., p. 122.

1 JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come, come.

3 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee I find;
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

4 Just as I am, though toss'd about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,—
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

5 Just as I am Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

No. 26. *Tune*, G.P.B., p. 71.

1 THERE'S a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling place there.
Chorus.—In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore;
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

3 To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

4 We shall rest on that beautiful shore,
In the joys of the saved we shall share;
All our pilgrimage toil will be o'er,
And the conqueror's crown we shall wear.

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5 We shall meet, we shall sing, we shall reign,
In the land where the saved never die;
We shall rest free from sorrow and pain,
Safe at home in the sweet by and by.

No. 27. *Tune*, G.P.B., p. 244.

1 NOW to heav'n our pray'rs ascending,
God speed the right;
In a noble cause contending,
God speed the right;
Be our zeal in heav'n recorded,
With success on earth rewarded,
‖: God speed the right. :‖

2 Be that pray'r again repeated,
God speed the right;
Ne'er despairing though defeated,
God speed the right;
Like the good and great in story,
If we fail, we fail with glory,
‖: God speed the right. :‖

3 Patient, firm, and persevering,
God speed the right;
Ne'er th' event nor danger fearing,
God speed the right;
Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
And in heav'n's own time succeeding,
‖: God speed the right. :‖

4 Still our onward course pursuing,
God speed the right;
Ev'ry foe at length subduing,
God speed the right:
Truth our cause, whate'er delay it,
There's no power on earth can stay it;
‖: God speed the right. :‖

No. 28.

Tune, G.P.B., p. 115.

1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power.
Till all the ransomed Church of God,
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 29.

Tune, G.P.B., p. 131

1 O, THINK of a home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.
Over there, over there,
O, think of a home over there.

2 O, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.
Over there, over there,
O, think of the friends over there.

3 My Saviour is now over there;
There my kindred and friends are at rest:
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.
Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

No. 30.

Tune, G.P.B., p. 79.

1 "LAND ahead!" its fruits are waving
O'er the hills of fadeless green;
And the living waters laving
Shores where heavenly forms are seen.
Chorus.—Rocks and storms I'll fear no more,
When on that eternal shore;
Drop the anchor! furl the sail!
I am safe within the vail!

2 Onward, bark, the cape I'm rounding;
See the blessed wave their hands;
Hear the harps of God resounding
From the bright, immortal bands.

3 There, let go the anchor, riding
On this calm and silv'ry bay;
Seaward fast the tide is gliding;
Shores in sunlight stretch away.

4 Now we're safe from all temptation;
All the storms of life are past:
Praise the Rock of our salvation!
We are safe at home at last!

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